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THE YOUTH'S

COMPANION:

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Approved by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

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REV. FATHER LOUIS' LETTER.

My dear children.

IN my last letter I promised to tell you another story illustrating the hardship and dangers which the good and incomparable Sisters of Charity have to go through when they have to travel the hundreds of miles which separate their mother house from the different schools established in the missions, especially those of the Rocky Mountains. In my last story I related a terrible encounter we had with a large band of wolves in the Cœur d'Alène Mountains, our

night-long fight against the voracious and howling brutes, our escape from them and from the fire which we had made to scare them away but which took such proportions that we barely escaped with our lives from that additional danger. I will now tell you of another scare we had the following night.

We were yet in the thick and almost interminable forest, in the heart of which the old Cœur d'Alène mission had been established. About camping time we came to a creek running across the road, and decided to put up our tent at that place. There was no grass for the horses within many miles, and it was useless to go further although the horses needed food very much; so, there we camped.

When we began to put up the tent, I noticed several tracks which looked rather suspicious. I called the attention of my young Indian guide to them, and he pronounced them to be grizzly bear tracks.

After the terrible experience of the previous night, these signs of a yet more formidable enemy than the wolves were far from being welcome, but it could not be helped; all we could do was to prepare for the worst.

The good Sisters not having slept at all the night before were not in a condition to sit up all night again after the long day's ride in the forest; so, I determined not to say a word about the grizzlies' presence, so as to allow them to go to sleep in peace; promising myself to watch all night long with my Indian in order to be on hand should the Rocky Mountain monsters pay us a visit.

After our supper, with the help of my Indian, I gathered a huge pile of dry wood to keep a bright fire all night.

The Sisters asked the reason of that unusual precaution, and I gave them a plausible answer without awakening their suspicions; and the poor, tired, used-up heroines went to their hard camp bed in all security. I can tell you that they enjoyed that night's rest, while on my side I began a second night's watching.

But I had one consolation. Wolves need a ring of fire to keep them away from the traveler, while bears, even grizzlies, are shy of fire and will come near it only when driven by hunger. I said to myself: if they had a good feed during the previous day, they will not dare come near the fire; if otherwise, it will be a serious encounter, serious for us especially, as our only weapons of defense was a small six-shooter and a hatchet. The ball of a six-shooter is only like a grain of sand to animals weighing sometimes two thousand pounds, and a hatchet must be well handled to injure a grizzly.

But we had each a good hunting knife, and with them we could occupy the bears at least until the sisters had time to run away from the scene of the conflict which I was continually rehearsing in my imagination.

During the long hours of that tedious and dreadful night we often heard slow and stealthy steps in the woods near by, but although we had a very bright fire, we saw nothing at all. When the first rays of the morning light came the Sisters were yet sleeping soundly, and they were far from realizing what this night had cost me in anxiety and dreadful suspense.

I was very thankful to God for this protection from the terrible brutes that had been tramping around our camp and watching us all night; but would you believe it, dear children, I was almost disappointed

that nothing had happened! I had so well made up my mind to fight to death, that it was a sort of a disappointment to get out of it so cheaply.

When it was daylight I sent the Indian after the horses, which we had put in a small clearing a few hundred steps from the camp.

The woods were so thick all around, and there was so much fallen timber that we had not tied our horses, as they could not get away from the place after we had barred up the entrance.

When Sapiel, the Indian, came to the horses, what did he see but an immense grizzly bear standing up behind the horses, and trying to knock one of them down with a blow of his ponderous paw. The horses had their backs turned to him and were all kicking at him vigorously. Indian horses, as you know, always do so when attacked by wolves or bears.

As soon as the bear saw Sapiel, he jumped over the enclosure and made for him. Of course the Indian lost no time to take to his heels for safety, and began to yell as only an Indian can yell.

As soon as I heard him I surmised he was in danger, so I took my revolver and my knife and started on a run to his help.

Just as I was starting to go to his rescue, I heard some bells jingling across the creek and saw a large number of mules loaded with merchandise, and driven by several Mexicans who were yelling at them to prevent them from stopping at the creek.

Sapiel's yells were drawing nearer and nearer, and as I turned around to go towards him, I saw him coming on a wild run with a huge grizzly bear in close pursuit, snapping his jaws at his heels, in his endeavors to catch hold of him. *Continued on page* 13.

"I saw a beautiful lady with a great many others, and I said to her, 'Holy Virgin, I do not suffer as much as Jesus did. I would wish like Him to have a crown of thorns on my head, nails in my hands and feet, and a lance in my heart.' The Blessed Virgin said to me, 'Think on the Passion of Jesus, suffer patiently a little longer, then I will come and take you to heaven with me.'"

Josephine then asked for a book on the Passion. It was given to her at once. When she read it she could with difficulty restrain her tears. "Oh, how much this book helps me to suffer patiently," she exclaimed every moment.

These loving raptures of the little Josephine it is well to remark, were never called forth by any one. On the contrary, she was never encouraged in them. She was constantly told that true piety does not consist in pious words, tender tears, affectionate sentiments alone; but above all in suffering willingly for the love of God, in always doing His holy will, and continually renouncing our own, after the example and teaching of our divine Savior. Such were the lessons constantly taught the pious child, and with such effect that one day she appeared greatly mortified, and after a moment's silence she said very sweetly to the person who had been talking to her: "I also have a great desire to suffer; and if God sends me more illness I will be better satisfied. I have also promised Jesus never to do my own will."

One day Josephine, with tears in her eyes, said to the Sister who waited on her night and day: "Forgive me, my dear Sister. I have given thee so much trouble. I never do promptly what thou wishest; I disturb thee so often thou canst not sleep at night;

and I tire thee running up and down stairs so much, and standing so long for me."

The Sister, wishing to try the holy child, said: "If you really would renounce your own will a little more you could do nothing better, for that would please Jesus very much. Do not be troubled about me; I love you, and I am very willing to serve you."

When the Sister asked her if she wished such or such a thing, "Tell me," she would say, "what I ought to do; because if I make a choice I do my own will." Josephine struggled bravely in this regard and succeeded marvellously; each day showed new victories.

If sometimes her will was not sufficiently prompt in stifling the cries of her sufferings, she was never tardy in making reparation for this weakness. The poor little martyr was immediately overwhelmed with humility and repentance, confessing her supposed fault, and shedding bitter tears for fear of having displeased her Jesus. In a word, her grief was so intense that it was necessary to console her and renew her courage. These were really her only faults. The manner in which she expiated them left no doubt that after her death they did not retard her immediate entrance into heaven.

CHAPTER XI.

HER HEROIC RESIGNATION IN THE MIDST OF FRIGHTFUL SUFFERING.

MEANWHILE the trouble in her arm increased every day, the pains became more and more severe. Poor Josephine could neither

eat, sleep, nor occupy herself with the lightest work; and, industrious as she was, this forced idleness made her quite sad.

In the hope of relieving her all sorts of remedies were applied, but without success. It was necessary to have recourse to another operation.

As soon as she saw the surgeon the poor child began to cry; for, as we have said, the sight of a sharp instrument terrified her. However, she was soon convinced of the necessity of this new sacrifice. She did not even wish her arm to be supported.

From this day Josephine's martyrdom, instead of abating, increased much in violence. A terrible cough was added to her other ills. It was different from her ordinary cough. The attacks of coughing, always severe, became, toward eight o'clock in the evening, still more violent, and continued an entire hour without the slightest intermission.

One evening the fit of coughing began suddenly an hour earlier than usual, and lasted four entire hours, so torturing and convulsing the poor patient that we feared every moment she would smother. Remedies to relieve her sufferings were with difficulty administered between the paroxysms, but without in the least relaxing the violence of the cough. The convulsive efforts of the poor child, which could be heard at a great distance, filled our hearts with pity.

Let us admire here the power of grace. A prey to the torture of these frightful convulsions, which continually increased, so that the wound in her stomach reopened by the violence of the cough; suffering from a throat irritated by so many remedies; yet the heroic child never evinced the slightest impatience. Not a tear, not a gesture, not a sigh betrayed the

least shade of weariness or disgust for her sufferings. She was always calm and tranquil; scarcely had the attack ceased, when Josephine would take up the conversation as calmly and sweetly as if she had suffered nothing.

One of the Sisters, who with the infirmarian took care of the little invalid, said: "I have served many years in the infirmary; I have taken care of many religious, and I have seen them suffer with admirable faith and patience; but such calmness in one so young is most astonishing." While speaking, her emotion was so great she could not restrain her tears.

Finally at a very late hour Josephine was able to sleep. When she awoke she said: "Listen, Sister; last evening when I was coughing so hard, and thou gavest me such bad bitter medicines, I took them willingly because I thought all the time of the vinegar Jesus tasted, and they did not seem bad or bitter, they seemed good."

The condition of the little invalid became so much worse that she required especial care and attention. "My child," I said to her, "do you dislike to go to the infirmary?"

"Whatever pleases mamma pleases me also," she replied, with angelic sweetness; "do as thou intended, dear mamma; I am always content when mamma is satisfied."

Two days afterward I had her taken to the infirmary, where she remained until her death. For ten days our dearly loved Josephine lay immovable on her bed, which had become her cross. A monstrous swelling rendered her poor little body perfectly shapeless. She could move only her left hand, but with great difficulty and severe pain. Her suffer-

ings increased spasmodically, and varied continually. We no longer knew what to do to relieve her.

The swelling was so great that it caused several wounds to open on her body, from all of which issued poisonous and offensive humors. Each member of her body was similarly afflicted. Her appearance reminded us of Job. Eight frightful wounds disfigured her little body, and mortification seemed to have completely set in. In this condition it was almost impossible to administer to her wants.

Her sufferings at this time were indescribable. The most acute pains in her stomach and head, constant fainting fits, violent vomiting, dreadful chills followed by burning fever—such were her daily sufferings, such the heart-rending spectacle which brought tears to our eyes.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAST DAYS OF OUR DEAR LITTLE AFRICAN.

JOSEPHINE'S patience and courage increased with each new suffering. Her room in the infirmary was a school of Christian heroism. There she lay on her bed of torture, as if it were a bed of roses. She never spoke of her sufferings unless she was questioned about them, and then her answers were very brief, and never manifested the least self-pity. She always held the crucifix firmly in her hands, and the more severe her pains were, the more ardently she kissed the adorable wounds of her Jesus. This was the only consolation she permitted herself.

She suffered thus in silence with loving resignation. "Each pain endured patiently for the love of Jesus is a new flower added to our crown in heaven," she would sometime say to us, with a smile of celestial sweetness illumining her suffering face.

Angelic modesty was Josephine's distinctive characteristic. Her delicacy in this respect was extreme. She never allowed any hand but the infirmarian's to touch her; and it was impossible for the infirmarian, whether alone or in the presence of others, to make her uncover even her arm.

"My child," I said to her one day, "the Sisters are all the spouses of Jesus Christ, and they do all things with great prudence and discretion; therefore when Sister Mary Josephine (the infirmarian) is not here, let her assistant take care of you."

"Yes, mamma," replied the little invalid with her usual sweetness, "I will do everything as thou wishest it; but if thou hast no objections I would be much pleased if Sister Mary Josephine alone could do everything for me, because I am ashamed before the others, and then I am afraid it cannot but be unpleasant to the poor Sisters to render me such disagreeable services." She cried all the time while telling me this.

She received the Viaticum several times. It was indescribably touching to see the profound recollection and heavenly air of this little angel, forcing herself, notwithstanding the swelling of her body, to join her little hands, and conversing for so long a time heart to heart with Jesus. It never was necessary to suggest pious acts to Josephine; she had but to follow the promptings of her heart.

"I have so much to say to Jesus that I do not need

a book. It is not necessary to suggest thoughts to me. My heart speaks always; Jesus is content, that is sufficient for me."

The doctor, seeing her danger, advised her to receive Extreme Unction. When she heard this her face lighted up with joy. The innocent little dove seemed anxious to take her flight to heaven, and exclaimed: "What graces Jesus deigns to grant me! This morning I received communion; this evening I will be anointed; and then when Jesus wishes I will go to heaven. Oh, how good Jesus is! If I had died among the Arabs how different my lot would be!"

On the 21st of April, about six o'clock in the afternoon, the chaplain, finding the little invalid so well disposed to receive the sacrament, suggested to her a few pious thoughts, and commenced at once the holy ceremony. The community being present, Josephine wished first to beg pardon of all the Sisters who were weeping around her bed. The chaplain was so much affected that he could hardly repeat the words of Extreme Unction. The little invalid was calm, happy and radiant with joy, occupied only with the desire of receiving the sacrament well. She presented her little hands with the sweetest possible grace to the minister of God, as if to say, "Hasten to open heaven to me."

After the ceremony our dear child remained some time in profound recollection, thanking God for the new grace she had just received. Then she asked to speak to her companions. This I allowed very willingly. As soon as they saw her the poor children began to cry. "Do not cry, dear little friends; do not cry," she said; "I am going to heaven. I will pray a great deal for you, for the Arabs, and for all

the little Africans; but remember all of you to be very good and very obedient, and to love Jesus and Mary." Then she added: "When I am dead, do not cry for me, because in heaven I will be very happy."

Josephine had by her a relic and two other pious objects. She showed them to her companions, saying: "If mamma is willing, I will leave you all these as souvenirs."

Then she embraced them all very affectionately. Seeing that they were still crying, the compassionate little invalid said to them: "Go, dear children; run and play a little."

The poor little ones went away. I too left the room, my heart was so full. The chaplain remained with her. He was continually in attendance at the bedside of the invalid. As I always remained in the infirmary at night, I often heard her say to the Sister who watched with her, "Move softly, so as not to wake mamma. Poor mamma! I am so afraid she will be disturbed." From time to time she would draw aside the curtains to look at me, and to send me a loving kiss.

After Extreme Unction, Josephine continued to live, or rather to suffer for fifteen days longer. Her body was literally one great wound. She could not be touched without causing the poor little martyr the most intense suffering. The danger of death seemed so constantly imminent that she received the Holy Viaticum every three or four days. Penetrated with joy and gratitude, the dear child would clasp her hands and exclaim: "Ah, what happiness! what happiness! If Jesus sends me great suffering, He must come to me all the oftener in communion: How good Jesus is! He knows how I long to receive Him."

Continued from page 4.

As soon as the monster saw the pack mules, and heard the noise of the bells and the shouts of the drivers, he stopped for a moment to deliberate, as it were, and, thanks be to God, he jumped outside of the road and disappeared in the forest.

It is useless, dear children, to tell you how thankful I was that divine Providence sent those men and mules just at the right time; because if they had come a few minutes later, they would have arrived only to see the mangled and torn corpses of some of us, and very likely I would not be alive to-day to tell you all about it. Who in my place would have run away from the brute, and left the poor, unfortunate Sisters without defense of any kind to be torn to pieces and devoured? I cannot fancy anyone to be so cowardly and heartless to do such a thing. And then apart from this consideration, what a glorious prerogative for a man to give his life to save the lives of the heroic spouses of Christ!

The whole occurrence took place in so short a time, that it was all over before the Sisters came out of their tent and knew anything about it.

Sapiel was out of breath after his short but wild run and the fright he got into. "I thought to myself," said he, when he told us all about it, "now Sapiel is gone, Sapiel is dead, he will be eaten up like the Indians I have seen last year; and I felt my heart strike very hard inside of me when I heard the teeth of the bear snapping together every time he tried to catch my heels."

"Why in the world did you not climb a tree when you saw him after you?" said I to him, "an older Indian would have done so, or at least, he would have

run in another direction instead of bringing the bear into the camp were the Sisters were lying down."

"I did not think of that, he answered, and I had no time to climb a tree even if I had thought of it. I run here because I knew you would help me."

When all the excitement was calmed down we said our morning prayers and I need not tell you that we offered special thanks for our perservation and that our prayers were more fervent than ever.

After knowing what terrible dangers, fatigue and exposure the good Sisters have to go through in order to go to the different missions to teach you, my dear children, you cannot possibly do otherwise than love, respect and obey them more than ever. Ask God and the Blessed Virgin to help you to appreciate what is done for your benefit, and to do all in your power to improve the occasion you have to get a good Catholic education. It will encourage your kind teachers and cheer them up in the great sacrifices they make for the glory of God and for your benefit.

If you are interested by this little story, I ask you to say just one "Our Father" and a "Hail Mary" for the conversion of the Indians, and to beg of God to inspire the readers of the Youth's Companion, who have the means to do it, to send Father Boulet many new subscriptions to the Companion, or some other contributions to help him in his arduous task of building several churches where it is almost impossible to find means to pay for them. It is a very good thing to send money to China, to Africa and to India, but we must not forget the very poor missions at home, for it is said that "Charity begins at home." It makes my heart bleed to see so many Indian missions right here among us, that are suffering for want of help; and Father Boulet's missions are among those that need and deserve help.

Yours in Jesus and Mary,

FATHER LOUIS.

Ah! must I leave our Lady's altar,
Where oft I've found such sweet delight?
My sad adieus must I now falter,
Must joys so pure now wing their flight?

CHORUS.

Farewell, sweet month, sweet month of flowers,
Farewell, loved shrine, thou dear retreat;
But ere have fled these happy hours,
My heart I'll leave at Mary's feet.
Farewell, farewell!

How sweet to sing my Mother's praise,
And breathe to her my loving sighs;
So fondly on me then she'll gaze,
So softly beam her star-like eyes.

When I was tempted, sad and tearful,
My angel to thy shrine me led,
Thy smile dispelled the tempest fearful,
The demon at thy presence fled.

There from thy hand with graces streaming,
Hope sweetly flowed upon my soul,
The arms extended to me seeming,
To woo me to thy loved control.

Those starry lights so brightly glowing,
Sweet Mother, round thy flowery shrine,
Are but the symbols dimly showing
The love of this fond heart of mine.

Ah! while my love to thee I'm singing,
To die this hour would be so sweet,
Like those spring flowers, now perfumes flinging,
That bloom and languish at thy feet.

Not to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds,
Not to the man of cunning,
Not to the man of creeds;
Not to the one whose passion
Is for the world's renown,
Not in the form of fashion
Cometh a blessing down.

Not unto land's expansion,
Not to the miser's chest,
Not to the princely mansion,
Not to the blazoned crest;
Not to the sordid worldling,
Not to the knavish clown,
Not to the haughty tyrant
Cometh a blessing down.

Not to the folly-blinded,
Not to the steeped in shame,
Not to the carnal-minded,
Not to unholy fame;
Not in neglect of duty,
Not in the monarch's crown,
Not at the smile of beauty
Cometh a blessing down.

But to one whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good;
Unto the one whose storehouse
Yielded the hungry food;
Unto the one who labors
Fearless of foe or frown;
Unto the kindly hearted
Cometh a blessing down.

AMONG THE

SNOHOMISH INDIANS.

No. I.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

My dear Children.

DURING the last two months, I have been absent from home, preaching the Gospel along the Frazer River. On my return, it is for me an agreeable treat to read, in our dear Youth's Companion, your kind letters to my address and it is also with the greatest pleasure that I set to work to answer them at once. As, no doubt, you love history, as well as stories, I will commence telling you this time about the birth of the institution you have a right and reason to love so much.

In the month of September 1857, before any one of you had yet seen the beautiful rays of the sun, Rev. Father, now Rt. Rev. Bishop Durieu and I left Olympia in search of a central place for the opening of a mission and a school among the Indian tribes of Puget Sound. We procured a large *ahoterx* or chinook canoe together with some provisions and tools. We were accompanied by two Indians who, I hope, are now in heaven, as they both have since died the death of good Christians. Favored by a gentle *stegwâku* or south wind, we reached the Indian camp of Ebôlem after a journey of a day and a half. We were welcomed by the chiefs and great men, who, in council assembled, decided that we should settle at Tlatlemtlobolh, near the mouth of the Kweltseda. On the following day we started for that thickly-timbered spot, where we built an humble log hut to shelter us during the coming winter. The soil was rich

and the place well sheltered from the cold *stômla* or north wind.

The landing was covered with snags and deep mud, so we found it very difficult to reach our destination, and one of our Indians, while trying to bring our canoe to shore, sank so deeply in the mire that it took four stout men to drag him out of it again. He did not however soil his boots or pants, as in those days Indians had not yet learned the use of these latter-day commodities; a simple bath soon made good the mishap.

The winter that year was very severe, and as we had no stove we built a low chimney which answered the purpose of a fireplace, and from the top of which I would ring my little bell to call our good Indians to the big lodge for the morning and evening prayers.

The Indians of that period were kind and generous; they would daily present us with some of their own provisions, and I assure you, my dear little friends, that a piece of *ashabsoladooh* (dry salmon) or a big *sarrho* (clam) was a rare treat to us, especially when we were hungry. These good Indians made us present of a nice little dog, called Lulu, and Lulu was certainly a faithful sentinel day and night. They also gave us a cat to protect us from the invasion of the rats and mice which were very numerous in the neighborhood of Kweltseda. I mention these gifts, as these animals were of great value among the natives in those days.

I must in this connection relate to you a story about the blue jays. They were very troublesome, and, as our cat could not catch them, we contrived to do so by means of large traps. Hoping to make a valuable addition to our failing provisions, we salted two barrels of them, but we soon afterwards found

that we had lost both our trouble and salt, as their meat had such a strong taste that even our dog refused to eat it; we finally threw it to the fish. The Indians, laughing at us, told us that the blue jay was once a *zegwa rara duhdâm* or strong doctor, and, of course, was not fit to be eaten.

The Indians had then many superstitions, some of which stick to them yet. Let us pray for them so that they may abandon all errors displeasing to the true God. It was on account of this that we were determined to fix a permanent mission among the Snohomish Indians, and start a school for their children.

Without delay the school was opened, and eleven day-scholars, five girls and six boys, presented themselves to be instructed. A very poor lodge was our first schoolroom. Boarders were not yet admitted, as we had more than enough to do to board ourselves.

In my next letter I shall take you from Tlatlemtlobolh to Chetlaax or Priest-Point, where we transplanted the tree whose fruits you are actually enjoying. I remain for ever your devoted friend,

E. C. Chirouse, O. M. I.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rt. Rev. Bishop Elder; Rev. Sisters Notre Dame, Washington, D. C. & Columbus, O., Rev. Sister M Louise; Mesdames Genau, E Sheridan & N Plamondon; Misses M J Harper, C & A Collins, M J Mackey, C Harvey, C Clark, K Spooner, M Lawlor, A Brown, E Bradley & L Mullen; Messrs. J Harvey, J Keating & P C Van Buskirk; Masters A Akers & T Cummings, to whom we tender our thanks.

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(Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., W. T.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The undersigned, as long as he has the management of this little paper, engages himself to offer the holy Sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for the promoters of this undertaking and their friends both living and dead, also for all those who in any other way may contribute towards the general welfare of these poor Indian missions. *J. B. Boulet.*

—The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools was 35 boys and 36 girls. The actual number now is 32 and 36 respectively.

XVIII. The Lord's Prayer in Pure Mareschite.

N'miktankusena Spemkik eyane sangmanwi tetansit ktliwizoti, tchibetook witchiyuleku tanne etutchi saktask spemook tchibatook na etutchi saktask ktan'kamikook. N'pipenakan mina ena messiwi ghiska'kil weulinamekil elmighiskak npetsamieku, wenwekahinewinemet, eli weulitelmoghet kil na wakeyuleku eli weulitehelmine, klotemwine katawi aneyulieku, melwas metch ahikik mikokemiekuaymatetahantamuine. Te eleyt.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

IS there a Catholic in whose heart are not awakened sentiments of love and devotion towards Her, to whom the beautiful month of May is consecrated to honor in a special manner? No, there is not one, for even the sinner is touched and agitated by unusual emotions, but they are those of regret, because he knows that the homage of his heart is not pure enough to offer to Her, who is called "Immaculate."

But these feelings of unworthiness have a salutary result; for the sinner, realizing his condition, hastens to cleanse himself in the bath of Penance. His soul thus refreshed in the Blood of the Lamb, he goes with confidence and hope to Her, the "Refuge of sinners."

Pious souls hail with delight the coming of the month of May. For them it is a time of sanctification and grace; a season of prayer, during which they redouble their ardor in the service of Mary, the "Help of Christians."

During the month of May we honor our heavenly Queen by offering Her pure and loving hearts; we deck Her altars with our most fragrant flowers—Nature's first; we chant our most beautiful canticles; pious maidens vie with each other in decorating Her shrine; innumerable lights, emblematic of the ardent love of Her votaries, burn at Her feet. The faithful are united together several evenings in the week to do Her homage. Mothers are daily seen at the foot of Her altar, placing their little ones under the protecting mantle of the Mother of the Infant Jesus.

So, is it not natural that with sadness we should say "Farewell" to the month of May, the month of flowers? But our sadness is mingled with joy, for are we not about to welcome the advent of the



MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART?

The month of June has been wisely set apart by the Church as the most favorable season for honoring the S. Heart of Jesus; for the faithful, prepared by the May devotions, are better disposed to worship the Heart of hearts.

Let us all then be guided by mother Church, and devote at least a few moments of each day to honor the Heart that "loves us infinitely more than we love ourselves."

We are told that He loves us so tenderly that "if all the men, all the angels and all the saints were to unite with all their strength, they could not attain to the thousandth part of the love our Lord bears towards us!" Should we not then give a little love in return? Yes, let us all take refuge into that Heart where "sinners shall find an infinite ocean of mercy," and "lukewarm souls will be rendered fervent."

"STELLA."

PIOUS EJACULATIONS TO THE SACRED HEART.

Jesus, meek and humble of Heart, make my heart like unto Thine. 300 *days' indulgence each time.*

Sweetest Heart of Jesus, be my love. 300 *days.*

Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us. 100 *days.*

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be everywhere loved. 100 *days.* My Jesus, mercy. 100 *days.*

April 8.

SS. Perpetua and Companions.

AT Carthage, in the year 203, Perpetua, a married lady but twenty-two years old, Saturus, her instructor in the Faith, and Felicitas, a slave, were cast into prison for the name of Christ. Perpetua's father tried to force her by threats and outrage to deny her faith. At another time he implored her to pity his white hairs, to remember that she had always been his favorite child; and to think of her own infant, who was still at the breast. Even at the judgment-seat he continued his entreaties, till the magistrates had him driven away with blows. Perpetua felt his sufferings as her own; when her child was put for a little at her breast, it seemed to change the prison into a palace, but Christ was dearer to her than father and child. God changed the darkness of this prison into light. In vision, St. Perpetua saw a young brother, who had died years before, freed from purgatory through her prayers. Saturus beheld the glory prepared for them; and the blessings which their intercession would afterwards bring upon the Church.

According to the sentence, the martyrs were torn by wild beasts. In the midst of her suffering, Perpetua was dead to sense, and did not know the beasts had touched her. They all had strength to rise and salute each other with the kiss of peace. They were then despatched with the sword, and entered together into the heavenly city.

Strength in Weakness.

God puts the example of weak women before us that we may learn courage in His service. He calls upon us to endure suffering of body and of mind, if it is necessary, to prove our fidelity to Him; and He promises to support us by His strength, His light, and His heavenly consolation.

"The martyrs of Christ feared neither death nor pain. He triumphed in them who lived in them, and they who lived not to themselves, but for Him, found in death itself the way to life."—*St. Augustine.*

While St. Felicitas was in prison she was overtaken by the pains of childbirth; and when she betrayed the pain she suffered, one of the heathens asked her how she would endure to be thrown among the wild beasts. She replied, "Now it is I who suffer: then Another will be with me, and will suffer for me, since I am to suffer for Him." This is the faith and victory of the Saints.

"My grace is sufficient for thee; for power is made perfect in infirmity."—2 Cor. xii. 9.

APRIL 9.

ST. APOLLONIUS.

IN the persecution of Diocletian, Apollonius, a monk of the Thebaid, was forward in consoling the Christians and animating them to suffer. He had been well known for his holy life among the solitaries of the desert, and then promoted to the diaconate. When his own time came he proved that his brethren had judged rightly of his merits, and he died as he had lived a perfect monk. As he lay confined at Antinoe, the pagan crowd flocked to his prison to revile him. Foremost among them was Philemon, a celebrated flute-player, who tried to weary him out with mockery and insult. "God help you, my son," said Apollonius, "and lay none of these words to your charge." This was all he said; but his meekness struck Philemon to the heart, he confessed Christ, persuaded Arrian the judge that he was in earnest, and took his place by the side of Apollonius.

After a while Arrian himself was overcome. He tortured Apollonius, and reproached him as a deceiver, and he got no answer except a prayer for his conversion, he ordered him to be burned alive. But at the prayer of the Saint rain extinguished the flames, and Arrian, at the sight of the miracle, was changed from a persecutor to a martyr. He was led before the Prefect of Egypt, and was thrown into the sea of Alexandria along with Philemon and Apollonius.

MEEKNESS.

We often wonder why the arguments we use with heretics and infidels bear so little fruit. It is because we think too much of ourselves, and too little of charity and of truth. Let us mortify ourselves and forget ourselves. Let us learn to be humble and meek. Then Christ will speak in us, and our words will be words of power.

"By meekness our King conquered the devil. The devil raged, Christ suffered. He who raged was overcome: He who suffered overcame. *St. Augustine.*

When the Prefect of Egypt sent orders that Apollonius, with his converts Philemon and Arrian, should be led in chains to Alexandria, he chose out the most brutal and savage of his officers to execute his commission. These men were not moved by the news of the miracle, or by a conversion so extraordinary as that of Arrian. But Apollonius spoke to them on the way, and with such efficacy that they confessed Christ, and were martyred with their prisoners. They were subdued by the strength of a man who had learned to subdue himself.

"Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart." —Matt. xi. 29.

APRIL 10.

ST. MECHTILDIS.

MECHTILDIS was the sister of St. Gertrude, and a cousin of the Emperor Frederick II. From her infancy she was led and moulded by the Spirit of God. At the age of seven she entered a convent, and never returned to the world. She grew in humility, piety and obedience, so that it seemed to those about her that God had forgotten in her no perfection, and that she was a living copy of our Blessed Lady. Her intellect was vast and clear, its education complete. Her voice was noted for its power and sweetness; she was useful in every way, in all things most loving and serviceable. Her life was one of much suffering, endured thankfully and joyously, and increased by her own rigor-

ous penances. She was dead to the outward world, and her soul lived in unruffled peace, favored with the closest friendship with Jesus and Mary. Her heart was an unfailing spring of compassion for all in sorrow, so that she was called the universal refuge and consoler. She was especially devout to the Passion and the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and full of sympathy with the holy souls in purgatory. She was abbess of Diessen until she was summoned to reform a monastery in Suabia. Her success was complete: nothing could resist the charm of her sweetness. When her end drew nigh she returned to Diessen, where she died not long after, A. D. 1300. Her meditations are amongst the choicest of the Church.

THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

Sympathy is the greatest force of the heart of man, and an especial note of all who have done great things for God. St. Mechtildis "anointed all the afflicted with the sweet ointment of her pity, her compassion, and her sympathy."

"The greatest consolation in life is to find a heart to which thou feelest thou canst open all thine own."—*St. Ambrose.*

"We wept little," says her biographer, "for her glory stayed our tears. There was a vast multitude commending the Saint to God, or rather through her commending themselves to Him. All around were widows and orphans mourning their immeasurable loss. There were also the crowds of sick whom she had healed. She had insured their silence through life by threats that their sickness would return if they betrayed the secret of their healing; but now their tongues were unloosed, and one told how he had been blind and now saw, and another how he had been deaf and now heard. There were those who had been paralytic, and many others with countless infirmities, who told how the Saint had healed them. And very many infirm, who had come to her funeral, recovered their health."

"Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees."—Hebrews, xii. 12.

(1) Replace the dots by letters which form words that read backwards and forwards.

```
T . .           . . T
 T . .        . . T
  T . .     . . T
   T . .  . . T
    T . . . T
   T . .  . . T
  T . .     . . T
 T . .        . . T
T . .           . . T
```

The middle line is a word of five letters which reads likewise from left to right and from right to left. It is a very cunning Problem sent by Eleanor Lanctot.

(2) What relation to its father is a child who is not its father's own son? The same.

(3) My first is nothing but a name,
My second is more small,
My whole is of so little fame,
It has no name at all. Rosalie Irvine.

(4) Nut-crackers are requested by the same to transform into masculine proper names, by the addition of one letter in each, the following words, viz: alter, ark, ax, bed, dam, ham, lap, liver, scar, soil, than, wen.

More of our friends have again solved our puzzle for April. We had so simplified it in our last No. that a blind man could almost see it. But as some do not yet seem to see it clearly, we will therefore say, for their sake, that its meaning in the plainest possible English is: IF YOU OWE FOR THIS PAPER PAY UP!

We have been tempted more than once of late to erase the names of some delinquent subscribers from our list, as we cannot afford to publish this little paper for nothing. On the other hand we cannot afford to lose a single subscriber. What then is to be done? The answer is quite natural. 'Tis this: let our friends pay us what they owe, and a year in advance besides.

CORNER.

THE WELL-BEHAVED BOY.

THERE are some naughty children, who never seem to know how they ought to behave, or who have not the least idea of good manners.

For instance, I knew a boy who would tease people when they were reading or writing;—take one's chair, if one rose up for a moment;—leave the door wide open on a cold day;—stare at people, and did many other rude things just because he did not care to think about the matter.

However, I knew a boy who is the reverse of this. I never saw him guilty of any rudeness; and I will tell you why it is: he always tries to find out what is likely to please others, and he avoids what he thinks would displease them.

When his mother one day said she had a headache, he at once laid aside his playthings, and sat down to read. If he is asked what he will have for dinner, he never chooses what there is little of, though it may be the nicest; but asks for what there is plenty of. He knows that to take just what we like best, without caring whether there is enough left for others, is both rude and greedy. Do some of our readers recognize themselves in the above pictures? Which?

***

THE bad boy is always wanting to quarrel and strike his playmates, especially if there are good, quiet little fellows amongst them. It is better not to play with bad children, but to keep away from them altogether.

Devil's Lake Agency, March 13th, 1883.

Rev. Father Boulet.

Every week we write a letter for some one. To-day I want to write and tell you something that has made us all very sad. Our school house was burned on the sixteenth of February. At half-past one we saw the fire coming up from the floor in the boys dormitory when we were preparing to go to school. The man came and tried to put the fire out, but the wind blew so hard that very soon the flames went to the roof. Some of the children ran to their homes, the sisters took the others to the bakery. It was a very cold day and the house burned very fast. No one was burnt or hurt. Major wrote a letter to have a new house built this spring, and then all the boys and girls will be glad; they can not all come to school now because the house we are in is too small. I went home with some boys, but I came on Saturday to stay with the sisters in school. All the sisters are glad that not one child was burnt. Some Indians came to help. We are glad that Major gave nice clothes again to the children. We have no church now. Mass is in the School-room on Sundays. The Indians are very sorry. Will you please ask the children at your school to pray that we may soon get a church and bell. We are very sorry we do not hear the Angelus ring any more.

Reverend Father I will write to you again. I cannot write very well but I think you like the Indian children, and therefore I hope you will not be offended at the liberty I take. Your respectful Indian boy.

Charlie Wanmdiwastewin.

[I will always be glad to hear from you, Charlie. Ed.]

St. Ignatius Mission, March 30th, 1883.

To the Pupils of Tulalip school. Dear friends.

I am once more with the dear Sisters and girls, but, alas! this happiness is not to be mine very long. I have to go back home perhaps in a few days. I came here for Easter but being unwell, the long and rough ride made me too weak to go back with the others the next day, but it was no regret for me. I take the Youth's Companion; I await its arrival with eagerness; the parts I like best are the letters and compositions.

Though I do not know Lucy and her sister, when I saw they were home I felt sorry for them they seemed very sorry, but in the last Number we were glad to see Lucy Finkbonner's letter.

We hope to see more of them and very often too.

Dear little friends, I would like to ask you to offer special prayers for me, for my recovery, if it is the will of Almighty God, or resignation if He wills it otherwise.

I feel quite ashamed of this letter when I think of the nice ones of my former schoolmates and those of yours and of others who write. I remain &c., Anastasie Moriseau.

St. Ignatius Mission, March 30th, 1883.

Dear Friends.

I am happy to spend my recreation with you; it is the first time that I have this great pleasure. As I am not much advanced, I am not very often invited to write letters, be so kind as to forgive my blunders. I am only twelve years old and I am not fond of reading, I prefer to jump the rope. As I see my elder companions applying themselves, I think it is time for me to follow their example.

We have been very disappointed on Easter Sunday; we expected to see all our parents assembled in the Sisters' yard for our exhibition, but the snow was falling so fast that in less than two hours the earth was all covered with it. We made the way of the Cross very often, and promised the souls in purgatory to be very good if they would pray for fine weather, but they did not mind us. In the evening we were called into the Sisters' room and in presence of the Rev. Fathers and Brothers and of their pupils, and of our good Agent, Mr. Ronan, we had our exhibition.

Do you live near Father Louis? Do you see him sometimes? We think that the letters he wrote in the Youth's Companion are very nice and interesting.

Your little friend, Angelique Pierriche.

Colville, April 12th, 1883.

To the pupils of St. Ignatius. Dear little Friends.

It is true that I never met any of you, but I heard so many nice things about you from Rev. Sister Monaldi, that I love you very much and feel certain that I am welcome when I visit you by letter. I would find it much

more pleasant if I could see you in your school-room just as I am now. I know that Sister Aristides is your teacher; is she as kind and good as Sister Monaldi?

Now I must tell you something about our festivals: a few days before Palm Sunday many Indians came from a great distance, and stayed until after Easter Sunday. It is nice to be here on Good Friday; the church is decorated with black drapery and evergreens, and the altar is fixed so as to resemble Mount Calvary. In front of the altar is a large cross with our Lord nailed upon it, and after a sermon on the Passion, our Lord is taken down from the cross and placed on a bier around which are some candles, &c. At eight o'clock there is a nice torch-light procession; four men carry the bier, and other Indians carry banners of our Lady of Sorrows, the Sacred Heart of Jesus &c.; this is to represent our Lord's funeral.

I must say a few words about myself: I have been with the dear Sisters three years. I came from Okinagan where my mother now is; my little sister Agatha is at school too.

Good bye, dear little Friends. Hoping to receive an answer from you, I am yours affectionately,

Jennie McDonald.

Devil's Lake Agency, March 20th, 1883.

To the Pupils of Tulalip school. Dear friends.

I thought you would like to hear about us, although we are but slightly acquainted through "The Youth's Companion." I suppose you have heard of the sad trial God has been pleased to send us, in the burning of our beautiful, peaceful, Convent home. For the last eight years the Sisters have been here instructing us, and we are very sorry that our house was burnt. There were fifty girls and forty-five boys at school at the time. * * * *

[For want of room, we regret to be forced to omit here a part of our little friend's letter giving details of the fire.]

Rev. Sister Superior is in Moutreal; when she comes back she will bring us some prizes. Two years ago we got very nice prizes for good conduct, speaking English, application, Christian doctrine, and many other things. We are always glad to read the Youth's Companion, and hear about you. Asking you to think of us and all the Sioux Indians in your prayers, I remain &c. Teresa.

BULLETIN

ROLL OF HONOR

— OF THE —

TULALIP INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Good conduct, Christian doctrine, obedience and general application to study.

FRANCIS LECLAIR,
A. E. SIMMONS,
HENRY CHARLES,
W. WALE, JAMES LONG,
JOHN WILSON,
P. Kwina & W. Nason.

LOUISA LING,
MARY WINAYELH,
J. SERWALH,
M. KWITLHKELANOOH,
J. KWINA, M. KWINA,
M. A. SAM & M. JAMES.

Order and Neatness.

T. EWYE, J. LONG,
JUSTIN SKWAILH,
WALTER ROSS,
Joseph Pratt.

L. LING,
AGATHA BAGLEY,
MARY KWINA,
JULIANNA KWINA.

Composition and application to writing.

A. E. SIMMONS,
WALTER WALE,
E. DAMIAN, F. Leclair.

A. BAGLEY,
J. SERWALH, L. LING,
J. Siebert & M. James.

Application to manual labor and farming.

FRANCIS LECLAIR,
HENRY CHARLES,
J. LONG, W. WALE,
JOSEPH WHEKSDAH,
DAVID TOBEY,
W. NASON, W. Ross,
P. Titselanooh, Celestine.

Application to sewing darning and cutting out.

L. LING, J. KWINA,
A. BAGLEY,
JOHANNA SIEBERT,
S. LAKE & M. JEROME.

House-work and cooking.

M. WINAYELH,
SARAH LAKE.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION:

A juvenile monthly Magazine published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian Missions; and set to type, printed and in part written by the pupils of the Tulalip, Wash. Ty. Indian Industrial Boarding Schools, under the control of the Sisters of Charity.

Approved by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

[*Entered at the Tulalip Post Office as second class mail matter.*]

Vol. III. JULY, 1883. No. 26.

THE DARK CONTINENT.

My dear young Readers.

WHEN I read the life of "A little saint of nine years," published in the "Youth's Companion," I was touched by the fright poor little Amna always exhibited whenever she thought of the horrid Gélabas, and by her distress when she heard the shrieks of the night hawk.

I was also reminded of a lecture given last summer by a missionary whose life is devoted to the sal-

vation of the African race, and who, like Father Olivieri, has occasion to save many a little Amna from the Gélabas and perdition.

I thought a few extracts from the above mentioned lecture might interest you, and at the same time incite you to pray for the conversion of the African heathens.

The good Father began to say that agriculture is not very far advanced, the natives living almost entirely on barley, figs and hops, the poorest of them getting nothing else.

The houses or huts of these people are about twenty feet square, and in these we find that the husband, wife, or wives, as the case may be, and the domestic animals lodge together. Such being the case, cleanliness does not reign supreme; on the contrary, the houses are dirty and the people are dirty too. The houses have no chimnies, the smoke, as in Indian wigwams, having an outlet only by a hole in the roof, so that when the poor missionaries have business to visit them at meal time, the smoke almost stifles them.

What is woman in these homes? Nothing, absolutely nothing. She possesses nothing, not even a penny's worth.

When the wives meet together their jealousy causes quarrels, during which they often come to blows. In these cases, when the husband arrives on the scene, he uses the stick in such a way that the quarrelers are forcibly pacified.

When a wife dies, the husband says: "One wife more or less makes little difference," or, "I can buy another one." From this, my dear young readers, you can judge how unfeeling they are, and how much they need the succor of our holy religion.

With them marriage is not a sacrament as it is with us, and they never say *take* a wife, but *buy* a wife; the young woman about to be *bought* having nothing to say in the matter.

When a young man feels inclined to marry, he makes it known to his father, who immediately enters into negotiations with the girl's father, and the two parents bargain for her, as they would for an animal in the market. When they have agreed and the price is paid, the young girl sees her husband for the first time, the consequence being that after a short time they discover they are not fitted for each other. This discovery is always attended with quarrels and blows, and finally the wife is cast off, and the husband buys another. The discarded wife can marry again, but only when the price paid for her by her former husband has been returned to him.

There being no schools, there is no education whatever for children. They run about as they please, no more attention being paid to them than if they were kittens; a great many of them receiving less notice than we give our domestic pets.

These people generally sleep on mats with a stick for a pillow, but in sickness they allow themselves the luxury of a mattress.

Just think, dear young readers, there are about 200000000 of negroes in the center of Africa who never saw a priest. Four years ago several priests, started to evangelize the "Dark Continent," and they had to undergo so many miseries and met with so many dangers and difficulties in traveling, that only half their number lived to reach their destination. Their journey lasted a year and for these missionaries it was a year of perils and sufferings. They

went in boats as far as Zanzibar, then their troubles began in earnest. They first tried horses, then mules, then oxen, but they soon discovered that in that country, there is a fly whose sting is fatal to the above mentioned animals, only men and asses being capable of resisting the poison of its bite. But, you will admit, that traveling on asses, was a very slow method, particularly as they were obliged to carry all their baggage along with them. They frequently met with hostile tribes, who obliged them to pay as much as fifteen thousand francs, and if they hesitated to comply with the unreasonable demand, their money was taken by force. Sometimes they were obliged to wade through water up to the waist, and often through marshes, from which they would come out as black as their native guides. They had to ford rivers, which is dangerous, owing to the crocodiles that inhabit these streams.

Once a priest was fording one of these rivers, leading his ass, and when nearly across, he found that the poor animal was being pulled in an opposite direction by an immense crocodile. He was forced to abandon the doomed animal, and was thankful that he himself so fortunately escaped a like fate.

There are wandering tribes of Arabs who make it a business to attack whole villages during the night, take the natives prisoners and afterwards sell them as slaves. The Arabs are well acquainted with the use of fire-arms, whilst the negroes use only the arrow. After taking the poor natives captives, they chain one hundred of them together, then drive them on yoked like oxen to the market. From time to time the Arabs throw them a handful of barley.

Concluded on page 45.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LITTLE SUFFERER RECEIVES ON HER DEATH-BED THE VEIL OF THE VISITATION, AND IS AFFIANCED TO JESUS CHRIST.

JOSEPHINE felt her death rapidly approaching, yet she could not say, *All is consummated.* The most ardent desire of her heart, next to that of seeing her God, remained yet unrealized. However, she was quite sure of obtaining it before her death, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. The trust of a child of Mary in her holy intercession could never be in vain. Josephine knew she would not leave this world until her wish was gratified.

This desire dated from the time of her first communion. On the feast of our holy Mother de Chantal I noticed that Josephine seemed very serious all day. Fearing that something troubled her, I said, "What is the matter, my child? why are you troubled when only this morning you received Jesus in holy communion?"

"No, mamma," she replied very sweetly, "I am not troubled; but there is something of which I am thinking a great deal. I will tell thee later, I cannot now." This was because several of the religious were present. As soon as she found me alone she made known to me what occupied her thoughts. "This morning," she said, "after communion, Jesus

said to my heart, 'I wish thee to be my spouse.' And the holy Mother de Chantal said to me, 'I wish thee to be my daughter.' These words are always in my thoughts since. I no longer have any desire to laugh, or to see anybody. I am always thinking of Jesus."

Josephine preserved these supernatural words in her heart with jealous care. The change which took place in her was observed by everybody. There was no doubt that she then received the great grace of a vocation to the religious life. Before this time she had never evinced the least desire of this happy state. Though always very good, she was not wholly free from childish ambitions. But from this memorable day Josephine knew but one ambition, one desire—that of taking the veil. One of the Sisters jestingly reproached her for having accepted a handsome present. "I am very glad to have it," she at once replied, "in order to make the sacrifice of it to God on the day when I take the veil." This holy desire was never extinguished in her heart; on the contrary it continually increased. The veil was the object of her constant and fervent prayers. The happiness of a soul entirely consecrated to God delighted her and filled her with a holy desire. She talked of it unceasingly.

Whenever she saw in the parlor elegantly-dressed ladies, she would exclaim, on leaving the room, "Oh, how I dislike those ladies' dresses. Oh, poor and simple dress of my Jesus! Oh, dear veil, how I love thee! how I love thee!" Saying this she would tenderly kiss my habit and veil, and exclaim, with tears in her eyes, "Mamma, give me the veil soon; grant me that favor. Beg the bishop to let me have it.

He will say yes to thee, but if I were to ask him he would not listen to me."

She never saw the bishop before her last illness without importuning him most earnestly, and using every art of persuasion to obtain from him the much-desired veil. One day when she was most pressing in her entreaties, the good prelate said to her.

"Be patient for a little longer; you are yet too young."

"That is true," replied Josephine with much spirit, "but it is also true that I will die very soon. I have often told thee that I would soon die. I have prayed for thee so often at communion. Has not Jesus whispered to thy heart to give me the veil? Mamma, the Sisters, everybody is willing to have me take the veil. Very well, I tell thee that thou oughtest to give it to me sooner than thou thinkest. Thou wilt see that Jesus will grant the grace; Jesus is better to me than the bishop."

And Jesus did grant her request. The predictions of the holy child were fulfilled in a most unexpected manner.

In her last illness the desire for the veil never left her, and was only rendered more ardent by the knowledge of her approaching end. The intensity of her desire touched me very much; but far from letting her see my feelings, I affected not to notice it, so that the poor child dared not importune any further.

However, one day in April, unable to restrain herself any longer, Josephine said to the infirmarian, in a tone that went to the heart, and which showed the intensity of her desire, "Is it possible they will not give me the veil? Is it because the Sisters are

not willing that I should have it? Must I die without it?"

I was at once informed of what the child had said. I had not the courage to refuse the pious child, on the very threshold of eternity. I immediately took measures to gratify her desires. The bishop most willingly granted the permission I asked; besides, seeing the perfect dispositions of the little invalid, he permitted her to take the three simple vows of the religious life.

On the day appointed for her reception, while the necessary preparations were being made, and while they were arranging the garlands of artificial flowers on her bed, Josephine was occupied only with God; she spoke not a word, and seemed overwhelmed with joy. Occasionally she glanced at what was going on around her, and then immediately resumed her recollection.

"Do you see these flowers?" I said to her.

"Yes; but the flowers of heaven are more beautiful." This reply made me dumb.

In a short time all was in readiness. We were obliged to hasten a little for fear of being too late. The short but interesting ceremony took place on the 26th of April, in the afternoon. On the arrival of the chaplain the entire community assembled in the infirmary. At the foot of Josephine's bed were all her little companions dressed in white, with white veils and wreaths of white roses on their heads, and holding lighted candles in their hands.

The young postulant pronounced the usual formula, and received with the veil the name of *Sister Laurensine Frémiot*. Then she took the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and was given

the cross and the crucifix. The *Laudate* was recited, and the ceremony was concluded. The little invalid evinced inexpressible piety and devotion through it all. Josephine was at last a religious of the Visitation. In the evening the bishop came to see the new little spouse of Jesus Christ. His Grace, with touching kindness, talked to her for a long time of heaven. Our little Sister simply answered "*Yes.*" The difficulty of her breathing prevented her saying more. But she pronounced this word with extreme sweetness, accompanied by tender, eloquent glances. The good prelate on leaving, gave her his blessing. Sister Laurensine wept, for this last parting was to her a most painful sacrifice.

The next day, her breathing being a little less painful, the little Sister talked constantly of the grace which she had just received. She showed the cross which was given her, and exclaimed, with rapture, "I have at last my cross. I kiss it all the time, even at night. Oh, how happy I am! Yes, I am very happy to be the spouse of Jesus Christ. Ah! even now I think I am dying. How my heart beats: it bounds, it thrills. It will beat much stronger in heaven. Our Lord told me that He sent me great suffering in order that you might give me the veil. I have wanted the veil for a long time. I was always sad, and nothing in the world pleased me. Even my blue dress weighed upon me. . . I a spouse of Jesus Christ! Ah, yes, yes. Even if our Lord cures me, I will always, always be His spouse. I will study. I will learn quickly, and I will do all in my power to do all that the Sisters do. If I die, all is at an end." While speaking, her eyes and face appeared indescribably angelic.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAST SMILE.

THE dear little sufferer ceased not thanking the Sisters and me with expressions of the most sincere gratitude. On our part we profited of the short time she was left to us to charge her with our petitions to God, for the loving little spouse of Jesus Christ was rapidly approaching heaven.

Her sufferings tortured her in the most cruel manner. The violence of her pains drew from her cries that would rend the hardest heart. They were not complaints, but cries begging the divine assistance. In her moments of greatest agony she would fix her eyes on the little statue of the Immaculate Conception, which she always had near her. Then she would kiss the crucifix and the picture of the Blessed Virgin. She always kept these two dear objects on her bed; she never wished to be a moment without them.

She had great fear of seeing the demon before she died. She said to her confessor, "I am so afraid of seeing the demon. I tremble all over with fear." A few words from the chaplain reassured her, and caused her to feel even that strong courage which faith alone can inspire in such terrible moments.

"My dear little Sister," I said to her during paroxysms, "Jesus is near. Very soon you will be in heaven." The innocent little martyr, in the midst of her cries, continued to repeat for hours at a time these loving aspirations: "Oh, Jesus! come, come

quickly; come, my dear Jesus! Oh, Blessed Virgin, thou who camest such a distance to bring me here, come, now lead me to heaven. Oh, my St. Joseph, where art thou? come take me; I cannot remain here longer. My soul, my heart can no longer rest far from Jesus. Oh, my good angel, aid me to go soon to heaven! Oh, all ye saints of Paradise, come and take me, hasten to conduct me to Jesus!"

All who heard her were astonished that her voice continued so strong, and that she could last so long in such torture. Hers was such a strange illness, its precise nature never could be discovered. At times she seemed to be in the extremity; all signs of life disappeared. We would then apply to her the indulgences for the dead and recite the recommendation of the soul to God. For a moment we would think all was over, when suddenly she would cry out, "Heaven, heaven; let me go to heaven. Good-by, mamma; good-by, bishop; good-by, father confessor; good-by, all my sisters. Good-by all!"

On one of these occasions I said to her, "Oh, yes, you are near the eternal day! But we are plunged in the night of this earth, and we know not when it will be given to us to enjoy the happiness so soon to be yours. When you are in heaven, dear child, pray the good God to grant it to us."

"Yes, yes," she replied, in a still stronger voice, "Jesus will give happiness to all."

We had taught her that the confessor is the visible angel who guides souls to heaven. The innocent child held her confessor constantly by the hand in her last moments, and would not allow him to leave her for an instant, seeming to say, "I will not let you go until you have introduced me to heaven." She

would ask him every few moments, "Oh, father, when will I go to heaven?"

Sometimes she seemed to fall into a lethargic sleep, and I would suggest to her some pious thoughts. Immediately the dying little child would begin to pray to God, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints. Her fervor was so great it was necessary to moderate it, and we feared to make pious suggestions lest the intense transports of her soul to heaven would sever the feeble links that still held her to earth. Seeing her terribly oppressed with suffering, the chaplain said to her from time to time, "Keep yourself firmly united to the will of God." "Yes, yes," she replied immediately, "I am always united to the holy will of God. Oh, Jesus, Jesus!" And then she would recommence the usual aspirations of her loving heart. In a word, we were obliged to be silent, notwithstanding the pleasure it was to her to hear of God.

The poor little martyr from time to time would glance with astonishment to the right of her bed, seeming to see something extraordinary. Finally she said to her confessor, "I see Jesus, I see Mary, I see St. Joseph. Oh, how beautiful they are! Soon they will come and take me."

"Do you see them with the eyes of faith?" asked the father. "No, I see them with these eyes;" and she raised her hand to her eyes.

The last night our little Sister seemed the living image of the souls in purgatory. Her sufferings were incredible. "Why," she would exclaim from time to time, "why am I burned alive this night? Why am I completely consumed? Why are my entrails, why is my entire flesh devoured? Oh, father, what is it burns so in my heart?"

Concluded from page 36.

The women and children frequently die from fatigue and exhaustion. When a slave is dying they hasten his end by killing him outright.

After a march of three or four days the caravan halt to rest, and during this reprieve the negroes are revived, and if the Arabs see that some of their captives are in such a weakened condition that they are not likely to reach their journey's end, they set apart all the invalids, and actually slaughter them. What a pitiful sight to see parents put to death before their children, and *vice versa.* Only those who have witnessed these scenes can realize all their horror. It is sad to think that these poor people, made after the image of God, should be treated in such an atrocious manner.

Heart-rending scenes occur when the market is reached. There the poor slaves are treated like animals. When inspected by would-be purchasers, their teeth and feet are examined; if the examination proves satisfactory they are sold, and forever separated from their kindred.

It is at these sales that the missionaries purchase numbers of negro children, whom they place in an institution kept by good, kind nuns, who take excellent care of their unfortunate charges. At night the devoted Sisters are frequently obliged to arise in order to quiet these poor little ones who, in their dreams, imagine themselves again the victims of the cruel Arabs.

Let all the young readers of the "Youth's Companion" say an occasional prayer, so that the light of Faith may soon illumine the "Dark Continent."

"STELLA."

A traveler had lost his way in a desert in a distant country. For two whole days, successively, he could find nothing to eat or drink, and was almost fainting from hunger and thirst. At last he reached a shady tree and a fresh spring: but, alas! there was no fruit on the tree.

A little bag, however, was lying by the spring. "God be praised!" said the man, as he felt the bag; "perhaps these are peas, which will save me from starvation."

He eagerly opened the bag, but cried out, in horror, "Alas! alas! they are only pearls."

The poor man now seemed fated to perish of hunger, while there lay at his side pearls to the value of many thousand dollars.

Nevertheless, he prayed with his whole heart to God, and presently he saw a Moor coming towards him at great speed on a camel. The Moor had forgotten the pearls behind him, and was overjoyed at finding them again. He took compassion on the half-famished man, gave him some bread and refreshing fruit, and took him up behind him on the camel.

"See," said the Moor, "how wonderfully God disposes all! I considered it as a misfortune to lose my pearls, but it was a happy event for you: for God so ordered it, that I was obliged to come back hither, and thus have been the means of saving your life."

Trust in the Lord—His saving arm
Will shield thee against every harm.

*
* *

THIS IS THE TIME TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

Please send us a hundred subscribers more or less.

***

LIVE for something; be not idle—
Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming—
Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay,
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway!
Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts there are oppressed and weary;
Drop the tear of sympathy,
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning
From this perfect fountain-head;
Freely, as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

***

RESIGNATION.

What God permits, humbly enjoy;
Whate'er His law denies, forego:
Earth has no bliss without alloy,
And heaven has balm for every wo.

In a cottage upon the heath wild
That always was cleanly and nice,
Lived William, a good little child,
Who minded his parents' advice.

'Tis true he loved marbles and kite,
And spin-top, and nine-pins, and ball;
But this I declare with delight,
His book he loved better than all.

In active and useful employ
His youth gaily glided away;
While rational pleasures and joy
Attended his steps every day.

His wife for gay riches ne'er sighed;
No princess so happy as she;
While William would sit by her side,
With a sweet smiling babe on his knee.

His garden well loaded with store,
His cot by the side of the green,
Where woodbines crept over the door,
And jessamines peeped in between.

These filled him with honest delight,
And rewarded him well for his toil;
He went to bed cheerful at night,
And woke in the morning with a smile.

Nor knew he the feelings of dread,
When infirmity brought him to die;
While his grandchildren knelt round his bed,
And his dutiful sons closed his eyes.

O then may I diligent be,
And as active as ever I can,
That I may be happy and free,
Like him, when I grow up a man.

AMONG THE

SNOHOMISH INDIANS.

No. II.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dear children.

AT Tlatlemtlobolh we built a church of rough shakes, as no lumber could be got. It was 20 feet by 30, but we were soon obliged to enlarge it, for the Indians were very numerous. They did not yet know much about the laws of God, and among other many bad customs, that of selling their daughters as wives to the highest bidders prevailed. Once a poor young girl was thus sold to an old man for whom she had no love, and in her great sorrow she hung herself to a tree near the new village of Tlatlemtlobolh. It was a horrible sight to see the corpse all black from strangulation, her tongue protruding, and her eyes almost out of their sockets.

Ah! dear children, be very thankful to God for having enlightened your once blinded parents, and given you the freedom of His children! When you are of an age to embrace a state of life be cautious, and comply with the will of God by following faithfully the advice of your spiritual director.

The death of the unfortunate girl was considered by the Indians as an ill omen for Tlatlemtlobolh, and this added to the disadvantages of a muddy landing, caused all the chiefs and head-men to ask for the removal of our mission to Chetlaax. Then Rev. Father Durieu started early one day in the morning in search of some good land, and got lost in the woods. He had neither companion, compass nor pro-

visions, and you may judge of my anxiety when midnight came, and no sign or tidings of him. The weather was damp and cold. I sent four Indians in search of him, and I earnestly prayed at home for the success of the expedition. The next day, towards evening, the Indians brought him home pale and weary, but then we felt both happy and very grateful to our heavenly Father.

Learn from this, my dear little friends, that in our pilgrimage through this valley of tears to the heavenly Jerusalem, we have a continual need of the compass of the true Faith, and of an ample provision of Christian virtues, lest we get lost in the many crooked ways of the world and in the darkness of sin.

During the spring of 1858, in compliance with the earnest desire of the Indians, we built a solid log-house on the thickly wooded hill of Chetlaax, afterwards called Priest-Point, because the priests were the first white settlers of that place. The Indians loved and helped the priests. The old people would call us their grand children, and in return we were happy in calling them our grandfathers or mothers, *tsapa* or *kia*.

On the first week after our arrival in Priest-Point we counted seventeen very interesting pupils in our school room which was, for the time being, a large Indian lodge.

In my next letter I shall speak of the wonderful labors of our Indians, and also of the progress of our dear little scholars of Chetlaax. God bless you!

Pray for your old friend,

E. C. Chirouse, O. M. I.

☞Look at the printed address on the Companion to ascertain with what number your subscription expires.☜

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Mrs. M Beesner; Misses L C Heisner, L Fitzmaurice, M Sullivan, I Quinn & M Cain; Messrs. Sgt M O'Connell, G Hartness, J P Comeford, S Hogan, T Rott, P Kennedy, J FitzSimmons, C Koanan, C W Jones, S & F Allen, E B Moore, W McCloskey, J Rigney & M J Sweeney. Thanks.

THE SIMMONS FUND.

Amount already acknowledged.	$70.85
Mr. J. FitzSimmons & a "Friend" $1 each. Total,	$72.85

XIX. The Lord's Prayer in Passamaquoddy.

N'miktan kusena, spemkik eyane, weweselmogwodetch eliwizyan, ketepeltemwangan petzussewitch; keteleltemwangan uli kiktangwadetch tali kik tahanlaho te spemkik. Manmiline nikwambi bemghiska etaskiskwe n'tapan'mene, te aneheltamawine nepalalokkewanangannawal, tahanlawi nyona eli aneheltamahuyeku ewanpallelokedjik; te ekkwi elossaline unemihotwauganek, wetchi kighehieku tannil madzikkil. Nialetch.

—The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools was 34 boys and 36 girls. The actual number now is 36 and 38 respectively.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The undersigned, as long as he has the management of this little paper, engages himself to offer the holy Sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for the promoters of this undertaking and their friends both living and dead, also for all those who in any other way may contribute towards the general welfare of these poor Indian missions. *J. B. Boulet.*

☞A few copies of Nos. 17, 20, 15, 21 and 24 are wanted to complete files, in return of which we will give any of our publications that may be required.

The long postponed dedication of our new Indian church on the Lummi Reservation has at last taken place, but too late to appear in our June No. On saturday, May 19th, towards the evening, and early on Sunday morning, notwithstanding the threatening appearance of the wheather, the Indians scattered over the Reservation and a goodly number of the neighboring white settlers were seen bending their steps in the direction of the church. At 10:30 A. M. the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Nesqualy in full pontificals, preceded by Indian acolytes, and accompanied by Rev. Fathers E. C. Chirouse, O. M. I., and J. B. Boulet, as deacon and sub-deacon, went through the ceremonies prescribed by the Roman Ritual on such occasions. Solemn pontifical high Mass was then celebrated, and the sermon was preached in English by the Rt. Rev. Celebrant. The collection realized $36.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon took place the blessing of a 200 lb bell lately purchased by the Indians at a cost of $80. After this the sacrament of Confirmation was administered by his Lordship to 18 whites, half-breeds and Indians. An Indian sermon was then preached by Rev. Father Chirouse, one of the original founders of the Puget Sound missions.

Solemn benediction with the Blessed Sacrament closed the exercises of the most eventful day in the annals of the Church on the Lummi Reservation.

On the following Sunday, Rt. Rev. Bishop Junger also blessed another Indian chapel at Port Gamble, which, with the other two dedicated last July now make four churches or chapels dedicated within ten months in our Indian missions. For these very gratifying results we are endebted, in a great measure to the generosity of the friends of the Youth's Companion.

April 11.

St. Leo the Great

LEO was born at Rome. He embraced the sacred ministry, was made archdeacon of the Roman Church by St. Celestine, and under him and Sixtus III. had a large share in governing the Church. On the death of Sixtus, Leo was chosen Pope, and consecrated on St. Michael's day, 440, amid great joy. It was a time of terrible trial. Vandals and Huns were wasting the provinces of the Empire, and Nestorians, Pelagians, and other heretics wrought more grievous havoc among souls. Whilst Leo's zeal made head against these perils, there arose the new heresy of Eutyches, who confounded the two natures of Christ. At once the vigilant pastor proclaimed the true doctrine of the Incarnation in his famous "tome;" but fostered by the Byzantine court, the heresy gained a strong hold amongst the Eastern monks and bishops. After three years of unceasing toil, Leo brought about its solemn condemnation by the Council of Chalcedon, the fathers all signing his tome, and exclaiming, "Peter hath spoken by Leo." Soon after, Attila with his Huns broke into Italy, and marched through its burning cities upon Rome. Leo went out boldly to meet him, and prevailed on him to turn back. Two years later the city fell a prey to the Vandals; but even then Leo saved it from destruction. He died A. D. 461, having ruled the Church twenty years.

Devotion to St. Peter.

Leo loved to ascribe all the fruits of his unsparing labors to the glorious chief of the Apostles, who, he often declared, lives and governs in his successors.

"All the martyrs, in reward of their sufferings, have received for the manifestation of their merits the prerogative of helping those in danger, driving away sickness, putting to flight evil spirits, healing numberless infirmities. Who, then, can form so unenlightened or so grudging an estimate of blessed Peter's glory as to believe there is any part of the Church which is not directed by

his solicitude, which is not prospered by his aid?"—*St. Leo.*

Astonished to see the terrible Attila, the "Scourge of God," fresh from the sack of Aquileia, Milan, Pavia, with the rich prize of Rome within his grasp, turn his great host back to the Danube at the Saint's word, his chiefs asked him why he had acted so strangely. He answered that he saw beside Leo a venerable Pontiff, who, with drawn sword and terrifying gestures, threatened him unless he did the Saint's bidding. If the perils of the Church are as great now as in St. Leo's day, St. Peter's solicitude is not less.

"Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me? Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee. Feed My sheep."—John, xxi. 17.

APRIL 12.

ST. SABAS THE GOTH.

SABAS was of Gothic birth and a Christian from his youth. He was poor in the world's goods, but rich in virtue, and he proved his fidelity three several times, under the persecution of Athanaric, a prince of the Goths. On the first of these occasions he induced many Christians to confess the faith openly, instead of pretending to eat things offered to idols, and thus outwitting the persecutors. On another, when the inhabitants of a village where he was swore they had no Christian among them, he said, "Let no man swear for me; I am a Christian." The persecutors spared his life, but the third time God Himself invited him to martyrdom.

In 372, when he was thirty-eight years of age, he was going to celebrate the Easter feast at a distance, when an apparition on the way bade him return and keep the festival at home. He obeyed, and one night, a little after Easter he was taken by the officers of the heathen prince. He was dragged naked over thorns, and after many other torments, sentenced to die by drowning in a tributary of the Danube. He stood alone on the river bank with the

guards, and they were inclined to let him go; but God did not withhold the crown to which He had called him. "Make haste," said the Saint; "I see what you cannot see —a band waiting for me on the other shore ready to receive me into glory."

LOYAL SERVICE.

We entangle ourselves in many troubles because we try to serve two masters instead of following Christ with simplicity. Let us ask for a perfect heart, through the intercession and example of the holy martyrs.

"Go not any other way save that by which Christ went. This way seems hard but it is safe."—*St. Augustine.*

The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church, because in the early ages the Christians studied the lives of the martyrs, celebrated their feasts with devotion, and encouraged themselves by their example to a like fidelity. The great St. Basil besought a friend of his to send him relics of the Gothic martyrs. His wish was gratified. He received the relics of St. Sabas for his own church in Cappadocia, and at the same time the Catholics there received a letter from their brethren among the Goths, inviting them to rejoice in the new glory of the Church, and celebrate Mass on the feast of St. Sabas. St. Basil received the relics with unspeakable joy, thanking God who waters the Church with the blood of the martyrs, and encourages those who remain by the example of those who have gone before.

"Behold, I come quickly; hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Apoc. iii. 11.

APRIL 13.

ST. HERMENEGILD, MARTYR.

LEOVIGILD, king of the Visigoths, had two sons, Hermenegild and Recared, who reigned conjointly with him. All three were Arians, but Hermenegild married a zealous Catholic, the daughter of Sigebert, king of France, and by her holy example was converted to the faith. His father, on hearing the news, denounced him as a traitor, and marched to seize his per-

son. Hermenegild tried to rally the Catholics of Spain in his defence, but they were too weak to make any stand, and after a two years' fruitless struggle, he surrendered on the assurance of a free pardon. When safely in the royal camp, the king had him loaded with fetters, and cast into a foul dungeon at Seville. Tortures and bribes were in turns employed to shake his faith; but Hermenegild wrote to his father that he held the crown as nothing, and preferred to lose scepter and life rather than betray the truth of God. At length, on Easter-night, an Arian bishop entered his cell, and promised him his father's pardon if he would but receive communion at his hands. Hermenegild indignantly rejected the offer, and knelt with joy for his death-stroke. That same night a light streaming from his cell told the Christians who were watching near that the martyr had won his crown, and was keeping his Easter with the saints in glory.

THE POWER OF SACRIFICE.

St. Hermenegild teaches us that constancy and sacrifice are the best arguments for the faith, and the surest way to win souls to God.

"We see proved true in the members what before was verified in the Head; for one died amongst the Visigoths that many might live; and of one grain that was sown for the faith a great crop of faithful people sprang up." *St. Gregory the Great.*

Leovigild on his death-bed, though still an Arian, bade Recared seek out St. Leander, whom he himself had cruelly persecuted, and, following Hermenegild's example, be received by him into the Church. Recared did so, and on his father's death labored so earnestly for the extirpation of Arianism, that he brought over the whole nation of the Visigoths to the Church. "Nor is it to be wondered," says St. Gregory, "that he came thus to be a preacher of the true faith, seeing that he was brother of a martyr, whose merits did help him to bring so many into the lap of God's Church."

"Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."—John, xii. 24, 25.



ROLL OF HONOR

— OF THE —

TULALIP INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Good conduct, Christian doctrine, obedience and general application to study.

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House-work and cooking.

AGATHA BAGLEY,
M. A. Sam.

OUR THRICE WELCOME VISITORS.

For some months we have enjoyed a rest from composing for our paper, but now as it is near the close of the school year we will gladly give an account of what has happened during the past few weeks. About the 14th of the month of May we had Rt. Rev. Bishop Junger's visit which we were expecting for some time. During the time His Lordship remained he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a number of boys and girls also some Indians, and gave us a very nice instruction on obedience and charity, after explaining the Sacrament we had received. The day following his departure our dear Rev. Father Chirouse O. M. I. arrived very unexpectedly. I cannot tell you with what joy we greeted our good Father and most familiar friend of the Indians of this part of the United States. He has labored among them over thirty years, and is also the founder of this mission, and the school in which we are now educated.

After the reception he embraced each one of the boys with the tenderest affection. He was so overjoyed on being once more in the midest of his Indian children, that if he did not restrain himself he would have shed tears. He spoke very kindly and effectionately to us. Rev. Brother MacStay, whom we were delighted to see once more, accompanied Rev. Father Chirouse. He was one of the first teachers of the Indian boys in this place, eighteen years ago, and has many friends on the Sound. We wish them a pleasant journey back to their home in New Westminster B. C., and we hope we will have the happiness of seeing them again next year. Walter Wale.

To all our dear little friends.

Seeing that none of us answered your last letter, you must think that we are quite lazy or forgetful of our promise, but here I am ready to resolve all your questions. As to what Mary Bisson said in her letter that her teacher has pretty sharp eyes for that I think they all can boast of it. We can't do any thing without their notice; they seem to be gifted on that point is it not the case?

We have no sick Sister here, being so near the mother house in Vancouver, that they are sent there as soon

as they are too weak to continue their work. We will not fail to join our poor prayers with yours for the recovery of your dear Sister Remi, who devoted all her energies and strength for your welfare both spiritual and temporal; and if it is our Lord's will that she should get well we would be very glad indeed.

Tulalip is not a very nice looking place but in spring when all things begin to grow it makes it look quite pretty. Nearly all of us have little gardens where we have every kind of flowers, and when they bloom we make some boquets for our little altar, and we arrange them as nice as we can to please our good Mother the Blessed Virgin. We also go very often to the woods and gather wild flowers for the church and our chapel; we enjoy that very much.

Dear friends, we thank you heartily for your kindness in writing to us, and we will also try to answer you the best we can. I think it is about time that I should close. Good-by, dear little friends. Agatha Bagley.

FAREWELL TO SCHOOL.

Vacation is here again with its golden hours of pleasure, it seems to us that it is hardly a year since we were bidding farewell to our dear studies. The time of school is so precious that I hardly took notice that it was at its close, as I was always trying to improve daily in my studies. I may truly say that time passes swiftly.

Oh those beautiful hours of improvement! hours that I shall never forget. They will ever be like a treasure to my heart, and the remembrance of them will be like a sweet-scented rose that blossoms in the gladsome month of June. But now, I have to bid farewell to all those beautiful books of my childhood and above all to my dear teachers. Yes, I will miss their kind instructions and encouragements. O kind benefactors! I have no words to express my sentiments of gratitude for all your kindness towards a creature who is the least deserving. Therefore, what a pain it is for me to think that I must bid you all adieu, and go out into the wide world to be exposed to the wild wolves, which will try to devour me. Will you, then, dear Sisters, pray for your child that will be in danger.

Let me ever hold unto you as a soul holding to its Cross, that it may not be lost. *Farewell!!!* Josephine Serwalh.

☞ A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the Youth's Companion, will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

THE CATHOLIC MIRROR,

The Catholic family paper *par excellence* in America, is published in Baltimore, Md., by John B. Piet & Co., at $3 in advance, with a valuable book as a premium.

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THE YOUTH'S

COMPANION:

A juvenile monthly Magazine published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian Missions; and set to type, printed and in part written by the pupils of the Tulalip, Wash. Ty. Indian Industrial Boarding Schools, under the control of the Sisters of Charity.

Approved by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

[*Entered at the Tulalip Post Office as second class mail matter.*]

Vol. III. AUGUST, 1883. No. 27.

THE ORGAN BOY.

My dear children.

MOST of you have undoubtedly read that beautiful story, written by a good priest, about earth's angels; how, day and night, week after week and year after year, one of the purest and brightest of the angels kneels ever before the throne of heaven, praying that God might forgive the sins of men, offering up his burning love and ready obedience for our coldness and wickedness. This angel sees so much sin and so

little love upon earth, that he is always lamenting bitterly for the outraged honor of his dear Lord, our Savior, and the sins and sorrows of men.

All the angels in heaven have some particular work to do; and, because this one is always interceding for us, he is called "earth's angel."

The tears of this angel form a bright limpid stream before the throne of the great God, always pure and calm; but one new year's eve, when all the happy angels in heaven were singing most beautiful hosannas, and the whole court of heaven were prostrate before the once Babe of Bethlehem, this stream of the angel's tear was agitated; its silvery sweetness was moved by little waves that sighed mournfully. Our blessed Lady cast her eyes upon the sad, pleading waters, and she sent a bright messenger to inquire why earth's angel was so grieved on this new year's eve.

The angel said he grieved bitterly for the sorrows and miseries of little children: some were dying with hunger and cold; some poor little babies were dying unbaptized; others were growing older and learning to commit sin. The lips God made to love and praise Him were beginning to speak against Him, to speak falsely and unkindly; some even to curse and swear. The hands God made to be raised in prayer and employed in good deeds, were used in quarreling and dishonesty. The heart God made to serve him was learning to neglect Him and love His enemies. Other children were good, but very unhappy; the angel's soul was sad on their account, and the tears dropped faster into the overflowing stream.

Then our Lady spoke to Him who had once been

her little Child; she begged His mercy and compassion upon the suffering children of earth.

Our Lady's voice sounded through heaven clear and melodious, like the beautiful strings of a golden harp, or the sweet, dreamy music of the wind on a summer's night. When she ceased speaking, there was a long silence; for the angels loved to hear the last echo as it softly died away.

Our Lord granted His mother's prayer as it was asked; He always does so. And He took compassion upon some of the children, and relieved their sufferings. Then He sent an angel down to earth to bring the most miserable child he could find to heaven.

The angel bowed his bright head before His Lord, and hastened to obey His command. The world was very fair, but it looked dreary and dull when compared with the beautiful golden heaven the angel had left behind. On his way he passed earth's angel, who gave him one of his tears; it was so large and bright that, if he held the little finger on which he carried it near the heart of a child, he could see by its light all that was passing within.

He alighted in one of the largest cities in England, because he knew there is always more misery in those great places than in small towns or villages. Busy crowds hurried along the streets; and, under the rich dresses and poor rags, the warm clothing and scanty covering, he could see the human hearts beating, and could read their thoughts. When he saw what was passing in the minds of some who were fair to view, the angel turned away, saying: "Alas!" for the wounded honor and love of his Lord. He passed on through the lighted streets, filled with gay stores,

and thronged by busy men and women. He came to some grand houses, brilliantly lighted and full of festivity. "I do not think I shall find a very miserable child here," said the angel; "but I will go in and see." He went through a spacious hall, up a large marble staircase, through magnificently furnished rooms; he passed splendidly dressed ladies on his way, until he came to the nursery; for every angel, when he enters a house, goes first where the children are. It was a large, warm room; the crimson curtains in the windows gave a rich glowing color to the light. No one seemed to be in the room until, looking in one corner, he saw a little boy, about seven years old, who had cried himself to sleep. His toys were all lying about, as though he did not care for them; one little hand grasped a small figure of a dog, two great round tears lay upon his cheeks, and every few minutes a deep sigh escaped from his lips.

Three years ago this little boy had a dear mother who loved him as all mothers love their children. Every night she would come, and, putting his hands together, teach him his prayers; then drawing the white curtains round his little bed, would kiss him and bid him "Good-night."

The little boy saw his mother's face was very white one night. She kissed him so often that he wondered. The next day she was ill; and after some time they carried him to her, where she lay so white and faint that he was frightened, and began to cry; but she clasped him in her arms, and held him there until some one gave a great cry, and the arms fell down. After that he never saw his mother again; they said she had gone to heaven. Some time after, his father brought a new mamma home, but she was

not like his own; she did not seem to love him very much. So the little boy was very lonely; no one came at night to kiss him or hear his prayers; only the nurse-maid; and she used to frighten him with foolish tales.

On new year's eve he sat and thought about his own mother, with her kind face, as he well remembered it, until he cried himself to sleep. The angel knelt by, and saw all that was passing in his breast. It was not all sorrow; O no! for there was much love for his mother in heaven to cheer the boy; and while any one loves a mother in heaven, he cannot be quite miserable. So the angel blessed the pretty sleeper, and left him.

He then went down to a narrow court, where the houses were so poor you would think no one could live in them. Into the worst of these the angel went. The window was broken and stuffed with rags, and the cold air came in. There was a very little fire, only just a few dying embers; no furniture but a heap of straw in one corner, and an old stool before the fire.

By the light of the wretched candle the angel saw a child fearfully ill; its face flushed, and its eyes heavy and dull. On the stool sat a woman cowering over the fire, vainly trying to get some warmth from it. Every time the child moaned the mother crossed herself, as though otherwise she should despair. Then the little weak voice said: "Mother, give me some tea; I am burning with thirst."

"I have not got it, darling," said the woman, with a passionate cry, as she fell upon her knees; "I have nothing to give you but water."

The angel knelt and looked in the child's heart. Poverty, cold, hunger, thirst, and sickness had all

tried their worst. Yet for that child there was light in its darkness; in the midst of its pains and troubles, it dearly loved its mother, and had great pleasure in her loving tenderness.

"The child is not quite miserable; I must go elsewhere," he said.

In another house a little boy was nursing his dying sister. The poor mother was busy preparing for the doctor; and the child's tears fell fast upon the pale baby he loved so dearly, and was so soon to lose forever. But he was pleased because he knew that she would soon be in heaven. So the angel left him.

Passing on, he heard the sound of music near him; it was a very old street organ playing "Adeste Fideles." You would almost have smiled to hear how it groaned, and how it seemed to bring out the tune with labor and difficulty. The angel looked; there was a little boy about eight years old turning the handle round and round. His face was pale, his fair hair partially covered with an old cap, a thin coat did not half protect him from the sharp freezing cold. Still he turned on and on without stopping. For he had only seven-pence; and he knew if he went home without a shilling he would get no supper; nay more, perhaps, than that, be punished.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The undersigned, as long as he has the management of this little paper, engages himself to offer the holy Sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for the promoters of this undertaking and their friends both living and dead, also for all those who in any other way may contribute towards the general welfare of these poor Indian missions. *J. B. Boulet.*

"You have therein the grace of God and His love."

"Oh," she replied, "what fire! what intense fire!"

When we touched her we found the poor child was like ice. A cold sweat poured from her limbs. Oh, what a heart-rending spectacle it was; and it lasted all that night and all the next morning. I could not leave her. Her sufferings rent my heart, but at the same time there was comfort in being near such an angel.

"Will you remember," I said to her, "to pray for us when you are in heaven?"

"Yes, yes, I will pray often for mamma, for the bishop, for Abuya, for the other little Africans, for all!"

A little while after she added, "My heart tells me that I shall die to-day after '*Obedience.*'"

This exercise took place with us at half past twelve. And she died at that hour.

The poor little Sister was conscious to the last. Every few moments frightful convulsions threatened to suffocate her. About ten o'clock in the morning she seemed a little relieved. She swallowed a little beef-tea, and said: "I want to sleep very much."

Seeing her quiet and out of immediate danger, at eleven o'clock the chaplain left her for a little while. "Yes, go," said the little dying saint, "but return soon. In the mean time mamma will remain here in your place." I sat close beside her to listen to her breathing.

About twelve o'clock I noticed that she was awake and praying. I took that opportunity of telling her all that I wanted her to remember in heaven.

At half past twelve our dear little angel opened her eyes, glanced to the right, and a lovely smile il-

lumined her face. I sent at once for the chaplain, who came very promptly, his house being near ours; but he was too late, the child had just expired. We could easily understand his disappointment at not witnessing the last smile of his dear little penitent.

The dear little angel took her flight to heaven at the hour she predicted, at the age, we suppose, of nine years. Oh, the happiness of going to heaven with a smile on one's lips!

Yes, dear little angel, open thy innocent lips to the sweet smiles of the Blessed! Bask in the unutterable delights of heaven! Enjoy thy God, who loved thee so tenderly; but remember, I beseech thee, those who still sigh in this rude land of exile!

After death the little saint regained her symmetrical figure. Her face wore an expression of heavenly peace, as if the last kiss of the Divine Spouse had left thereon the imprint of eternal beatitude. Our eyes were never satisfied gazing on the lovely spectacle. Some of the Sisters asked if she were really dead. "*I am in heaven*," she seemed smilingly to say to all who looked upon her. "Oh, how beautiful she is, how very beautiful!" exclaimed her companions every moment.

She was, according to our custom, laid in the choir. She was dressed in the religious habit, with a wreath of white roses on her head, and held in her hand besides her crucifix a brilliant white lily. Many other flowers beautifully arranged adorned the little coffin. It was with intense sorrow we tore ourselves away from our sainted little Sister when, the funeral ceremonies over, the hour for burial had arrived. Mine was the greatest sorrow. I could with difficulty bring myself to cover this pure face, so illumined

with celestial beauty. Alas! the painful duty had to be done. I placed upon her virginal brow a last kiss, and then rendered to earth all that was earthly of her.

It was no slight solace to our sorrow to possess in this privileged spouse of our Lord a powerful patron before Him. Some of our Sisters have already experienced her beneficent influence.

This is the simple and faithful record of the life of her whom God confided to me. According to His merciful designs I endeavored to educate her for heaven. The dear child responded faithfully to the graces of her Creator. Her life was short, but replete with many virtues. Oh, if all young Christians, imitating at least in part the fidelity of this little African, would correspond to the millionth part of God's restraining grace which He showers upon them to form their minds and hearts, how much more easy and fruitful would be their education! And with what hope and consolation would they contemplate the future!

I will add but a few words to this touching story, and to this last wish of the adopted mother of the little African.

May God bless these good, motherly, devoted religious, who in all the countries of the world are the visible Providence of the orphan children of the abandoned, and of all who suffer.

May He deign equally to bless you, my child, who reads the life of this little saint. May the example of such perfect virtue in one so young render you more faithful in the future, more fervent, more obedient more patient, more worthy, in a word, of the God of your baptism and of your first communion.

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I.—BAPTISM.

THE first of the Sacraments which we receive is Baptism. It was instituted by our Lord to free us from original sin, and also from actual sin committed before we receive it. Baptism makes us children of God and of His holy Church; and it is the most necessary of all the Sacraments, because, unless we receive it we cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.

There are three kinds of Baptism—1st. Baptism of water; 2nd. Baptism of desire; 3rd. Baptism of blood. The first only is properly a Sacrament, and is administered by pouring water on the head of the person to be baptized, saying at the same time these words: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The Baptism of desire takes place when a person has a true sorrow for his sins, and an ardent desire of receiving Baptism, but placed in circumstances wherein it is impossible for him to do so. By this desire original and actual sin is forgiven. The Baptism of blood is that which takes place when a person suffers martyrdom for the faith. Hence the holy Innocents, put to death by the order of Herod, when that wicked king sought to kill our Lord, are considered as martyrs, and as being baptized in their blood.

At what particular time during the life of our Lord Baptism was instituted, is not exactly known. Some holy Fathers think it was instituted when Christ was baptized by St. John; others, when He said unless a man be born of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. It is certain, however, that the obligation began with the promulgation of Christianity.

Baptism is performed in three ways. First, by immersion, that is, by plunging the person under the water. Secondly, by infusion or pouring the water on the person to be baptized; and thirdly, by aspersion or sprinkling. The practice now is, to pour the water three times on the person about to be baptized, using the words "I baptize thee, &c.," which we mentioned before. The pouring of the water *once* is sufficient, as to the validity of the sacrament, and it is not absolutely necessary to make the sign of the Cross while pouring the water, though it is usually done.

The ceremonies used in administering the sacrament of Baptism, are impressive and instructive. The priest breathes upon the infant or other person to be baptized, to signify spiritual life. It is used also to drive away the devil, by the Holy Ghost, who is called the Spirit of God. The person is signed with the sign of the Cross, to signify that he is made a soldier of Christ. Salt is put into his mouth, which is an emblem of prudence, and signifies that grace is given to preserve the soul incorrupt. The priest applies spittle to the person's ears and nostrils in imitation of Christ, who used that ceremony in curing the deaf and dumb. The anointing the head denotes the dignity of Christianity; the anointing the shoulders that he may be strengthened to carry his cross; the breast, that his heart may concur willingly to all the duties of a Christian; the white garment in which the person is clothed signifies innocence; and the lighted candle the light of faith with which he is endowed.

When children are baptized, they have also a godfather and godmother, whose duty it is to instruct the child in the duties of its religion, in case of the death or the neglect of parents to do it. The office of godfather or godmother is an important one, and should not be undertaken without due consideration of its responsibilities.

At Baptism, the devil and all his works are solemnly renounced; a promise is registered on the altar to bear the white robe of innocence without stain of sin before the throne of God. Children, have you kept this promise?

THE B. VIRGIN AND THE SHEPHERDESS.

FATHER ARIEMNA relates the history of a poor shepherdess, who had so great a devotion to the Blessed Virgin, that her greatest delight was to retire to a small mountain-chapel, dedicated to Our Lady. There she poured forth her heart in prayer before her "good Mother,"—for that was the name by which she addressed her,—incessantly repeating the angelical salutation, "Hail, Mary, full of grace." Her piety found such solid satisfaction in this simple exercise, that she often remained in the chapel for several successive hours, while her flock pastured before it.

The image of the Blessed Virgin, which was in this chapel, was a simple and unadorned statue. The pious girl made for it a rustic, but becoming mantle. She made a garland of some flowers which she had gathered in the neighborhood, and kneeling before the altar, she presented it to her "good Mother," saying: "Hail, Mary, full of grace." Then ascending the altar, she placed this simple, but beautiful crown, on the head of the statue. "Mother, dear Mother," said she then to Mary, "I would willingly place on thy head a crown enriched with gold and precious jewels; but I am a poor shepherdess, and can only offer thee this garland. Accept it as a token of my affection. Thou knowest how I love thee; I can only say, 'Hail, Mary.'"

Such simple piety and artless love could not pass unrewarded. This zealous servant of Mary fell sick, and was soon reduced to the last stage of the malady from which she suffered. At that time two members of a religious order, who were traveling in that district, sat down to rest under the refreshing shade of a tree. Both fell asleep, and both had precisely the

same vision. They beheld coming down from heaven, like a golded cloud, a band of beautiful virgins, in the midst of whom was one of surpassing beauty and majesty. On being asked, "Whither she was going?" she replied, "I am the mother of God, and I am going with these holy virgins to visit a dying shepherdess, who, during her life, visited me frequently." The vision then vanished. On awaking from sleep, they communicated to each other what they had seen and heard. "Let us also go," said they, "and visit this faithful servant of Mary." Providence conducted them to the cottage of this perfect creature, who had attained a high degree of sanctity by the practice of her humble duties. They found her, stretched on a pallet of straw, exhibiting, in the lily-whiteness of her features, the purity of the soul which had distinguished her, and in the beautiful expression of her countenance, a confirmation of the vision they had been favored with. She had just expired.

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(Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., W. T.

Oh Mary, my mother, what joy's in that name!
Bright star of our hope,—sweet solace of pain!
A shield to protect us when enemies rage,
A guide to our youth—a comfort in age.
When the last joy is fled, and the last hope is gone,
And the death stricken victim stands trembling alone:
When the gloom of the grave gathers round my soul fast,
And the child of affliction fears mercy is past:—

When the cold sweat of death trickles down my pale brow,
And my spirit in agony breathes its last vow;
O! then in that moment when life shall depart,
And my pulse cease forever to throb in my heart:
O! Mary my mother, with my last feeble breath,
As I love thee in life, let me love thee in death:
Oh! be thou my refuge, my solace, my shield;
Be thy name on my lips, when my spirit I yield.

When friendless and lone in that far distant land,
My spirit in trembling in judgment shall stand,
I know that fond mother will meet her child there,
I know that fond mother will hear her child's prayer.
Her name is my refuge—her bosom my rest,—
Her love is the sweetest—the dearest—the best.
To thy child, dearest mother, one favor be given,
As I love thee on earth, still to love thee in heaven!

***

THE SEVEN DAYS' CALENDAR.

Sunday—church doors enter in,
Rest from toil, repent of sin;
Strive a heavenly rest to win.

Monday—to your calling go;
Serve the Lord, love friend and foe;
To the tempter, answer No!

Tuesday—do what good you can;
Live in peace with every man,—
Remember, life is but a span.

Wednesday—give away and earn,
Teach some truth, some good thing learn,
Joyful, good for ill return.

Thursday—build your house upon
Christ, the mighty corner-stone;
Whom God helps, his work is done.

Friday—for the truth be strong,
Own your fault if in the wrong;
Put a bridle on your tongue.

Saturday—thank God and sing;
Tribute to Heaven's treasure bring,
Be prepared for Terror's King.

***

MUST DIE!

Sweet *day*, so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For *thou*, alas! must die!

Sweet *rose*, in air whose odors wave
And color charms the eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And *thou*, alas! must die!

Sweet *spring*, of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie,
Thy days depart, thy roses fade—
Thou, too, alas! must die!

Be wise, then, children, while you may
For swiftly time is flying;
The thoughtless child who laughs *to-day*,
To-morrow may be dying!

AMONG THE

SNOHOMISH INDIANS.

No. III.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

My dear little friends.

BEING actually engaged in my mission work, I have to write in haste, but it may be for the best. Let us proceed:

We remained a litte over five years at Priest-Point, and during that time the average number of our pupils varied from 25 to 30. At certain seasons their parents were all absent and we had to feed the children who generally preferred to stay with us than to go wandering after roots and berries. Our former pupils, who were always very willing, used to clear land and plant various kinds of vegetables, which was a great help to us. We built a log-house, and from this time all our boys became boarders.

At the opproach of the great solemnities of the Church, the Indians gathered in great numbers from all parts of Puget Sound, to make their spiritual retreat. They helped our school boys to clear that delightful spot—Priest-Point, which excites the admiration of travelers, even as far as Skagit-Head and Stobos. Our boys were naturally very industrious; they soon learned, by themselves as it were, how to cultivate the soil with advantage. Some became good tailors, shoe-makers, carpenters, &c.; so they could build their own houses and make their own clothes. At one time they supplied the Mukilteo store with ax-handles which were considered No. 1. You may ask Peter Damian, Charles Jules, Thomas,

Charles Hilaire and others who are still living, and they will testify to the veracity of what I say.

Many of our dear school children have since died, and their names are deeply engraved in golden letters in my memory and especially in my heart. It is painful for a father to part from his beloved children, but at the same time it is consoling for me to think that they are in heaven, for the majority of them died in the hands of catholic priests, and in the friendship of God.

I could tell you many edifying anecdotes about many dear children who are now in paradise, but in order not to be too long, I will close by relating only a few this time.

August Kea, an orphan of ten years of age, was the first root of our school, and this root, being a good one, has produced a beautiful tree whose sound fruit shall occupy for ever an honorable place in the granary of our heavenly Father. August was endowed with a good nature, bearing on his face a continual smile which made him agreeable to all. He had a powerful memory, and his intellect and good sense were in proportion to it. He loved music, and it was edifying to hear him daily singing at his work in the woods or the garden, pious songs, especially the *Miserere*. In his fervor, he used to say: "Let religious songs make reparation to God for so many infernal songs that are heard in the village!"

When August left school he was married to Mary Taylor, one of our first school girls, who was also a model of Christian virtue among the Indians. Her father was rich and desired to marry her to a rich lad, but Mary preferred virtue to money, and she married the poor but virtuous orphan, and God bless-

ed their mutual union. They lived together in a true angelical peace. God loved them too much to leave them long exposed to the many dangers of this miserable world, and He took them up into His paradise to make them really happy for ever and ever. By this you may understand, dear children, that your school is a tree whose roots are sound, and deep in the soil of the rich valley of the heavenly Jerusalem, and you may be persuaded that it will prosper and produce in you strong and lasting branches, and sweet fruit, provided you follow the footsteps of August and Mary until your last breath. *Fiat!*

Adieu. Pray for your true friend,

E. C. Chirouse, O. M. I.

THE FIVE PEACHES.

A countryman brought home five peaches from the city, the most beautiful that could be seen. His children saw the fruit for the first time. On this account they wondered, and were much pleased over the beautiful peaches, with the rosy cheeks and soft down.

The father divided them among his four children, and the remaining one he gave to the mother.

In the evening, as the children were going to their bedrooms, their father said to them: "Well, how did those fine peaches taste to you?"

"Excellent, dear father," said the eldest. "It is a beautiful fruit, somewhat acid, and of so mild a flavor. I have saved the stone, and intend to rear a tree out of it."

"Well done," said the father; that I call prudently providing for the future, as it becomes a husbandman."

"I have also eaten mine up," said the youngest, "and thrown away the stone, and mother gave me half of hers. Oh it tasted so sweet, and melted in one's mouth."

"Well," said the father, "to be sure you have not acted prudently, but very naturally, as children are wont to do. For prudence there is still room enough in your life."

Then began the second son: "I picked up the stone which my little brother threw away and cracked it. There was a kernel therein that tasted as sweet as a nut. But my peach I sold, and I have received so much money for it that I can, when I go to the city, probably buy twelve."

The father shook his head, and said: "Wise it was, but not in the least childish or natural. May heaven preserve you from becoming a merchant!"

"And you, Edmund?" said the father.

Candidly and openly answered Edmund: "I took my peach to our neighbor's son, the sick George, who has a fever. He was not willing to take it, but I laid it upon the bed and came away."

"Well," said the father, "who has, then, made the best use of his peach?"

Then cried they all three: "Brother Edmund has."

But Edmund remained silent, and the mother kissed him with tears in her eyes.

*
* *

O ye who weep, seek God—He weeps;
O ye who suffer, seek God—He heals;
O ye who fear, seek God—He smiles;
O ye who pass, seek God—He stays.

Please send us a hundred subscribers more or less.

TWO boys were in a school-room alone together, when some fireworks, contrary to the teacher's express prohibition, exploded. One boy denied it; the other, Ben Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again, "Why didn't you deny?" asked the real offender.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Ben.

"Then why did you not say I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't, and I would spare the liar."

The boy's heart melted. Ben's moral gallantry subdued him.

When school re-assembled the young culprit marched up to the master's desk and said: "Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar. I let them off;" and he burst into tears.

The master's eyes glistened on the self-accuser, and the undeserved punishment he had inflicted on the boy was joined in the confession. The master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud: "Ben, Ben, lad, he and I beg your pardon; we were both to blame!"

The school was hushed and still, as older scholars are apt to be when something true and noble is being done; so still they might almost have heard Ben's big boy tears dropping on his book, as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as the rest. And when, from want of anything else to say, he gently cried "Master, forever!" the loud shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles, which made him wipe them before he sat down again.

CORNER.

GOD MADE ALL THINGS.

ONE evening, just as it grew dark, an industrious mother, who had been busy in the fields during the day, came home with her two children. Finding a lighted lamp on the table, George was astonished.

"Why," he cried, "there has been no one here, and yet the light is lit!"

"Ah," said May, "who else could it have been if not father? he has no doubt returned from the city."

The two immediately bustled around in search of him, and found him in an adjoining room.

The next day the whole family were stacking hay on the meadow. The sun shone unusually bright, and the children, made happy by the sunshine, were boisterous in their joy.

The father looked upon them with loving eyes.

"My little ones," he said, "yesterday you knew I was home, because you found the lamp lighted, and when you see yonder great light ablaze in the heavens, should you not know who is there that has lit it?"

"Know! Why certainly," replied May; "who but God could do it? The smallest taper does not light itself, therefore there must be One who has made those mighty lamps of night and day."

"Yes, so it is," added George hastily. "The Lord made all: sun, moon, stars, the grass, flowers and trees, everything we see is His hand-work."

The glories of the day and night,
Declare the great Creator's might.

APRIL 14.

B. LIDWINE, VIRGIN.

LIDWINE was born in a cottage at Schiedam in Holland on Palm Sunday, 1380, while the Passion was being chanted in church. They christened her Lidwine, which means "suffering much," and thus a single word foretold the story of her life. The child at twelve dedicated body and soul to God, and then, lest men should think of marrying her, prayed God to spoil the charms of her exceeding beauty. Her prayer was more than granted. At fifteen she fell while skating on the ice. The hurt she received kept her in the bed from which she never rose, except in ecstasy, for thirty years. Soon every limb was in torture. Her head and left arm only could be moved. Her face became hideous with sores. Her body, eaten with worms, would literally have fallen to pieces if not tied together. For years she ate no food. Crowds came to stare at her. Drunken soldiers mocked and even brutally struck her. A bad woman spat in her face. Her very friends through neglect left her once with a heap of red-hot coals in contact with her helpless feet. Meanwhile her poor hovel was an apostolate of charity and a paradise of joy. Her few meek words softened hard hearts, healed quarrels, and wrought miracles of grace, until in 1433 her wondrous sacrifice was complete, and her beloved Spouse took her to her everlasting home.

PRIVILEGES OF PAIN.

Pain comes to us from the hand of God for our good. B. Lidwine's life reminds us how great are the rewards in store for those who know its value, and accept it as a mercy.

"Know," says St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, "that the experience of pain is something so noble and precious that the Divine Word, who enjoyed the abundant riches of paradise, yet, because He was not clothed with this ornament of sorrow, came down from heaven to seek it upon earth."

If men deserted Lidwine, angels became her courtiers. They shed light around her cell, and scattered sweet perfumes upon her bed of straw. They bore her bodily in their arms long journeys to the Holy Land, to Calvary, and to Thabor. From these mysterious visits she brought back visible tokens—a wand, plucked from a tree of paradise, wherewith to move the curtain about her head, a veil given to her by the hand of Mary. Our Lord Himself fed her miraculously with the sacred Host, and finally restored to her body after death the freshness and beauty of her youth.

"As gold in the furnace He hath proved them, and as a victim of holocaust He hath received them."—Wisdom iii. 6.

APRIL 15.

ST. PETER GONZALEZ.

PETER was appointed at an early age Dean of Astorga, his birthplace. He had brilliant talents, but had only entered the Church to gratify his love of display. As he rode in great state to take possession of his deanery, his horse fell, covering him with mud. Mortified and humbled, Peter rose, amidst the laughter of the mob, a changed man. He entered the Order of St. Dominic, where a fervent novitiate prepared him for a life of holy zeal. He accompanied Ferdinand III. as chaplain in his campaign against the Moors, and by the strictness of his religious observance under the most trying circumstances, and by the power and unction of his preaching, reformed both the court and the camp. At the taking of Cordova, Peter alone saved the lives of the prisoners and the honor of the women from the lawless soldiers, and in the mosques which he converted into churches, called both captors and captives to penance. At the first chance he left the court to preach to the poor in the mountainous districts of Galicia, and to the sailors on the sea-coast. He had a peculiar affection for the latter class, seeing the fewness of their opportunities, and was enabled by a special gift to reach the understanding of the most ignorant. The last years of his life were spent

in their behalf, and under the title of St. Elmo, he is still invoked as the patron of Spanish mariners. Peter died April 15th, 1246.

PREACHING CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

Every word spoken for God and in opposition to the world, the flesh, and the devil, is the word of Christ, from whom all grace proceeds. Learn from St. Peter that none are beyond the power of such words humbly but boldly proclaimed.

"The sound of the words strikes the ear; the master teaches within."—*St. Augustine.*

Some courtiers, incensed at St. Peter's unsparing denunciation of vice, suborned a miserable woman to lead him into sin. She obtained an interview with him under the garb of a penitent, and with many tears regretted her evil life. Suddenly throwing off the mask, she revealed the object of her visit. The saint went into an inner room where there was a fire, and laying himself on the burning coals, bade her enter. The sight of the holy man uninjured in the midst of the flames shook her soul to its depths. She fell on her knees, confessed her sins, and with her accomplices in the crime became sincerely penitent.

"The word of the Cross to them indeed that perish is foolishness, but to them that are saved, that is to us, it is the power of God."—1 Cor. 1. 18.

April 16.

St. Benedict Joseph.

SAINT Benedict Joseph Labre was born at Amettes, in the diocese of Boulogne, France, in the year 1748. After an unsuccessful trial of the religious life, when twenty-two years old, he abandoned, at God's call, his country and parental home, and, renouncing all further communication with his relations, spent the remainder of his days as a poor beggar, either in visiting the chief shrines of Italy and Spain, or in praying for

long hours together in the sanctuaries of Rome. His clothing was a few scanty rags; his bed the ground; the food of his choice, such refuse as he might pick up. If alms were forced upon him he gave them to the poor. He crucified his senses by continued mortification. He never looked at the curiosities of the cities through which he passed. He spoke little, and only when necessity or charity required it. Nothing could exceed his low esteem of himself. A word of praise made him shudder, while insults and blows were delicious to him. His prayer was almost unbroken. He was most devout to the Blessed Sacrament, so as to be called "The poor man of the Forty Hours." His love of Mary was so great, that the words, "O Mary, O my Mother," would often burst from his lips. God favored him with gifts of prophecy and miracles.

He died at Rome on Wednesday in Holy Week, A. D. 1783. He was beatified May 20th, 1860, and canonized December 8th, 1882.

VISITING THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

If you had some dear friend living close by, you would often go to see him, and the dearer he was to you the oftener you would visit him. Our dear Lord is always in the Blessed Sacrament expecting you. Try, then, to visit Him, if possible, every day.

"My Good—my All—sole Object of my love—O come! I long for Thee, I sigh after Thee, I wait for Thee! Every little delay seems a thousand years! Come, Lord Jesus, and tarry not."—*St. Benedict Joseph.*

St. Benedict Joseph's behavior before the most holy Sacrament was so devout, and his body, head, and eyes, which were always fixed upon it so motionless, that some persons compared him to a statue, while others said that he did not seem like a man praying, but like an angel adoring or a person in ecstasy. In the presence of Jesus the fire of his heart shone forth in his inflamed countenance, which, though ordinarily pale and emaciated through his penitential life, became red and burning before the Blessed Sacrament.

"I will seek Him whom my soul loveth."—Canticles iii. 2.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Mrs. E Barrett; Messrs. J Walsh, T Haney & J Loyola, to whom we beg to return our heartfelt thanks.

THE SIMMONS FUND.

Amount already acknowledged,	$72.85
A "Friend" $1; Mr. T. Haney, 50 cts.	Total, $74.35

XX. THE LORD'S PRAYER IN CHOCTAW.

Piki *v*ba ish binili ma; chi hohchifo *hv*t holitopashke; ish apelichika *yv*t *v*lashke; nana ish ai ahni ka yakni pakna ya a yohmi *kv*t, *v*ba yakni a yohmi mak o chiyuk mashke. Himak nitak ihlpak pim ai *v*lhpesa kaki ish pi ipetashke; mik*mv*t nana il aheka puta ish pi kashofi *kv*t pishno *v*t nana pim aheka puta il i kashofi chatuk a ish chiyuhmichashke; mik*mv*t anuk*pv*lika yoka ik ia chik pim aiahno hosh, amba nan okpulo a ish pi a hlakofihinchashke. Amen.

—With this issue of the Youth's Companion, the interesting life of "A little Saint of nine years" comes to a close. Our readers will remember that it was to the kindness of the gentlemanly publishers of this little book, the Messrs. Benziger Brothers of New-York, that so delightful a treat has been laid before them for the last eight months. The price is 50 cts.

☞A few copies of Nos. 17, 20, 15, 21 and 24 are wanted to complete files, in return of which we will give any of our publications that may be required. This request is only addressed to those of our friends who subscribe to more than one copy of the paper.

☞Look at the printed address on the Companion to ascertain with what number your subscription expires.☜

Please subscribe to the Youth's Companion.

THIS IS THE BEST TIME TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

(5) I am composed of two words and fourteen letters:
My first is in saint but not in angel,
My second is in rain but not in snow,
My third is in salt but not in pepper,
My fourth is in plate but not in cup,
My fifth is in hen but not ni fowl,
My sixth is in red but not in blue,
My seventh is in earl but not in count,
My eighth is in man but not in boy,
My ninth is in merry but not in cheerful,
My tenth is in hat but not in bonnet,
My eleventh is in hand but not in arm,
My twelfth is in aunt but not in niece,
My thirteenth is in evening but not in morning,
My fourteenth is in idle but not in smart,
My whole is the name of one of our former Sisters.

Sophie Elizabeth.

(6) I often murmur, yet I never weep;
I always lie in bed, but never sleep.
My mouth is wide and larger than my head,
And much disgorges, though it ne'er is fed.
I have no legs nor feet, yet swiftly run,
And the more falls I get, move faster on.

(7) My first implies equality,
My second inferiority,
And my whole superiority.

The answers to Nuts in No. 24 are as follows:—(52) Doré. (do, re). (53) Mix. (54) Mill. (55) Lily. (56) Lime. "Stella" cracks cryptograph (3)

Words are mighty, words are living,
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels crowding round us,
With heaven's light upon their wings.

Walter Wale, A. E. Simmons, Willie Hernden, Gregory Johnson, George Washington, Eugene Damian, Henry Charles, George McKay, Willie Deshaw, Norbert Hilaire, John Johnson, Joseph Wheksdah, John Wilson, Samson Kanim, George English, Willie Nason, Justin Skwailh, Alexis Dominic, Isidore Johnson, Frank Ross, Athanasius Shelton, Walter Ross, Thomas Ewye, Francis Leclair, David Tobey, Peter Kwina, Paschal Titselanooh, Bernard Tyng, Samuel Allen, Maurice Pearson, Moses Seattle, Victor Chiko, James Long, Celestine, August Frank, Lucian Cowichan, Allen Cowichan, John Hinds, Charles Sam, James Seattle, John Alexis, Fred Pearce, Joseph Pratt, Willie Cornelius, Celestine Lyle, George Harmon. Total 46.

Mary Girard, Ellen Finkbonner, Lucy Finkbonner, Louisa Ling, Agatha Bagley, Johanna Siebert, Addie Wale, Amy Smith, Rebecca Wages, Julianna Kwina, Mary Lummi, Annie, Josephine Serwalh, Mary Ann English, Ellen Achille, Mary Winayelh, Sarah Lake, Sophie Bastian, Mary Ann Sam, Elizabeth Sam, Emily Dick, Mary Ursula, Mary Kwina, Winnie Kwina, Esther, Catharine, Emily, Lucy, Mary Jane Allen, Magdalen, Maggie Phillips, Mary Ann Kanim, Agnes Dodo, Judith Dodo, Margaret, Mary Josephine, Augustina, Martha, Mary Francis, Mary Jerome, Matilda, Emily Hagerty, Ellen Pearce, Julia Pearce, Mary Lyle, Agatha Lyle, Mary Hogan, Carrie Hogan, Mary, Amy Harmon, Henrietta Harmon, Annie Harmon, Lia Preston. Total 53.

PRESENTED TO

REV. E. C. CHIROUSE & BRO. MACSTAY, O. M. I.

Rev. and very dear Friends.

What words can fitly express the joys of this moment, on beholding once more in our midst, our cherished, and venerated Father Chirouse? We heartily bid you welcome, thrice welcome, to your home, your friends, and your own dear children, who greet you with a joy they cannot express; while, with mingled feelings of pleasure and pride, they gaze on friends and benefactors, so deservedly loved.

How often have we sighed and prayed for the hour when divine Providence would grant us this, our dearest wish! We thank Him for this new proof of His love, and also our good Mother in heaven, who deigns to send us in the beautiful month of May, so many of her choicest favors, and what is most gratifying to our young hearts.

We thank you, likewise, Reverend Father and Brother for this your second visit which, were it in our power, we would make one of unalloyed pleasure, as a feeble token of our gratitude. We shall therefore unite our voices anew to pray that our heavenly Father may bestow His choicest blessings on your labors and reward you finally, in realms of eternal bliss.

Walter Wale, in behalf of all the Boys.

St. Ignatius Mission, June 8, 1883.

To the Pupils of Colville. Dear little Friends.

I never had the least idea of writing to you only when I saw your kind letter in the Youth's Companion; and as you like to have an answer I will do all my best to make it interesting. I like to read all the letters in the Youth's Companion but especially your and the Tulalip girls'. I hope that the other children will not be vexed at me for saying so, when they will know that we are under the care of Sisters of the same community, and that on that account we consider you like our relations.

I hope you will write to us again and tell us something about you; we like it very much, for although we don't know you, we think you are very kind. I would like better to see you if it was possible, but....

You want to know if Sister Aristide is as kind as Sister Monaldi; we think that she is just as kind, if not more so; we love her very much. We were very disappointed on Corpus Christi; we thought to have the pleasure of seeing all our parents attending our exhibition, but it rained almost all day long. We had been busy the evening before fixing our theatre; our disappointment can easily be imagined on seeing the rain, our face were as sad as the weather, as we took off the things from our nice theatre.

On Tuesday of last week we went to see the cars which pass four miles from here; we were very much interested for we never saw any thing of that kind before.

We found that place very much changed, for they were just beginning to make the rail-road when we went there last year to have a holiday, and we thought that we would never see the cars. Well I think that I have been thinking long enough over this letter, I hope you will forgive me for I am not fond of writing letters; I hope that the next time it will be better. Good-bye, dear little friends.

I remain your affectionate friend. Angelica Collin.

Flathead Reservation, June 8, 1883.

To the Pupils of Tulalip. Dear Friends.

When I went to bed last night I said within myself; "How nice it will be after high mass I will go and gather some strawberries and flowers!" But once more I have been disappointed for it was raining awfully hard. I had, like the rest of my companions, to bend my head and let the rain fall, for I knew it was the will of God. I can tell you that we have, been disappointed very often this year in our walks, holidays, and exhibition; for every time we prepared some thing or another, it was always raining or snowing. Is it the same in your place? But if we have trials we have also our consolations; for we have each a beautiful little garden with so many varieties of nice plants that, when we look at them, we have to smile even if we feel like making faces.

Our dear companion, Anastasie Moriseau, who left the convent last year, died the last day of May. Will you be so kind as to say a prayer for her?

I remain your unknown friend. Mary Theresa.

☞ A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the Youth's Companion, will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

THE CATHOLIC MIRROR,

The Catholic family paper *par excellence* in America, is published in Baltimore, Md., by John B. Piet & Co., at $3 in advance, with a valuable book as a premium.

THE WASHINGTON CATHOLIC,

An interesting weekly family newspaper, is published in Washington, D. C., by Henry M. Beadle. It was lately enlarged and its price reduced to $2.00 a year.

THE HOLY FAMILY,

A neat monthly periodical devoted to choice Catholic reading for families and schools, is published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York, at $1.00 a year.

LE JEAN-BAPTISTE,

A stanch uncompromisingly Catholic French weekly newspaper, published by the French-Canadian Publishing Co. of Northampton, Mass., at $1.50 per annum.

LE MESSAGER,

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THE ARCHANGEL,

A neat literary monthly published by the students of St. Michael's College, Portland, Ogn., at 50 cts. a year.

THE LITTLE CRUSADER is published weekly by P. E. Murphy of Columbus, O., at the very cheap rate of 25 cents a year. Its size has been increased but the price remains the same.

THE YOUTH'S

COMPANION:

A juvenile monthly Magazine published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian Missions; and set to type, printed and in part written by the pupils of the Tulalip, Wash. Ty. Indian Industrial Boarding Schools, under the control of the Sisters of Charity.

Approved by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

[*Entered at the Tulalip Post Office as second class mail matter.*]

Vol. III. SEPTEMBER, 1883. No. 28.

REV. FATHER LOUIS' LETTER.

Dear young Friends.

HAVE you heard about rattlesnakes? Oh, of course you have; who has not read plenty of things about them? But perhaps you have never seen any. When you become missionaries in the Northwest you will see lots of them—real live ones; and not in the museum, either.

Rattlesnakes, as you know, are poisonous reptiles that bite people and animals, sometimes without the least provocation. Their bite causes death in a few

hours, when not properly attended to. So, although small, they are very dangerous.

I have heard of very large rattlesnakes in the mountains of California, but here they are only half the size of a man's wrist, and between three and four feet in length. The two upper fangs, with which they inflict the deadly wound, are made like a cat's claw, but very sharp, and are fixed like hinges to the upper jaw. They keep them always closed. When they see people coming, they agitate the end of their tail, to which a number of rattles are attached, (one for each year,) which make a peculiar noise.

Then they coil up, and are ready for an attack. Should you come then within range, which is about the length of their body, you would surely be bitten.

They do not exactly bite and take hold as a dog does; they merely strike with their mouth wide open. Their fangs stand then at right angles with the jaw. The poison is in bags on the gum around the fangs, and when the fang is buried in the flesh, the poison, being pressed out, passes through the tooth, which is hollow in the centre from the root to the point, and in this manner the poison is forced to the bottom of the wound.

There are several remedies for the rattlesnake bite. Here the whites take liquor, and so drown the poison in another poison that actually kills more people than rattlesnakes do. I have heard of men swallowing nearly one gallon of the strongest whiskey in a few minutes without getting drunk.

A few years ago a little girl was bitten in Oregon. She was already much swollen up; they made her drink three quarts of whiskey, and she was saved, but, unfortunately, she remained insane.

The Indians have no medicine at all for it. They simply burn or cut the piece off. It is a hard thing to do, but I would do the same should I get a bite.

Indians are very much afraid of rattlesnakes, and never kill them. Do you know why? Well, they think that a man killing a snake is in danger of being killed himself by the relatives of the defunct snake.

Rattlesnakes, although always badly welcomed, are very fond of going into people's houses, and they have a peculiar knack of getting into a fellow's bed when camping out.

A friend of mine was once sleeping out with a fellow traveler. He woke up at night and felt something cold between him and his companion. It was a rattlesnake. The question was how to get rid of his snakeship without getting the parting *kiss*.

"Do you sleep?" said my friend to his companion.

"I did before you woke me up," answered the other.

"Don't stir; we have a rattlesnake in our bed."

"Good gracious! what are we to do?"

"Let us move the top blanket off," answered my friend, "but be cautious; then roll yourself off the bed on the right, and I will do the same on the left; then we will dispatch him."

They did so, the snake was left alone in the middle of the bed, and a few moments after a smart blow with a switch settled the rascal.

Years ago I had the honor of sleeping nearly a whole night with one. I'll tell you how it happened.

I was in the Rocky Mountains, camping with an Indian at a place called Bear Gulch. I killed a rattlesnake just before crossing the creek at the camping place. My Indian said to me, "Look out, Black-Robe, his folks will revenge on you for that."

I laughed at him, and asked him who would tell them about it.

"They need not be told," said he; "they will see that he does not come home, and of course they will clearly see that he must have been killed by us; we are the only ones who passed here to-day."

Well, we had supper—prairie chicken shot on the way, and trout caught in mountain stream, (no beggar's fare)—said our prayers, and went to bed.

Missionaries, like other mountaineers, do not undress to sleep. We simply take off the cassock, roll it up, put it on the saddle for a pillow, and then stretch our weary limbs for a sleep, if the *greybacks* are not too frisky and restless to allow it. I had taken quite a nap, when I suddenly woke up. I felt something very cold crawling on my left leg, just below the knee, between my buckskin pants and drawers. I knew at once it was a rattlesnake, but I kept quiet.

"Good Lord!" thought I to myself, "what shall I do to get rid of it without being bitten?"

My first impulse was to seize its head and crush it; "but then," said I to myself, "if I miss it, he won't miss me, and I am gone." On the other hand, impossible for me to pull it off by the tail, or to alarm it by moving too much. Yet I had to do something, for I felt it trying hard to crawl higher. I made up my mind to get up and run the chance. So I passed my hands carefully under the top blankets and put them aside; then, with the help of my hands, I rose up slowly, without bending the leg where the intruder was, and to my great joy and relief, I felt the rattlesnake slip down. Oh, how I thanked God for it!

As soon as I was freed from it, I jumped aside,

Concluded on page 106.

(*Concluded from page* 66.)

MANY people passed him by. Sometimes they stopped for a moment to look at him; then his heart would beat high with hope, and he would eagerly watch their hands. They passed on without giving him anything; then the light would fade from his eyes, and his heart grow sad again. Night came at last with its stars; the snow was frozen hard on the ground, the air blew keen and sharp. The street lamps and the gas in the shop windows were lighted. More people passed him by; they walked quickly because of the cold, and did not stay to think of the poor little boy or his music. Still he turned round and round, and every now and then "Adeste Fideles" came in its turn. None knew how the timid heart was shrinking from fear, or surely they would have given something from their abundance. As the night wore on, heavy tears fell down the pale face, and the tired arms almost refused to work.

"Oh, mother," said the child, with a great sigh, "if I might come to heaven with you!"

Then the angel drew near; he held the light and looked into the boy's heart. "Ah!" said he, when he saw what was there; "but stay, I will be sure first."

Very slowly, very sadly the child turned his weary footsteps homeward, lingering by the way; for he knew what awaited him if he had not money enough. Often staying to look in the show windows, where the hot pies and cakes lay so tempting, longing with all his hungry heart for one; then counting his money over and over again so carefully, hoping he might have made a mistake before, and feeling in every

pocket to see if he had not overlooked a half-penny. No; there it lay, only seven pence; and he had been all day in the cold and snow. Wearily he lifted up his organ, and turned to go home. Ah me! what sad thoughts were in that poor little heart! how bitter were the tears that fell so fast! Well might the angel fancy, as he followed him, that he heard more distinctly and pitifully the ripple of the stream. While the child and the angel wend their way through the streets, I will tell you who the boy was.

His parents were poor Italians, who many years ago had left their beautiful land, to try to earn a livelihood in England. They only had this one little boy, and he was called after the great St. Bernard. He was so small and pretty, with such fair hair and dark eyes, that he was never called by any other name than Bernie. His mother died when he was very young, and left him to his father.

His kind father was everything to him. He amused him, played with him, and when Bernie was tired, would take him in his arms, and sing songs of the beautiful Italy to him. Every morning the father went our with his organ, and returned in the evening. The old woman, the mistress of the house where he lodged, used to take care of Bernie. In the evening, he would stand at the street door to watch for his father. When he saw him, he ran to meet him; and the poor father would often go without butter to his bread, or sugar to his tea, so as to be able to bring his darling boy a nice cake. I cannot tell you how passionately the father loved this little boy, and he, poor child, had no one else to love; no one else ever spoke a kind word to him, so all his heart was fixed upon his dear father.

One cold winter poor Bernie's father was taken very ill, and could not get out with his organ. He grew worse rapidly. The doctor and the priest both came, but they said he would never recover. One day, when he was alone with his son, he called him to his bedside, and said: "My dear Bernie, my poor boy, have they told you I am going?"

"Going where, father?"

"To heaven, I hope, my child."

"Oh yes, they told me; but I did not mind, because I knew you would never go anywhere without me. You will take me, won't you?" and he fixed his eyes wistfully upon his father's face.

But his father did not answer. How could he tell the poor little boy that he was going to leave him forever, and that he would be alone in the wide world, without one to love or care for him? He could only take him in his arms, and hold him to the heart so soon to be stilled forever. The child felt his father's face and hands growing colder.

"Bernie," he cried at last, groping with his hand, as though in darkness.

"I am here, father," said the boy, wondering. Once, yet once more, such is the power of love, the dying arms clasped him for the last time. Those loving lips kissed the boy's brow, and then the hands grew colder, and an awful stillness fell upon the white face.

"Father, father," cried the child in wild terror. No answer. For the first time that voice was silent when he called. When the doctor came, he found Bernie senseless with grief and fear, still clasping his dead father's hand.

Poor Bernie, they took his father away, and laid

in the cold ground. He used to go every day to cry by his grave. Sometimes he would lay his head down upon the grass, and say so pitifully: "Oh father, please let me come to heaven to you." Some people wanted Bernie to go to the workhouse; they said it was the proper place for such children as he. But the old woman where he lodged arranged to keep him for two or three shillings a week; and this he was to earn, as his father had done, by taking out his organ every day.

One bright morning they put his lost father's organ in his hand, and sent him out. At first it was such a novelty to see the diminutive little boy playing, that people used to be very generous and pleased to give him a penny. Then, when they were quite accustomed to it, they would pass him by without notice.

The old woman was not cruel. She rather liked Bernie, and would have been kind to him if they had lived alone; but she had two idle sons, bad men, who made the poor child's life miserable. They used to send him out in the morning with a bit of bread to last him the whole day; and made a cruel rule that, if he came home with less than a shilling, he should get no supper. Dear children, think what that little boy suffered from hunger; think how he must have trembled all day for fear he should not have money enough. So he went on for some time, and at last new year's came. He cried when he first got up in the morning, for he remembered how last new year, his dear father had hurried home with a beautiful orange and some warm food; how he had kissed him, and said: "Here is your new year's feast, Bernie." Alas! this new year no one thought about him, or cared whether he

lived or died. He looked upon the snow, and at the stars, and asked our Father in heaven to take him home.

The angel and the child went through a great part of the city, until they came to the house where he lived. How his poor heart beat with fear as he opened the door!

"Well," said a gruff voice, "what have you got, young one?"

"Only seven pence," said Bernie, trembling in every limb.

Well he might, for a heavy hand struck a severe blow upon his defenseless head.

"Oh, please don't beat me," he cried; "I am very sorry, but I could not help it; no one would give me anything."

"Because you never asked," said the man, with another blow. "Now go up-stairs, and, remember you have no supper; you do not earn your salt. Go along, sir."

Very slowly the little fellow turned to go away. The man was eating a nice supper of hot meat. Some of it was frying in a pan over the fire. It had such a savory, tempting smell, that it made the poor child more hungry than ever.

"I am so hungry, and it's new year's eve. Might I have a bit of supper?" he said, trembling.

"I'll new year you, if you talk that nonsense. If you don't earn your supper, you can't have any. Go up-stairs."

So meekly and quietly he went, with such a look of hunger in his pale face, that the man's heart must have been harder than iron to resist the appeal; as it was, when he returned to his comfortable supper

after driving Bernie up to his garret, he tried to satisfy his conscience by saying: "Those boys are so idle, one must be sharp with them."

"You need not starve him, if you are sharp," said his mother; "he looks bad enough now, without sending him hungry and cold to bed."

The man went on eating, and the old woman dared not offer to take the child anything while he was about.

Wearily the poor boy mounted the steep stair that led to his room.

What a place it was! so cold and dirty, with a small iron bedstead, and a straw mattress with one blanket; nothing else, not even a chair. Bernie put his organ safe in a corner of the room, said his prayers, then laid down, hungry, faint and cold, on his miserable bed. Then, when he was quite alone, he hid his face in the blanket, and cried aloud. Even there he could smell the nice supper below. Every time the door opened he thought the old woman was coming to bring him some, but she never came; and his poor heart sank again.

A strange feeling now came over Bernie: his head seemed to be lighter, yet all on fire; his hands were burning hot; his eyes so heavy he could not keep them open; and every limb ached as though he had been fearfully beaten.

"Oh, father, father!" cried the lonely child, "do come to me, or fetch me to heaven; do you know how ill and hungry I am?"

The angel could bear it no longer. He drew near and held the light close to Bernie's heart; there could not be a more miserable child. Nothing could be worse than this: poor, lonely, cold, hungry; no one to

love him or care for him; no one to speak a kind word to him; no one had ever kissed him since his father died.

The angel came nearer. He knelt by the bedside for a moment, and then stood by Bernie. He laid his cool, soft hand upon his hot brow and flushed face. The boy opened his eyes, and there, in place of the cold, dirty room, he saw a most beautiful angel, with a bright, sweet face, kind, loving eyes, and soft, white wings; and upon one finger there was something that looked like a large diamond. Bernie was not afraid; no. Those were the first eyes that had looked kindly on him for so long.

"Bernie," said the angel, in a sweet, low voice, "my poor boy, you are very miserable."

"I am, dear angel, the most miserable child in the world."

"I am come to help you, Bernie."

"Oh, angel, will you? Then please take me to my father."

"I will take you to God; and, Bernie, you shall see both your dear mother and father again."

"Thank you, dear angel. Now I am happy."

Then the angel took Bernie's hands and folded them in his own. He breathed upon his face, and the child felt no more cold or heat; he only saw the golden glory around the angel's head, and heard a faint, distant sound of music, while something like fragrant incense seemed floating all through the room.

"Now, say after me: 'Dear Jesus, who wert once a child like me, take pity on me. I am sorry from my heart for all my sins; I repent most bitterly of them. I wish I had been a better boy. I offer Thee all my

troubles; and I beg of Thee, dearest Lord, if it be Thy will, to let me come home to Thee.' Are you willing to die, dear Bernie?"

"Yes, I am very willing."

"You wish to go to heaven?"

"Yes, with all my heart."

"But if God wished you to live longer, and to suffer more, would you be willing?"

"Yes, dear angel, for the love of Him."

Then the angel drew nearer, and laid Bernie's head upon his heart. Whether he laid there moments or hours the boy never knew, he only saw the glory brighter and heard the music sweeter. He felt no pain, no care, only a dreamy longing to see something more glorious than he saw there.

Then the glory became so bright he could no longer bear it; and the music so sweet and near, he could distinguish the word "Hosanna!"

"Close your eyes Bernie," said the angel. He did so. The angel gently pressed his hand upon them; something fluttered at Bernie's heart and on his lips; the light and music ascended, and the angel and the boy joined the "Hosanna!" in heaven.

There was a great sensation on the morrow, when the child was found dead. The doctors could not agree as to how he died, or what was his disease. But they all wondered at the fair marble face, with its angelic smile, and the white hands crossed upon the little breast.

The poor old woman cried very much, and was grieved for little Bernie; even the cruel man never forgot the little pleading voice. But Bernie was safe among the bright angels in heaven.

THE END.

II.—CONFIRMATION.

OUR young readers have learned from their little catechism, that Confirmation is the Sacrament by which they are elevated to the dignity of soldiers of Jesus Christ: that, as by Baptism they were made children of God, so by Confirmation their names are inscribed in the army of the faithful followers of our divine Lord, and they receive the necessary strength to battle against sin, the world, and the devil which they had so solemnly renounced at the baptismal font.

Confirmation is conferred by a bishop, who first imposes his hands over those to be confirmed, invoking upon them the Holy Ghost, with his sevenfold gifts; he then signs the forehead of each with chrism in the form of the cross, saying at the same time: "I sign thee with the sign of the cross; I confirm thee with the chrism of salvation, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." The bishop concludes the ceremony by giving the person confirmed a slight blow on the cheek, to signify that as followers of Jesus Christ, we must bear trials and persecution for His sake.

The chrism used in Confirmation is an ointment made of olive oil and balm. The oil signifies the effect of this holy Sacrament; viz., spiritual strength and purity of heart, and preservation from the rust of sin; and the sweetness of balm, the odor of a good and virtuous life.

Confirmation can only be received once, hence it is a great misfortune not to receive it with the proper dispositions. Formerly it was the custom to confirm children immediately after Baptism, but now it is generally delayed until after they have made their

first communion. It is not a Sacrament absolutely necessary for salvation, but it would be a grievous sin not to receive it through contempt or neglect.

Children ought to look forward with a longing desire to the moment when they shall have the happiness to receive this holy Sacrament, and daily ask of Almighty God the grace to receive it worthily, and as often resolve to live up to the obligations it imposes, when they have received it.

REV. FATHER LOUIS' LETTER.

(*Concluded from page* 96.)

and as it was quite dark, I tried to revive the camp fire in order to kill the snake, but I could not succeed, and I had to let the villain go unhurt, not daring to attack him in the dark.

Not feeling inclined to lay down again in the same place, I took my blankets and went a few yards further, wrapped myself up carefully, and tried to sleep again. But the dose had been too strong for my nerves. Divine Providence had given me the necessary presence of mind whilst the danger lasted; but the danger over, I began to realize the fix in which I was a moment before, and I felt terribly afraid. My body was trembling all over, and fright was nearly choking me. Although the nervous fit subsided in a short time, I could not coax myself to sleep any more the rest of the night.

I did not wake up my Indian. I hated to tell him my adventure, after what he had told me about snakes' revenge. I related it to him only in the morning.

Black-Robe," he said, "you are too rash; they'll bite you yet. Were I in your place I would never kill a rattlesnake. Who would take care of us if you should die?"

This incident has made me dislike them more than ever, and I wage them a merciless war. I now have a box full of their rattles, which I keep to prove to the Indians that their fear of the snakes' revenge is utterly groundless.

Your most devoted and affectionate FATHER LOUIS.

***

I haven't time to scold and fret,
Because things don't go right,
Nor mop around in sullen gloom,
Life can't be always bright.

I haven't time to waste, for oh!
God keeps a strict account,
And moments idled or misspent,
To days will soon amount.

I haven't time my neighbor's faults
To pick at and enlarge,
For oh! I've many of my own
That are a constant charge.

I haven't time for unkind words—
They leave so sharp a sting;
Nor time to entertain bad thoughts
That poison where they cling.

I haven't time to circulate
The stories that I hear,
Nor listen to the venomed tongues
Who'd make the slander clear.

I haven't time to censure those
Who've fallen on the way;
Perhaps I'd make a worse misstep
If tempted just as they.

I haven't time for these dread things;
But oh! I sometimes fear,
We steal a moment now and then,
And lend them voice and ear!

Awake, little girl, 'tis time to arise,
Come, shake drowsy sleep from your eye;
The lark is loud warbling his notes in the skies.
And the sun is far mounted on high.

O come, for the fields with gay flowers o'erflow.
The glistening dew-drop is trembling still;
The lowing herds graze in the pastures below,
And the sheep-bell is heard from the hill.

O come, for the bee has flown out of her bed,
To begin her day's labor anew;
The spider is weaving his delicate thread,
Which brilliantly glitters with dew.

O come, for the ant has crept out of her cell,
Her daily employment to seek,
She knows the true value of moments too well,
To waste them in indolent sleep.

Awake, little sleeper, and do not despise
Of insects instruction to ask;
From your pillow with good resolutions arise,
And cheerfully go to your task.

***

HAPPINESS.

True happiness was never found on earth,
Your toil is fruitless if you seek it there,
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth;
And will not thrive but in celestial air.

Sweet plant of Paradise! thy seed is sown
In here and there a breast of heavenly mould:
It rises slow, and buds—but ne'er was known
To blossom here—the climate is too cold!

AMONG THE

SNOHOMISH INDIANS.

No. IV.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dearly beloved children.

IN my last communication I was speaking to you about Priest-Point, of some of the labors of our first school children, and of the edifying life and death of some of them. To-day allow me to say a few words about the place that I still love and that I shall ever cherish untill my last breath.

During the month of June last my heart overflowed with joy and happiness. Through your long and fervent prayers, joined to those of your good pastor and worthy teachers, you have obtained for me from heaven the great favor I had so long desired, namely, to pay you all a visit during the beautiful summer season. I am exceedingly thankful to you for this, and pray that God may amply reward you for the same.

I am unable to express all the pleasure I felt on seeing anew Tulalip and its people; let it suffice to say that the feelings which filled my soul and my whole being on that occasion were alike to those which a poor old father would experience on beholding again his beloved children and grand children, after a long and cruel separation. When I saw you all gathered together; when I could press the hand of each of you; when I heard from your lips the expression of the sincere sentiments of your young hearts, tears of joy filled my eyes, and my emotion was such as to prevent me from returning the an-

swer which you then expected from me. For this reason, beloved little friends, I come to-day with my dear companion, Brother MacStay, to request you, again and again, to be pleased to accept the sentiments of our heartfelt gratitude for the great joy you have procured us by the many unmistakable proofs of your love and affection, of which I consider myself so unworthy. I shall never forget during my whole life the *souvenir* of the few, so short, but so happy days I have lately spent in your midst! The sea, the land, the creeks, the springs, the trees, the plants, the roads, the trails, the groves, the birds, the rocks, the houses, even the ruins themselves, all these things spoke to my heart, and seemed to say with the people: "Why hast thou abandoned us?" and, secretly weeping, I answered: "*God willed it!*"

The three splendid visits we made together will, above all, long remained engraved on my memory. The first was at the comfortable home of Mr. Jas. Comeford and his exemplary and interesting family. With what goodness and cordiality have they not greeted and entertained us! How agreeable were the few hours we there spent! Ah, may God bless this family and their good neighbors who, by their presence added so much to the pleasing enjoyments of our little rural holiday!

The two other visits were, as you know, made to Priest-Point. While there I seemed to be in a continual dream, sometimes very pleasing and sometimes very oppressive. Indeed, nothing could cause me a greater happiness than to run, with you, through these groves and over this magnificent table-land, covered with rich verdure, and to show you some remnants of the plants formerly cultivated by your

fathers, elder brothers and myself. Nothing could be more pleasant to me than to take part, as I did, in your innocent games, and even to beat the drum while you, like my former pupils of Priest-Point, were imitating soldiers on the battle-field.

But alas! it was a very painful sight for me to visit with you the city of the dead, and see so many newly made graves. How many dear friends are there sleeping their last sleep, whom we shall not see before the great reckoning day! My very dear children, often think that your turn shall also come, sooner or later, and endeavor with all your might to secure to yourselves, by an irreproachable life, an honorable place in the cemetery, and especially in heaven. Often call to mind the remembrance of young Isaias, one of our first pupils. He was always a model of piety; he dearly loved the Blessed Virgin to his last breat; for this reason we buried him at the foot of the great cross, and his memory is, and ever shall be, fresh in the hearts of all the Indians who knew him.

In this same burying-ground, you could observe, my dear little friends, the solid good initiated by the first Catholic missionaries in the thick forest around Chetlaax, and which is daily prosecuted in all the new settlements of Puget Sound. How many baptized children, dying in their innocence, are now among the angels! How many adult penitents have gone after them to swell the throng of the redeemed! It is, no doubt, in part, at least, through the prayers of these numereus intercessors that the Indians of to-day owe their perseverance in the true Catholic faith, and in the practice of all the Christian virtues. Do not forget the good dead. No matter what incredulity may say about the future state, their souls

live and see God, and they can assist you much more powerfully than the living who are not yet admitted into His divine presence.

As in our charming visit to Priest-Point, where your guardian angels—the good Sisters and your kind tutor—were pleased to accompany us, our chief object was recreation, this caused me to forget many things I intended to tell you. Therefore before I speak to you of Tulalip, it is my intention to accompany you once more, but this time only in spirit, to Chetlaax, and there to entertain you, in a few correspondences in the near future, about many things which, I think, will greatly interest you.

Adieu, my beloved children. May God bless you all! Pray for your old and sincere friend,

E. C. Chirouse, O. M. I.

AN "AWFUL" LITTLE GIRL.

—There was once an awful little girl who had an awful way of saying *Awful!* to everything. She lived in an awful village, which was an awful distance from every other awful place. She went to an awful school, where she had an awful teacher, who gave her awful lessons out of awful books. Every day she was so awful hungry that she ate an awful amount of food, so that she looked awful healthy. Her hat was awful small and her feet awful large. When she took an awful walk, she climbed awful hills, and when she got awful tired, she sat down under an awful big tree to rest herself. In summer she found the weather awful hot, and in winter awful cold. So that this awful little girl was all the time in an awful state; and if she does not get over saying *awful* about everything, she will by and by come to an awful end.

April 17.

St. Stephen Harding.

AFTER a pious education at Sherborne abbey, in Dorsetshire, Stephen entered the Benedictine house at Molesme, in Burgundy, then in all the fervor of a new foundation. But with the increase of alms the observance relaxed; and Stephen, having in vain protested against the growing remissness, followed St. Robert with twenty-one monks to Citeaux. There he became abbot, and strictly carried out the rule of manual labor and poverty. No industry of the monks, however, could supply the necessary food. When only three pence remained, Stephen bade a Brother to go and buy three wagons laden with provisions. His faith was rewarded. The monk's starved looks moved a dying man to give the desired sum; and henceforth alms flowed in. Still novices shrank from so severe a life. A pestilence carried off monk after monk, and Stephen, fearing that his strictness was displeasing to God, bade one, who was dying, return if possible to enlighten him. A vision reassured him, and before long there stood at the gate of the convent the young St. Bernard and thirty noble youths, begging admittance as novices. The trials of Citeaux were now over; affiliations went out far and near, and Stephen became, with St. Robert, co-founder of the great Cistercian Order. He died A. D. 1134.

DREAD OF INDOLENCE.

St. Stephen teaches us never to let the devil find us one moment unemployed. How many of our past sins began in the weariness of an idle hour! "Idleness hath taught much evil."—Eccli. xxxiii. 29.

"If the poverty of the place compels the brethren to gather the harvest themselves, let not that grieve them; for they will be truly monks if they live by the labor of their hands, like our Fathers and the Apostles. Indolence is the enemy of the soul."—*Rule of St. Benedict.*

In the Cistercian abbey nothing was allowed to interfere with the allotted portion of manual labor. The priest on finishing Mass exchanged his chasuble and stole for the pickaxe and spade. St. Bernard broke off one of his sermons on the Canticles because the monks must go to work. The choir monks cultivated the lands near the church, and the lay brothers the distant farms. When the bell rang for the Office, the latter knelt down in the fields, and said such vocal prayers as they knew by heart. So acceptable to God was their lowly service that, as St. Bernard was preaching on the feast of the Assumption, angels brought him tidings of the humble lay brother who in a lonely farm was repeating the *Ave Maria* with extraordinary devotion.

"The slothful hand hath wrought poverty, but the hand of the industrious getteth riches."—Prov. x. 4.

APRIL 18.

BLESSED MARY OF THE INCARNATION.

VOWED to Mary before her birth, in 1565, Blessed Mary's childhood seemed in all things the reflection of that of her great Mother. A strong desire for the religious state was only checked in obedience to her parents. At their wish she was married, when eighteen, to Peter Acarie. Her household was the model of piety. What God required of her in every action became her one thought: husband, children, servants were soon imbued with the same spirit; nothing was undertaken without asking the supreme guidance. When her husband was banished by Henry IV. as a partisan of the League, and his goods confiscated, Mary bore with perfect patience their absolute ruin. As the reward of her piety, she had the joy of seeing three of her daughters in Carmelite houses, and each of her sons nobly fulfilling his calling. But her chief mission was to aid in reviving the faith of her corrupt country, by the introduction of the Discalced Carmelites. In 1613 she became a widow, when her old wish, as strong as ever, led her to join the

new Order. Her growing infirmities did not prevent her from discharging the most menial offices, and her final vows were taken on a sick-bed, with the name of Mary of the Incarnation. She was afterwards sent to Pontoise, where her wisdom and fervor restored order in a distracted community. There she died in 1618, while enduring with extreme sweetness the most terrible sufferings.

PURITY OF INTENTION.

"If we give all our time to God," said Blessed Mary, "we always find enough for our duties."

"Whatever you do, think not of yourself, but keep your intention pure. Begin nothing without an impulse from God, or under obedience to a superior, who stands in His place. While eating keep your eyes fixed on God. Be ready at each moment to help your neighbor, whoever he be."—*Blessed Mary.*

One evening when driving home absorbed in prayer, Blessed Mary's horse stumbled and threw her. Her thigh was broken and her hip dislocated, and as her foot still hung in the stirrup, she was dragged for some distance in this state. She never uttered a cry, but offered all her sufferings to God. The leg was badly treated, and had to be reset; and in the terrible operation which became necessary, Blessed Mary appeared so insensible to pain, that the surgeon asked her whether she was dead or alive?

"If thy eye be single, thy whole body shall be lightsome."—Matt. xi. 22.

APRIL 19.

ST. ELPHEGE, ARCHBISHOP.

ST. ELPHEGE was born in the year 954 of a noble Saxon family. He first became a monk in the monastery of Deerhurst, near Tewkesbury, and afterwards lived as a hermit near Bath, where he founded a community under the rule of St. Benedict, and became its first abbot. At thirty years of age he was

chosen bishop of Winchester, and twenty-two years later he became archbishop of Canterbury. In 1011, when the Danes landed in Kent and took the city of Canterbury, putting all to fire and sword, St. Elphege was captured and carried off in the expectation of a large ransom. He was unwilling that his ruined church and people should be put to such expense, and was kept in a loathsome prison at Greenwich for seven months. As he still refused to give ransom, the enraged Danes fell upon him in a fury, beat him with the blunt sides of their weapons, and bruised him with stones, until one whom the Saint had baptized shortly before, put an end to his sufferings by the blow of an ax. He died on Easter Sunday, April 19th, 1012, his last words being a prayer for his murderers. His body was first buried in St. Paul's, London, but was afterwards translated to Canterbury by king Canute. A church dedicated to St. Elphege still stands upon the place of his martyrdom at Greenwich.

DEFENCE OF THE POOR.

Those who are in high positions should consider themselves as stewards rather than masters of the wealth and power intrusted to them for the benefit of the poor and weak. St. Elphege died rather than extort this ransom from the poor tenants of the Church lands. "I know that the Lord will do justice to the needy, and will revenge the poor."—Psalm cxxxix. 13.

"Believe me, he who does not think of the wants of the poor is not a member of the body of Christ; for if one member suffers, all suffer."—*St. Elphege to the people of Winchester.*

When St. Elphege was in prison, some friends came and urged him to lay a tax upon his tenants to raise the sum demanded for his ransom. "What reward can I hope for," said he, "if I spend upon myself what belongs to the poor? Better give up to the poor what is ours, than take from them the little which is their own."

"As every man hath received grace, ministering the same one to another, as good stewards of the manyfold grace of God."—1 Peter iv. 10.



WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he thus spoke to us: "Boys, you must have a closer attention to your books. The first one that sees another idle, I want him to inform me, and I will attend to the case."

"Ah," thought I, "there is Joe Hill, that I don't like; I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell." It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I told the master.

"Indeed," said he, "how did you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did?" And were your eyes on your books when you saw him?" asked he.

"I was caught, and I never watched again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of other people.

—The ears of corn. A farmer went out with his little son into his corn-field, to see if his corn was ripe. "Father," said the boy, "how is it that some stalks bend so low to the earth, and others hold their head upright? The latter must surely be very fine ones, and the others, which bow so low before them, must be very inferior." His father plucked a couple of ears: "Look," said he, "at this ear, bending so humbly; it is full of the finest grain, but this, which sticks itself so proudly aloft, is quite barren and empty."

A saucy look and haughty tread
Show a weak heart and empty head.

A few weeks ago, we were more than agreeably surprised to receive, free of all charges, a good-sized box sent to our address from Washington, with the superscription "From Mrs. Genl. Sherman. Not having been previously notified that anything had been sent us, we were somewhat mystified as to what might be its contents; but upon opening it we found it, to our great satisfaction, full of church vestments and goods. Among its varied contents, too numerous to mention, we found five chasubles and belongings, two albs and cingulums, and a whole supply of purificators, lavabos, &c. Besides these we also found an admirably wrought table spread, with the well known initials "E. S.," no doubt, the work of the generous donor.

Upon the reception of this rich present, as welcome as it was unexpected, we returned our humble thanks to Mrs. Sherman and her charitable associates of the Washington "Tabernacle Society," and our object to-day in referring to the transaction is, in the first place, to publicly thank all those who have, in any way, contributed towards this valuable gift to our poor Indian missions; in the second place, as such noble acts, in our day, are so few and far between, we are of the opinion that they should not be hid under a bushel, but, on the contrary, be published to the world, in order to induce others to go and do likewise.

Out of the eight Indian churches we visit, only two are provided with vestments of all the colors, while the other six have not a single vestment. By this our charitably inclined friends will see that when these five vestments have been scattered about there will yet be a deficiency of no less than *twenty-five!!* Courage! kind friends & benefactors, more work yet!

Tulalip, W. T., July 26th, 1883.

Rev. dear Father Brouillet.

It was only this morning that we heard, through your favor of June 27th, of the sad news of Genl. Ewing's death. As a tribute of gratitude to his memory, our daily pious exercises shall be offered, during thirty days, for the repose of the soul of our kind benefactor and friend, who spent a great portion of his life in advocating the cause of the Indians, especially that of our Catholic schools, where we are taught, among other duties, that of gratitude and love, even beyond the grave. All my companions join in offering our heartfelt sympathy to Genl. Ewing's family.

We trust that from heaven Genl. Ewing will still continue his good work, and obtain a successor who will have the same charity and compassion for the poor Indians.

"May he rest in peace" is the prayer of the Indian school children of Tulalip. I remain, Rev. dear Father,

Respectfully yours, Louisa Ling.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rev. J M Laflamme; Rev. Sisters N D Washington, Rev. Sister St. Louis; Mrs. E Sheridan; Misses M Reardon, M Maloney, C Collins & T Nurnberg; Messrs. J Flynn, B N McDonough, F Allen, E Eells, A Wiley & C Jules, to whom we beg to return our heartfelt thanks.

XXI. THE LORD'S PRAYER IN OTTAWA.

Nossina wakwing ebiian apegich kitchitwawendaming kid anosowin, apegich bidagwichinomagak kid agima wiwin, enendaman apegich ijiwebak tibichko wakwing mi go gaie aking. Mijichaning nongo agijigak nin pakweji ganimina wa-iji-aioiang memechigo gijig, bonigidetawichinang gaie go-ijinichkiinangi eji bonigi detawangidwa ga-iji-nichkiiamindjig, kego gaie ijiwijichikange gagwedibeningewining, atchitchaii dach ininamawichinang maianadak. Apeingi.

Remember that by buying these goods you will get moral reading, and, at the same time, do a charitable action.

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Approved by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

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THE PRIEST'S REVENGE.

ONE day, in the year 1793, the inhabitants of Fegréac and the surrounding hamlets were assembled together to celebrate one of the solemn feasts of the Church. Father Aurain was at the altar; the holy words of consecration had been pronounced; the God of heaven was now present in that rustic temple. The pious crowd was engaged in silent adoration, when suddenly the dreaded sound of the tocsin resounded through the building. Instantly all the men

in the church sprang to their feet; the women huddled trembling together; the priest alone showed no emotion. "My friends," he said, "the sacrifice is begun, and it must be finished. God is with us; let us pray. Pray, my brethren."

Then, bending over the altar, he humbly struck his breast, and consumed the consecrated elements. Meanwhile the tumult outside increased; some of the peasants had hastily left the church, when a child rushed in, crying, "O, save him! save the priest! The soldiers have entered the village, and they are following close after me." The priest took off his chasuble, stole and alb. Two dragoons came to the door of the church; the priest, seeing them, quickly descended the altar-steps, and passed through the sacristy. In the church-yard he met two other soldiers, who attempted to seize him; but he dexterously eluded their grasp, and scaling the low wall of the cemetery, reached the open country. The soldiers followed. As he was strong and active, he leapt over fences and enclosures of the fields. His pursuers followed and were rapidly gaining upon him, when he found himself on the precipitous banks of a river. Without pausing to consider, he plunged into the water and swam across. When he reached the opposite bank, he looked back, and saw one of the two soldiers rushing into the water after him.

Continuing his flight, the priest ascended the hill that rose before him; he increased his speed, and never paused until he had reached the summit. He is now out of the sight and reach of those who sought his life;—he is saved. But scarcely had he reflected with deep thankfulness on his escape from his pursuers, when a cry of distress struck his ear. He

paused and listened, and again he heard the same piercing cry. Hastily retracing his steps to the brow of the hill, he descried one of the soldiers struggling in the water, and on the point of sinking to rise no more. The priest, who had ever inculcated lessons of charity and preached forgiveness, who had taught men to return good for evil, was not deaf to the voice of an enemy in distress. With the same speed with which he had fled from his pursuer did he now hasten to his rescue.

When he reached the banks of the river, the soldier had disappeared; but he plunged into the stream, and dived again and again to seize the drowning man. At length he re-appeared above the water, bringing back to land the senseless body of the dragoon, which he continued to chafe with his hands until animation was restored.

In a few moments the soldier opened his eyes, and, recognizing the priest of Fegréac, he gasped in faint accents, "What! is it you who have saved me,—you, whom I was pursuing, and whose life I had sworn to take?"

"It is so," said the priest calmly; "and now I am your prisoner; I have now no power to escape. Do you still wish to kill me?"

"I would rather die first," replied the soldier. "I will not touch a hair of your head. But how we have been deceived! We have always been told that the priests were our most determined enemies; that they thirsted for blood, and breathed nothing but revenge."

"My good man," said the priest, "you now see whether we only thirst for revenge. Every priest, nay, every Christian, is bound to forgive his enemies,

and to requite evil with good. In being able to save your life, I have been more than usually fortunate, that is all; and I thank God for it. Thank Him also, and cease to persecute those who believe in God and serve him."

"Go, go quick!" said the soldier; "here come my companions: we, soldiers can only obey. Fly while you can. I will go and meet them, and tell them you have escaped. They might not share my feelings. Adieu! I shall never forget you. Here they come: save yourself!"

They separated, never to meet again.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

THERE was once a wealthy lady who had adopted an orphan girl as her own child. The girl was extremely pious, obedient, industrious, and always pleasant and cheerful.

One day the lady said to her: "Teresa, as you are so good, I intend you to have a new dress for next Christmas. I have already spoken to the milliner. Here is the money; go and buy yourself a dress of that pretty blue stuff which you admire so much."

"Oh, dearest mother," said she, "I have already clothes enough; but my sister has not such a good place as I; she is very poorly clad, and it would mortify her if she saw this beautiful dress on me. May I not send her these five dollars? She loves me so dearly; and when I lay ill, she came here at once, and was the very kindest nurse in the world to me."

"My good child," said the lady, "write to your sister to come to us. I will then have you both dressed alike. And since you have the same affection for one another, so you shall also wear the same dress."

CHAPTER I.

Dear Children.

MANY years ago, in the fair, sunny land of France, on the banks of the river Seine, not far from Paris, there stood a grand old castle, belonging to the noble family of De la Croix. Dark woods and sunny fields surrounded it. A beautiful garden, gay with brillliant flowers, went down almost to the edge of the stream. It was ancient and picturesque; the garden walls were covered with purple grapes and blooming peaches, and the fragrance of the flowers filled the air. The music of the birds and the gentle rippling of the river, the distant sound of the rustling woods, made harmony so sweet that the ear was charmed while the eye was pleased.

The family De la Croix was one of the oldest and most loyal in France. The marquis was one of the chief favorites of that unfortunate king who died, murdered by his own people, Louis XVI. As his residence was so near Paris, he could attend to his court duties, while the marchioness enjoyed the quiet and pure air of the country. Those were troublous times in France. When you read history, you will understand why: the people were angry with the king, and neither the king nor his nobles seemed to understand the wishes and wants of the people. There was a beautiful, but most unhappy queen, too, of whom you have heard, Marie Antoinette. She was very gay, lively and generous, but the people did not understand her; they thought she was careless of their sufferings and wrongs, though she was

not so. When you read of all they made that poor lady undergo from the time they first rebelled against her husband, until they led her to the scaffold, you will wonder at their barbarity.

In these dangerous and gloomy days the marquis de la Croix was a great comfort to the king: he was so good and charitable that the people could not hate him for himself, so they hated him because he was true to his sovereign.

The marchioness seldom went to court; she was an invalid, and knew but little of the disturbed state of the kingdom. Her husband was only too pleased that she should remain in perfect ignorance of it, for he never liked to see any anxiety on her pale face.

The De la Croixs had one daughter; she was a charming little girl, with a sweet fair face and large tender blue eyes. She was so pretty, even as a little babe, that her mother had her named Hyacinthe, and there was something in her slight figure that did remind one of the flower. Her mother, who was very devout and good, had consecrated the little girl to our Lady for thirteen years. She was to wear our Lady's colors of white and blue, and was always taught to love our sweet Mother, and do many things in her honor. Every morning, after Hyacinthe had made the sign of the cross and offered her heart to God, she used to kneel for our Lady's blessing; the same at night before she went to bed. In her pretty sleeping-chamber she had a statue of the blessed Virgin holding the Divine Infant in her arms; and the child loved it almost as if it were a living thing.

When she was very little, if any one gave her any candy or nice fruit, she used, before she touched it herself, to run and offer some of it to the Holy Child.

Every morning, with her own hands, Hyacinthe gathered fresh flowers for her altar. She would not let strangers touch it. The good parish priest of the village of Fontaine, which was close to the castle, was very kind to Hyacinthe. He took great pains in teaching her the catechism and the doctrines of the Church. It was a pretty sight, and one that all the villagers loved much to see, the little girl in her blue dress, her golden curls falling over her shoulders, kneeling in the church so devout, so recollected and good. They used to say they could fancy our Lady, when she was a child, looked like that. Then Hyacinthe was so charitable to the poor; she always had the kindest words and sweetest smiles for them. You would see her sometimes the centre of a little group of peasant-girls, speaking so nicely, with such a modest grace, it was delightful to listen. She was the great friend of all the poor round about; they went to her in all their troubles and distress. Seeing her so good and so innocent, tho people loved her exceedingly, and gave her the name of "Our Lady's Child."

Few children could be happier than Hyacinthe; her father was rich, and her home a splendid one, with everything to gratify the taste. She had a kind governess, who lived in the castle with her, and a Swiss waiting-maid to whom she was much attached. Her papa had given her a little pony, and her mamma bought for her a nice riding-habit: she had, besides, a little pet-dog named Chéri. She had so many toys and books that her mamma allowed her a room to keep them in, which was called "Miss Hyacinthe's play-room."

On all the feasts of our Lady, her mamma permit-

ted her to invite the village children to a feast, and then she gave each one a present, either of dresses, shoes, or hats. But the marchioness was a wise lady; she knew the difference between real generosity and mere good nature. When you have plenty of money it is easy to give plenty away; but the highest generosity is when you sacrifice a thing you like or wish for, and give it to another. That was what her mamma taught Hyacinthe to do. Sometimes when a nice jelly came up, or a tempting little cake made on purpose for her, the marchioness would say: "Hyacinthe, poor old Manon is ill; would you like to send that jelly to her?"

"Yes, mamma," the child would answer; "I will give it up to her." So she learned the sublime lesson of self-sacrifice, together with the virtue of generosity.

When the marquis was not in attendance upon the king, he was delighted to spend the bright summer days with his beloved wife and child. Mrs. de la Croix had for some years been suffering from a disease of the heart. She was obliged to be very still, for the doctors had warned her that any sudden or violent emotion would endanger her life. That was the principal reason why her husband tried to keep her in total ignorance of all that was going on in Paris.

The days that he spent at home were very happy ones; lessons were invariably dispensed with, and papa, mamma, and Hyacinthe had a most delightful ramble through the woods. In the evening Mr. de la Croix would relate some pretty stories which interested his wife as well as his child. Hyacinthe's favorite topic was the beautiful queen and her young

children. It would be difficult to imagine any one happier than this young girl; she had never known the name of care or sorrow. She did not understand the danger that threatened her beloved mother. She was so accustomed to see her always on the sofa, and looking pale and thin, that she did not think what such signs betokened.

They had many servants at the castle of Fontaine, and one of the most respected and trusted was Peter, the steward. His mother had nursed Mr. de la Croix when he was an infant, and the son had grown up in the service of the family. He was many years older than the good marquis. He was devoted to little Hyacinthe, and she liked Peter better than any one else, after her governess and Stephanie, her maid.

Peter used to roam the woods over to find flowers and curious leaves for her. He thought the day so spent a happy one, if the child's face lighted up when he showed her the treasures he had found. It was a pretty picture to see her with the old man; they reminded one of spring and winter; she was so gentle with him, and laughed so heartily at his curious accent and droll tales. Peter had a sister, who lived in Alsace, and the dream of his life was to send for Madeline to keep house for him, when he should be rich enough to retire. He had saved money during his service under his kind master; the good use he made of it you will see hereafter.

One evening the marquis arrived late at the castle. He looked pale and fatigued, and told Hyacinthe he had come to rest himself for two or three days, for he had had much trouble and anxiety. She was happy at seeing him; but, child as she was, she perceived some great sorrow was hanging over him. He paced

the room restlessly, and if he tried to read, the book did not interest him, and he laid it down. Unfortunately, too, Mrs. de la Croix was a little worse than usual, so, whatever grief preyed upon his mind, he could not seek consolation from her. Hyacinthe heard him, as he walked rapidly from one room to another, murmur to himself, and several times she distinguished the name of the king and the queen. She busied herself in doing everything possible for her papa. To her great happiness, she persuaded him, on the second day of his return, to go with her to the woods of Fontaine. Mrs. de la Croix offered to join them, and they started on their expedition. It was the last they were ever to enjoy. The marquis saw for the last time the green trees of the forest; but the others mercifully knew nothing of this, and that last afternoon was one of unalloyed happiness. In the dark after-years, Hyacinthe loved to recall it and think over each loving word her dear father had said to her, each tender caress he had lavished upon her. They gathered the wild flowers, and watched the birds as they sang and flew from tree to tree. Mr. de la Croix had arranged a seat for his wife on the trunk of a fallen tree, and she sat watching the merry gambols of the father and child, listening to the merry musical laughter that Hyacinthe never tried to repress. The sun shone down upon them through the green foliage, and they were as happy as though no dark cloud were ready to burst upon them.

"It is growing late, Hyacinthe," said Mr. de la Croix, at length; "see the shadows on the grass; my watch says six, and dinner will be at seven; we had better return."

"O papa! it is so nice here," cried the child, "I should like to live in the woods with mamma and you."

"Not always, my dear," answered the father, smiling; "it is pleasant now; but when the trees are bare, the green leaves all dead, and the ground covered with white, hard frost, I think you would be happier in your nice, warm room, with a thick carpet and a good fire."

"Yes," said Hyacinthe; "but, papa, I should be happy anywhere with mamma and you. You make it always summer for me." The father laughed, and declared that Hyacinthe was growing poetical; but he held her little hands tightly clasped in his all the way home. He carried for her the handful of wild violets that she had gathered, and until the day of her death poor Hyacinthe never parted with those withered flowers.

When they reached the castle the whole place was in a commotion. A courier had arrived from the king, to summon the marquis immediately to his side. Mr. de la Croix was for some moments in close conversation with him, and then the man went away. They sat down to dinner, but though he tried to conceal his agitation, they could see that the marquis looked very pale and anxious.

"Is there anything the matter, Leo?" asked Mrs. de la Croix, when she saw her husband's plate untouched.

"The king, my dear, is in some little difficulty, and wants me; there is a meeting, or something of that kind. I fancy nothing to be alarmed about; I must go at once though, when dinner is over."

Hyacinthe clung round her papa as he hastily

drank the cup of coffee she usually arranged for him herself.

"May I see you mount, papa? I will not go near the horse," asked the child.

"Yes," said her papa; "and, Hyacinthe, while I am away take great care of mamma. I shall expect to see her looking quite rosy when I return."

"How long shall you be away Leo?" asked his wife.

"I cannot tell; perhaps three or four days not more, I hope."

Mrs. de la Croix bade him farewell; for the last time she clasped that kind brave hand in her own, and heard low words of loving care from his lips. She went to the window and watched her husband mount his horse and gallop away. Hyacinthe followed her papa into the courtyard. He held her fondly in his arms, and she clung to him, with tears streaming down her face. "Papa," she cried, "it never seemed so hard to let you go away before." He kissed the little face and quivering lips again and again. Did something whisper to him that he should never more hold that little form in his arms, or hear the sound of that beloved voice? He placed her on the ground, for his eyes were wet with sad foreboding tears.

As he left the courtyard, he turned again to look at his dear ones. His wife's calm face smiled at him, and Hyacinthe gave him a farewell look that told him how much she loved him. As he saw those two beloved faces then, he beheld them until the last moment of his life—through the heat and fury of the awful battle that raged during the next three days in Paris—through scenes of bloodshed and cruelty, that made strong men turn sick with terror—through the

fearful death-hour when he lay murdered in one of the streets of Paris, the life-blood flowing from the wounds which cruel hands had inflicted. He was out on business of the greatest importance for the king, when then the infuriated mob, ranging the streets, recognized him. It was sport to them to kill him, and his dying ears were assailed with threats, that as they had treated him, so they would deal with all belonging to him, and that when Paris was done with, they would burn the castle of Fontaine, where a king's favorite had lived. Through that awful scene, when red angry faces and flashing eyes surrounded him, when his pale lips were pleading to God for mercy on his soul, he still saw, as in a dream, the smiling wife and child he was to meet again in heaven, but no more on earth.

While cruelty and death reigned at Paris, all was still and calm at Fontaine. No rumor had yet reached them of their king in deadly peril; their queen, with her fair young children, in mortal anguish; their beloved master lying dead and trampled underfoot in the streets, which seemed to run with human blood.

(*To be continued.*)

GOOD BY DEGREES.

DO you think you can be very good all in a minute, even though you have asked God to forgive you your sins, and to send you help to do better?

There is such a thing as growth in goodness as in plants; and if you really want to be a strong young tree in the garden of the Lord, you must be content to pass through many stages, and wait for many suns and many showers, and even then you have not yet reached your full size.

Do you understand me? You can be a little good directly, for you can try to be good. But do not be disappointed if you fail, or sit down to say rebelliously, "I have tried, and I was good for a little while, and now I am naughty again, so it is no use praying or trying any more."

Such thoughts are always sent by the wicked one to discourage you. He wants you to give up goodness altogether. He hates to see you trying ever so little.

Rather lift up your head after a fit of naughtiness and say: "I am still a little plant in God's garden, and although my leaves are soiled with sin and earthliness, He can wash them with His showers, and brighten them with His sun, if I only look up to Him and do not despair and sink still deeper into the earth."

"But I want to be very good, a very strong young tree in God's garden," says some hopeful child.

Well, it is a good wish, only remember, no hurry! The best fruit takes the longest to ripen; and remember, you are happier than the fruit, in that you can help on your growth by meekly bending your head under the showers of God's correction and thanking Him for the sun of His love.

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ELEVEN THINGS

For which no one has ever been sorry: Doing good to all; speaking evil of none; hearing before judging; thinking before speaking; holding an angry tongue; being kind to the distressed; asking pardon of all wrongs; being patient towards everybody; stopping your ears to a tale bearer; disbelieving most of the evil reports, and minding your own business.

KIND Angel guardian, thanks to thee
For thy so watchful care of me;
Oh, lead me still in ways of truth,
Dear guide of childhood and of youth.

Kind Angel guardian, let my tears
Implore thee too for riper years;
Oh, keep me safe in wisdom's way,
And bring me back if I should stray.

When angry passions fill my soul,
Subdue them to thy meek control;
Through good and ill, oh, ever be
A guide, a guard, a friend to me.

And when death's hand shall seal mine eyes,
Oh, bear my spirit to the skies,
And teach me there my voice to raise
In hymns of never-ending praise.

THE DYING BOY.

"Mother, say, why you are weeping,
Sitting there beside my bed
While this weary vigil keeping,
And from tears your eyes are red?"
"Ah, my child, I thought you sleeping,
And a rosary I said."

"Mother, do not thus be grieving
That all hope for me is vain.
Do you weep that I am leaving
Such a world of grief and pain?"
"No, my child, in hope believing,
We shall meet in heaven again.

"Mother, where the flowers are springing
Make my grave among the trees,
That a requiem may be singing

Always o'er me in the breeze."
"Ah, my child, my heart you're wringing
By such bitter thoughts as these."

"Mother, 'tis not death before me
Brings this tear upon my cheek;
But my father—he'll deplore me
Till his poor old heart will break."
"Oh, my child, may heaven o'er me
Give the comfort we must seek."

"Mother, comfort him and give him
My own little cross of gold;
Mother, cheer him, do not grieve him,
When this heart of mine is cold."
"Oh, my child, all heart will leave him.
And he will not be consoled."

"Mother, hark! what voice is saying
'Hasten, hasten, come away?'
I have heard sweet music playing
Somewhere near me all the day."
"Hush, my child, 'tis I am praying;
'Twas an echo you heard play."

"Mother, mother, who is crying,
And why turn you now so pale?
Now I know that I am dying;
'Tis the Banshee's mournful wail."
"Hush, my child, 'tis but the sighing
Of the beech trees in the gale."

"Mother, ah! my sight is growing
Dim; my feet are cold as lead;
Kiss me, mother, I am going
Up." The weary spirit fled;
And the mother's tears were flowing
O'er the features of the dead.

AMONG THE

SNOHOMISH INDIANS.

No. IV.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dearly beloved children.

A few months ago, during my most happy sojourn in your midst, I told you a great many things, but I omitted to mention my visit to Olympia, in company with Bro. MacStay. Allow me to correct the omission.

On our arrival in Seattle, we went to salute, (*corde et animo*,) our cherished and worthy friends, Rev. Fathers Préfontaine and Kusters; and after enjoying their generous hospitality for a few days, we left for Olympia. On our arrival at the capital city, being attracted, as good children generally are, to the house of their mother, we took a bee-line for Providence academy, and, most surely, we received from the good Sisters a truly hearty welcome. Could we feel otherwise than happy, where large-hearted Sister Benedict presides as *chairman* and caterer?

All the Sisters, as is their wont, were as busy as bees. Rev. Sister Joseph, late Superioress, whose presence added considerably to our happiness, was busily engaged in directing and superintending the works for the erection of their new convent and academy, which will, when completed, be an ornament to the capital of Washington Territory. May divine Providence continue to bless these indefatigable Sisters! May the lovers of virtue and progress aid them generously in their great and noble labors!

During our sojourn under the charitable roof of the parish priest, the Rev. and zealous Father Claes-

sens, whose kindness shall live forever in our grateful hearts, I was agreeably surprised to see the large number of Indians who came to visit me. It was, I assure you, a source of sweet consolation to me, to see so many of those beloved children who, through my ministry, were once "born again of water and the Holy Ghost." I was so happy to hear from Rev. Father Claessens that the Squaxin, and many of the so-called Protestants among the Skokomish, Towanooh and Puyalup Indians were, by the grace of God, very anxious to return to the Catholic faith. I asked the Rev. Father how it was they fell away from the true faith and now showed such an ardent desire to return? His answer was that they were induced to abandon their faith by the allurements held out to them by protestant emissaries, or by threats that if they did not abandon the catholic church their land would be taken away from them. Notwithstanding all this, said he, these Indians were never protestants in heart, and never lost the true faith implanted in them by their holy mother the catholic church. When sickness or death threatens them, continued he, they are neither satisfied nor contented if deprived of the consoling ministrations of the catholic church, in which their faith is unshaken. Even in their dreams, in which they are somewhat superstitious, they are haunted with remorse, and sometimes imagine that God speaks to them and tells them that the catholic church alone has received from Him the mission of teaching men, and leading them in the sure path to heaven....

My dear children, you have, no doubt, heard something of an Indian named John Slocum of Skookum Bay. When I was in Olympia, he, with a number

of his friends, called on me, and in our conversation I could plainly see that they were in good faith, although they were laboring under some strange hallucination, or a certain night-mare which has generally the tendency of affecting the mind, particularly when it is not very strong. This John Slocum, it is said, was very sick last winter, and during a fainting spell in which he remained a few hours, to all appearances lifeless, his friends believed him dead and were making the necessary preparations for his interment. As they were about placing the supposed corpse in the rude coffin, he showed signs of life, and on his waking to consciousness he put in a protest against further proceedings in the line they had marked out for his final settlement, and said: "Friends, I was really dead, and I saw the great Spirit, *Sherk-Siam;* I came to the gate of the happy land, but it was shut, and I heard the divine voice saying to me: 'Thou art not worthy: nothing soiled can enter this heavenly kingdom; return among thy people, do penance, and tell every one to confess their sins, to repent, and receive worthily the sacraments of the catholic church, because she is the only one that received the keys to open the gate of heaven shut up by sin, &c.'"

Soon after the above incident, one good result accrued. The Indians sincerely anxious to become reconciled with the *ik rharha Dokwemalh*, crowded the large and beautiful new church of Olympia. Soon Rev. Father Claessens, being in a great want of aid, called on Rev. Father Boulet, who, notwithstanding his own arduous duties, cheerfully responded to the call of charity, and rendered valuable assistance in preparing the Indians for the reception of the spiritual treasures of the true church of God, and in or-

ganizing a new congregation at Skookum Bay among these poor returning sheep.

Leaving Olympia, we stayed a day or so at New Tacoma, the guests of our old and dear friend, Rev. Father Hylebos, who is also engaged in preparing the foundation of a beautiful church, which will be a great ornament to the rapidly increasing new city.

On our return to Seattle, Bro. MacStay remained with Rev. Fathers Préfontaine and Kusters, while I started for my old tramping-ground, Ports Madison and Gamble. In both places I have been received with every demonstration of joy. I had great difficulty in getting away from those really true and devoted friends, both whites and Indians; and I must candidly admit that I felt much grieved in parting with them, the sad thought striking my mind that, perhaps, we were never to meet again in this world. Having given them my parting advice, I started for the boat, followed to the beach by a large procession, as mournful and sad as ever bore the remains of a dear departed to his last resting place.

On the 25th of last month we started for New Westminster; on the following day we reached Nanaimo, and stayed there nearly five hours. We called on the parish priest, the Rev. and kind Father Althoff, and the good Sisters of St. Ann, who also tendered us a hearty reception. We had ample time to visit all that was worth seeing, Rev. Father Althoff's church and the Sisters' pretty academy being the principal objects of our attraction. Having just witnessed the life and bustle on the American side, we were forced to admit that Nanaimo is nothing more or less than a mere deserted hamlet, with little, or in fact, no sign of life about it; nothing whatever to be compared

to that go-aheadism which characterizes our American cousins.

Favored by a charming day and a gentle breeze, we left Nanaimo at 5 p. m., and reached New Westminster at midnight. The following morning, our friends were agreeably taken by surprise in finding us again in their midst after our long absence.

We have just now finished our annual retreat, and I am preparing to resume my missionary labors along the banks of the mighty Frazer. Pray, my dear children, pray Jesus and Mary for the conversion of poor sinners.

In conclusion, I again entreat you all to take refuge under the protecting banner of Jesus and Mary. Love your kind pastor and also your so devoted Sisters; be obedient to them in every particular; despise every worldly consideration that may in any way interfere with the salvation of your immortal souls; in your temptations, (no one is exempt from them) cling to the sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary; persevere in all your religious duties in spite of all the cunning allurements of scoffers and unbelievers, and be assured that a crown of eternal glory shall be, in heaven, the reward of your generous perseverance.

And well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in that realm of more permanent bliss;
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hastening on,
Is all we can have in a world like this.

Adieu, my dear children, untill we speak again of our beloved pupils of Priest-Point. Pray earnestly for your father and friend in the sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

E. C. Chirouse, O. M. I.

☞Look at the printed address on the Companion to ascertain with what number your subscription expires.☜

CORNER.

THE CAT AND THE MONKEY.

A MONKEY one day stole some chestnuts and put them into the hot ashes and embers to roast; but when done, finding them too hot for him to touch, he persuaded a cat to assist him in getting them out, promising half of the nuts. At first she declined; at last overcome by his persuasion, and tempted by the gain, she put her paw into the fire, and got out the chestnuts. But she burnt herself very badly, and while she was lamenting over her misfortune, the cunning monkey gathered up all the nuts and ran off with them.

MORAL.—Never let wicked companions tempt you to do that which is wrong, even with the prospect of gain; for nothing can repay you for the loss of a clear conscience. Your own knowledge of having committed a fault will hurt you as much as the fire did the poor cat.

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TRUTH.—A great man being asked what was the first thing he learned when a child, answered: "*To speak the truth!*" What a lesson for the young! Oh! if they only knew the beauty and value of truth never would they depart from it.

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—A LITTLE fellow not more than five years old, hearing some gentlemen at his father's ably discussing the familiar line, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," said he knew it was not true; his mother was better than any man that was ever made!

April 20.

St. Agnes of Montepulciano.

AGNES was born in 1268, and as an infant used to spend hours reciting *Paters* and *Aves* in a corner of the room. A mere child, she entered an austere house of St. Francis, and surpassed the most advanced in the length and fervor of her prayers. At the age of fifteen she was appointed, by Papal dispensation, abbess of a new foundation of the Order of St. Dominic at Proceno. A shower of heavenly manna descending on the altar when she was installed declared how dear she was to God; and afterwards the same celestial dew, or roses and lilies with heavenly perfume, fell around her whenever she prayed. The power of her intercession became so famous that her townspeople prevailed upon her to return to Montepulciano, and to build a convent there. She chose for its site a lofty ridge haunted by demons and women of evil repute; but both were driven away by the holy virgin's prayer. She governed the community with marvellous prudence, and bore years of illness with heroic patience. In the hope of restoring her health she was sent under obedience to some medicinal waters. As she entered the bath a miraculous fountain sprang up, blest with healing properties; but her hour had come. She had time to return to her convent, and died, as she had lived, in a state of ecstatic prayer, on April 20th, 1317.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

St. Agnes asked in faith, and her prayers were always granted. Ours are often unheard, because we doubt if God will hear them.

"We ought to be persuaded that what God refuses to our prayer He grants to our salvation."—*St. Augustine.*

Our Lord deigned to say to St. Catharine of Siena, "If thou ask Me, why didst Thou keep that sweet virgin St. Agnes in such want? I should reply, that I did this that I might satisfy her by My providence; for having been

three days without bread, she said to me. 'My Father and Lord, hast Thou taken these daughters out of their fathers' houses to starve? Provide, O Lord, for them." Then I inspired a creature to take her five small loaves. They sat down to table, and I gave her so much virtue in breaking the bread that they were all fully satisfied, and it sufficed them a second time."

"Therefore I say unto you, all things whatsoever you ask when ye pray, believe that you shall receive: and they shall come unto you."—Mark xi. 24.

APRIL 21.

ST. ANSELM, ARCHBISHOP.

ANSELM was a native of Piedmont. When a boy of fifteen, being forbidden to enter religion, he for a while lost his fervor, left his home, and went to various schools in France. At length his vocation revived, and he became a monk at Bec in Normandy. The fame of his sanctity in this cloister led William Rufus, when dangerously ill, to take him for his confessor, and to name him to the vacant see of Canterbury. Now began the strife of Anselm's life. With new health the king relapsed into his former sins, plundered the Church lands, scorned the Archbishop's rebukes, and forbade him to go to Rome for the pallium. Anselm went, and returned only to enter into a more bitter strife with William's successor, Henry I. This sovereign claimed the right of investing prelates with the ring and crosier, symbols of the spiritual jurisdiction which belongs to the Church alone. Sooner than yield the Archbishop went again into exile, till at last the king was obliged to submit to the feeble but inflexible old man. In the midst of his harassing cares St. Anselm found time for writings which have made him celebrated as the father of scholastic theology; while in metaphysics and in science he had few equals. He is yet more famous for his devotion to our Blessed Lady, whose Feast of the Immaculate Conception he was the first to establish in the West. He died A. D. 1109.

TRUE LOYALTY.

Whoever, like St. Anselm, contends for the Church's rights, is fighting on the side of God against the tyranny of Satan.

"Let all and each of you understand that in whatever relates to God I will obey the successor of St. Peter, and in whatever appertains to the earthly authority of my lord the king, I will dedicate to him my fidelity and my assistance according to my knowledge and my conscience."—*St. Anselm at the Council of Rockingham.*

The worldly prelates did not scruple to call St. Anselm a traitor for his defence of the Pope's supremacy; on which the Saint rose, and with calm dignity exclaimed, "If any man pretends that I violate my faith to my king because I will not reject the authority of the Holy See of Rome, let him stand forth, and in the name of God I will answer him as I ought." No one took up the challenge; and to the disappointment of the king, the barons sided with the Saint, for they respected his courage, and saw that his cause was their own.

"For there is no power but from God, and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore, he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist purchase to themselves damnation."—Rom. xiii. 1, 2.

April 22.

Sts. Epipodius and Alexander.

EPIPODIUS and Alexander suffered martyrdom at Lyons in 178, the year after the great persecution which desolated the Church of that city. Both were young and unmarried. They had been friends from their boyhood, and they had lived together in great purity and strictness. The Christian who records their martyrdom saw in it the fitting consummation of their merits, for they had lived the lives of men who were to be offered up one day as victims to God. They had fled

from the rage of their persecutors to a hamlet some little way out of Lyons, and there they were taken in their hiding-place and led to trial. Epipodius, who was the younger of the two, was tried and tortured alone in order to break his constancy. He was struck till blood flowed from his mouth. He was stretched on the rack while his sides were torn with iron hooks. But in his torments he cried out, "I confess that Christ is God, with the Father and the Holy Ghost. I am not losing my life, but changing it for a better." After this he was beheaded by the sword.

Alexander began his sufferings thanking God that he could tread the way of suffering with better heart, because his brother had already passed to heaven. He was nailed to a cross, and died on this, the sign of our salvation, invoking Christ with his last breath.

STRICTNESS OF LIFE.

The death of the martyrs was the crown and not the beginning of their sanctity. They died well because they lived well. And we too must follow Christ along the narrow way of purity and self-denial, if we would have Him accept our death as an oblation precious in His sight.

"God searches the reins and the heart. If He sees in you virtue fit for a martyr's death, He will reward you according to your virtue."—*St. Cyprian.*

The judge besought Epipodius not to waste his youth in the service of a crucified criminal who drew men from the joyous worship of the gods to a life of fasting, chastity, and gloom. Epipodius knew the sweetness and the beauty of Christian virtue. He told his judge that the pleasures of the world wrought eternal death; and that Christ, who had been crucified, had risen again, and opened the way to eternal life.

"Know you not that they that run in the race, all run indeed, but one receiveth the prize? So run that you may obtain. And every one that striveth for the mastery refraineth himself from all things: and they indeed that they may receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible one."—1 Cor. ix. 24, 25.

III.—HOLY EUCHARIST.

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IN the present article we invite the attention of our young readers to the most holy, and the most sublime of the Sacraments—the Holy Eucharist! To die for one's friend, is regarded as the highest act of human virtue; but our divine Lord has done more than this. Not only has He offered His life as a sacrifice, to save us from endless misery, from that just punishment which we have merited by our sins, but with a love more tender than that of a mother, He has left us His own sacred body and blood to be our food and nourishment in our journey through this world.

The Holy Eucharist is then the Sacrament which contains the body and blood of Christ under the form, or appearance of bread and wine. The history of this sacred institution is contained in a few words. Jesus had promised His disciples that He would give them His body and blood to be their food. When He first made this promise, many of His followers would not believe His word, and left Him. But His apostles believed what He told them, though they did not know in what manner He would redeem His promise.

As the time approached when our blessed Lord was about to leave this world, He assembled together His twelve faithful apostles for the purpose of eating with them His last supper. After this supper was over, Jesus taking bread into his sacred hands, blessed it, and immediately it was changed into His own body, which He gave to His apostles, saying: "This is my body." He then took the wine which was

upon the table, and blessed it, and it was also changed into His blood, which He also gave to His apostles, saying: "This is my blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins." And then added: "Do this for a commemoration of me."

Happy moment! when the apostles received for the first time the body and blood of our divine Lord. We may well imagine the love, the fervor, the awe which filled their hearts at that august moment. With what veneration did St. Peter approach his Lord to receive from His sacred hands the adorable elements of His body and blood. What sentiments of tender affection glowed in the bosom of the youthful St. John, as he bent before Jesus, to receive for the first time, the "Holy Communion."

This holy sacrament is called the *Eucharist*, which signifies thanksgiving, and is applied to it in commemoration of the thanksgiving which our Savior offered at the time of its institution, and to remind us of the grateful thanks we ought to make to our divine Lord every time we receive it. It is sometimes called the *Lord's Supper* because it was instituted at the last supper which Jesus took with His apostles. It is most commonly called, at the present time, the *Holy Communion*, because by it we are united so intimately with Christ, and a bond of union is formed among Catholics throughout the world.

This holy Sacrament was prefigured in the old law by Melchisedech, who offered sacrifice, using bread and wine. But the most striking figure was killing and eating the Paschal Lamb, the blood of which was sprinkled on the doors of those whom the destroying angel was to spare. So Christ is called the Lamb of

God, and His blood, being sprinkled over the earth, has redeemed man from sin.

The matter of this Sacrament consists of wheaten bread, and wine of the grape which Christ made use of, and without these the consecration would not be valid; a small portion of water is mingled with the wine, in commemoration of the water mingled with blood, which flowed from our divine Savior's side, when pierced with a lance after He had expired on the cross.

In the early ages of the Church, communion was given in both of these consecrated elements; but by degrees this custom was discontinued. The reception under both forms was not deemed necessary by our holy mother the Church, because Christ being wholly present under either form, whoever receives under one kind alone, receives the true body and blood of Christ. This was found necessary, also, to confound certain heretics, who maintained that the consecrated bread contained the body of Christ without His blood, and to refute others who held that the reception of both kinds was of divine precept.

The reception of this holy Sacrament, especially for the first time, is the most important act of a Christian's life. Children who have not received it, should look forward with a longing desire to the happy period. Every action of their lives, from the dawn of reason to the day of their first communion, should be made a preparation for that sacred event. They should never forget this important truth, that a bad communion renders them the associates of devils, and marks them as candidates for hell, while a good communion elevates them to the companionship of angels, and seals them as the children of God.

Dear little friends:—It seems to us that you have been enjoying the "*dolce-far-niente*" long enough. You all know that tools not in use for a long time become dull and rusty. It is in order to save your intellects from a like fate that we call upon you all to-day, to let us know, in short letters, your impressions of vacation.

We think our little friend Charlie will be proud when he reads the following copied from the Little Crusader:

"An Indian boy, Charlie Wanmdiwastewin, wrote the following letter on March 13 to Father Boulet, editor of the Youth's Companion (published at Tulalip, Washington Territory, for the benefit of the Catholic Indian missions). We publish this letter for the reason that children generally having an idea that all Indians, young and old, are wild roaming savages, it will give them some new information concerning Indians, and especially change their opinions of the tribe to which this boy belongs, whose letter, if it has not been corrected by Father Boulet, shows that he is about as bright and intelligent as any white boy, and in a few years would make an honest book keeper for some merchant. "Civilized" American Catholic boys will please notice how tenderly he speaks of the Angelus bell, which was destroyed by fire:"

[Here follows Charlie's letter we published last June. We will add that we made no correction in the letter. Ed.]

XXII. THE LORD'S PRAYER IN OSAGE.

Intaatze ankougtapi manshigta ninkshe, shaashe digta ougoupegtzelow; wawalatankapi digta tshigtailow; ilakistze inkshe manshigta ekionpi manshan lai akaha ekongtziow. Humpale humpake sani waatzutze onkougtapi wakupiow; ouskan pishi waxshigepa onkionle ankale ekon ouskan pishi ankougtapi waonlapiow; ouskan pishi ankagchetapi wasankapi ninkow; nanshi pishi inkshe walitsisapiow. Ekongtziow.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rev. A J Croquet; Mesdames M FitzSimmons, J McBride, J E Freeze, M A E Stirling, P Hayes, C Freeze, P O'Donnell, L Auzerais & M Michaud; Misses A C McDonough, M Gilligan, M Sheehan, M A Rowe, E Cuthbert, M Cumming & A Alexis; Messrs. W R Lewis, P McTiernan, P McMackin, W McCormick, O Caraher, L G McQuade, T W Quilty, J FitzGerald, H Kehoe, P FitzSmyth, J McConville, J B Felix, L Chenvert, E White, J Callaghan, L C Mann, P Kokwapilt, and last but not least, master Bennie Bloom, a bright little lad of three summers. Young as he is, he is not however the youngest of our subscribers; we can boast of one much younger in the sweet little person of Agnes Cecilia McDonough, a darling child born on the 9th of last June. She is not only a subscriber, but is also the head of a club of five, and the papers are to be sent to her address. Happy child, thus to enter the threshold of life in the practice of one of the works of mercy! What cannot be expected in the future from a life so auspiciously begun? Happy parents, thus early to initiate their dear little one to works of christian charity! Were all parents thus to act, what consolations might not they hope for, in their declining years, from such children?

THE SIMMONS FUND.

Amount already acknowledged.	$74.35
A large-hearted friend from New York state,	25.00
Mrs. FitzSimmons and a little 4-year old $1.50 each,	3.00
Rev. Fr. McGuickin, Messrs. J. FitzSimmons, S. Allen and T W Quilty, $1.00 each,	4.00
A friend; Mesdames Dendurand & McTiernan; Misses A. C. McDonough, L Mullen & A. Gibson; Messrs. J. McBride, W. R. Lewis, J. McNamara, J. Flynn & P Smyth, 50 cents each,	5.50
Total,	$111.85

The charitable contributors to this Fund will, no doubt, be glad to notice the great advance it has made this month through the exertions of a dear Rev. Friend and the most liberal contribution of the noble friend who heads this list. For want of space we must postpone until next month further remarks on this subject. Our heartfelt thanks to all.

☞ A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the Youth's Companion, will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

REGULAR EXCHANGES:

THE CATHOLIC MIRROR,

The Catholic family paper *par excellence* in America, is published in Baltimore, Md., by John B. Piet & Co., at $3 in advance, with a valuable book as a premium.

THE WASHINGTON CATHOLIC,

An interesting weekly family newspaper, is published in Washington, D. C., by Henry M. Beadle. It was lately enlarged and its price reduced to $2.00 a year.

THE HOLY FAMILY,

A neat monthly periodical devoted to choice Catholic reading for families and schools, is published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York, at $1.00 a year.

LE MESSAGER,

The only Catholic French weekly newspaper in Maine, is published in Lewiston, Me, by J. D. Montmarquet, at $1.50 a year. Its motto is "Religion & Nationality."

THE LITTLE CRUSADER,

A marvel of cheapness, is published weekly by P. E. Murphy of Columbus, Ohio, at 25 cents per annum.

THE ARCHANGEL,

A neat literary monthly published by the students of St. Michael's College, Portland, Ogn., at 50 cts. a year.

SEMI-OCCASIONALS:

The Catholic Universe of Cleveland, Ohio.

The Catholic Union and Times of Buffalo, New York.

THE YOUTH'S

COMPANION:

A juvenile monthly Magazine published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian Missions; and set to type, printed and in part written by the pupils of the Tulalip, Wash. Ty. Indian Industrial Boarding Schools, under the control of the Sisters of Charity.

Approved by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

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THE ORPHAN'S PICNIC.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

My dear young Readers.

THERE lives in Quebec a very kind and charitable lady, Mrs. V., who is called by many "the mother of the orphans," and why? I will tell you. Because her greatest happiness consists in bestowing favors on the poor little children, who have been deprived of their parents, and because she is ever devising some means for their enjoyment.

For the last five years she has given them a picnic on the spacious and lovely grounds of the Beauport Asylum, of which her husband is superintendent.

The date being fixed upon for the picnic, Mrs. V. commences her preparations several days in advance, and calls upon her charitable lady-friends, and the principal merchants of the city, to inform them of her intentions, and to ask their aid.

As may be presumed, she never meets with a refusal, and all join hands and hearts to make the picnic a grand success in every way.

The supply of provisions being assured, the next thing to be done, is to provide vehicles to convey the good Sisters and children to the Asylum, which is about two miles from the Convent.

I can assure you there is no trouble in finding these, for every one is only too happy to contribute something toward this landable and charitable work. Even the toll gate is free on this occasion.

When the orphans are informed that the picnic will take place on a certain day, near at hand, they clap their hands for joy, and it is some time before they can be quieted. In the interim they pray very fervently, and what for? A nice time? Oh! no, they are sure of that. What they pray for and desire most ardently is fine weather.

Last year I had the pleasure of assisting at one of these picnics, and I can never forget the impression it left behind. About half past seven in the morning, the carriages began to arrive, and the moment the children alighted, they scampered around like frisky little lambs, just let loose from the fold.

The Asylum grounds were handsomely decorated for their benefit. Flags hung from the trees, and the tables which were spread on the lawn, were shaded with fir trees and gay-colored bunting.

The Asylum band was stationed in one part of the

grounds, playing the liveliest airs of its repertory, and in another direction could be heard the strains of the violin. The music, the singing and laughter of the children, the babbling of the fountains and the unusual bustle—all betokened the festivity of the day; even the little river seemed to murmur more loudly and roll on more gaily, on this happy holiday.

But as no painting is perfect without shadow, so must my picture have its shade, in the form of a shower, which came up just as the little ones were about to sit down to their sylvan repast, for which they had developed an excellent appetite in their gambols over the grass.

The kind nurses, who devoted their time to serve the young guests, were not discouraged, but removed the eatables to a large apartment on the ground-floor of the Asylum, which served as refectory. While the children were doing justice to the good things set before them, the dark clouds dispersed, and showed their "silver lining," whilst "Old Sol," as though vexed at the disappointment caused by the rain, sent forth his warmest rays, and soon dried the grass.

From after dinner until three o'clock, the children amused themselves to their hearts' content; at three they all repaired to the chapel, where solemn Benediction was given by the chaplain.

After Benediction, the nurses distributed candy, cakes and fruit among them, and I think the "thanks," that sparkled in the little ones' eyes, was sufficient reward for their trouble.

Having disposed of their *bonsbons*, the children had more play until tea. This time nothing occurred to prevent them from taking tea under the trees.

Several of the clergy of the city, honored the

children, by their presence, as did a number of the most prominent ladies and gentlemen of Quebec.

After a day of unspeakable happiness, the little ones were gathered together by the good Sisters, in order to express their thanks, and say "farewell" to Mr. and Mrs. V., which they did most gracefully and delicately.

After singing hymns, which contained many grateful sentences, several of the children advanced and laid fragrant blossoms at the feet of those, who had given them so much pleasure.

The orphans were then helped to their respective places, and at a given signal, the procession of carriages moved homeward, the little girls singing, and the boys enthusiastically waving their caps in the air.

So that you may have an idea of the number that attended this picnic, I will give you the figures:—one hundred and eighty Sisters, thirty Franciscans, twenty aged persons, one hundred and thirty orphan boys, and one hundred and fifty orphan girls. You see they were very numerous.

I am sure that, for that night at least, their dreams must have been brightened by visions of green glades, lofty trees, flowing fountains and loaded tables; and even in dreamland, their little hearts must have been filled with gratitude to their heavenly Father, who is the Author of every good thing.

It seems to me that the parents of these orphan children must have looked down from heaven on their little ones, and smiled at their childish delight. And seeing it, they must have said: "God bless the kind benefactor and benefactress, who procure such happiness for our children."

"STELLA."

CHAPTER II.

The sun was shining brightly on the castle and woods of Fontaine. It was a gay summer morning, two days after Mr. de la Croix had left home. Hyacinthe had been for some hours busily engaged with her governess, and now, glad that, for a time at least, lessons were over, she ran down into the room where her mamma generally passed the morning.

"Mamma," cried the child, "did you ever see such a morning? I could hardly help dancing, even while I was saying my lessons, everything looks so gay."

"It is very pleasant, my dear, I know.

"Come to the window, mamma, and just look at Chéri on the grass; he has been rolling round until he is quite out of breath; do come, mamma, it will make you laugh to see him."

Mrs. de la Croix rose and went, as her little daughter begged her, to look at the dog. She laid her forehead against the glass, but no smile came to her lips, as Hyacinthe had hoped.

"Mamma," said the chid, "you are not well to-day. You look so dull, and your eyes are full of tears."

"I am well, darling, but I am very low-spirited; there is a great weight at my heart and a dull cloud on my mind, that I cannot account for."

"Look at the sunshine, dear mamma; that will cheer you, I am sure."

"It does not, Hyacinthe; but what is that cloud of dust in the road? can you see it?"

"Yes; it is a great crowd of people. Oh, see mamma! they have bayonets flashing in the sun. What a dreadful noise! Where can they be going? let me stand on the chair, mamma, that I may see."

Mrs de la Croix lifted her on to a chair, and they stood together by the window watching the advancing mass. Hyacinthe clasped one arm around mother's neck, and her mother held the child in her arms. Their suprise was soon changed into deadly alarm, for they could hear fierce cries of "Down with the aristocrats;" and then they saw the crowd breaking down the barriers, and rapidly advancing toward the house.

"Mamma, mamma," cried the terrified child, "what is this? Are these fierce, angry men coming here? What shall we do?"

Then the frightened servants rushed in, and with cries of horror told their mistress that the revolutionists had killed her husband, and were coming to destroy the castle; they implored her to save herself.

The lady tood transfixed with horror as they told the dreadful tale. Hyacinthe felt her hands and face growing deadly cold; she covered her mother's pale countenance with warm kisses and tears. "Mamma," she cried again, "why do you look so?" Those clasping arms held the little one for one moment tightly pressed to her heart; the white lips moved as though she would fain speak; a film came over the loving eyes, and then the child fell from its mother's grasp. At the same moment the insurgents forced an entrance into the castle. The servants fled in various directions, each thinking only of his or her own safety. Only one remained with poor Mrs. de la Croix; and Peter, seizing Hyacinthe in his arms, trying to stifle her cries and sobs, escaped with her.

In a few more minutes, when the angry mob found their way into the room, they only saw the dead body of the poor lady, and her faithful maid standing by.

She had died instantaneously, as the doctors had always said she would at the least fright or emotion. They jeered and scoffed, and declared she had gone to join her husband. Disappointed of their prey—for they had intended to wreak their vengeance on the poor innocent lady—they rushed upon the maid-servant who had remained with her dead mistress. They made her find the keys to open the wine-cellars and larders, and then they forced her to die a cruel and dreadful death because she could not, or would not, tell where the child was gone. You would have thought them a band of devils, not men, if you could have seen them destroying that noble old castle. They made a bonfire in the courtyard, and there they burned the massive furniture, and the beautiful pictures that for generations had adorned the walls. Books, linen, ornaments—all were burned, or divided amongst them. They came to Hyacinthe's little sleeping-room at length, where only last evening her mamma had bent over her child and kissed her.

They drank the wines stored up in the cellars, and when they were mad with drink and fury, set fire to the walls and danced around the flames. By this time the villagers knew what was going on. The frightened servants had found refuge in their houses; few as they were in number, they were well aware that it would be useless for them to attempt to interfere with that savage and brutal mob. So the flames rose higher and higher, until the sky grew red; the people in Paris who saw them shouted for joy that this "nest of another aristocrat was destroyed."

Their next search was for the child. They roamed through the castle and through the grounds, but no child was to be seen. Then, believing her to be con-

cealed in some hidden room or secret passage, they set fire to the buildings, hoping she would perish in the flames. The morning had dawned bright and gay; the evening sun shone upon a heap of smoking ruins. The stately old mansion was no more. Satisfied with the vengeance inflicted, the surging crowd moved on; they had more cruelties in hand, and many a flame rose on that night to the clear high heavens from the burning homes of those whose only crime was their noble birth.

Peter knew every nook and corner of the house. When he seized the sobbing child in his arms, he rushed with her through the rooms on the ground floor, up a narrow staircase that was seldom used that led them into a small room, and there was a turret-entrance into a long underground passage which extended for some miles under the woods of Fontaine. It was impossible for any one who did not know the secret of opening to discover it; but Peter knew which board to touch, and how to press it. It opened and disclosed underneath the floor a narrow winding staircase, dark as night; cautiously closing the boards after him, Peter descended, carrying the frightened child in his arms.

He groped his way down the stairs until he came to a thick iron door, that opened with difficulty, and closed with a bang after him. Then they traversed a narrow passage, of perhaps two miles in length, which had been constructed during the wars that raged in France, and had more than once secured the inhabitants of the castle a safe and sure flight. In some places it was so narrow that they were obliged to crawl on their hands and knees. It seemed to the poor heart-broken child that they would never

reach the end. "Shall we ever see the sunshine again, Peter?" she asked; and the very words, the sound of her own voice, brought back to her the terrible scene of the morning. "Tell me," she cried, "is papa really killed? what has he done? why have they killed him? will he never see me again? Oh, Peter, stop; set me down; if papa and mamma are both dead I cannot live." The wild sobs shook the child's whole frame. In vain did the old servant try to cheer or console her; the agony of her loss was too great. "Peter," she cried again, "my cheek is warm where mother kissed me; she cannot be dead, though she looked so white when she let me fall; oh, come back to her! the men may kill me if they like; let me look at mamma once again." But the old man hastened on with his precious burden along the dark passage. He knew the place where they would come out, which was in the midst of the woods; and as they drew nearer the opening the passage became wider and lighter. Peter now sat down to rest with the weeping, exhausted child in his arms. He found at length the way to soothe her intolerable anguish. He told her the dear kind parents were gone to heaven, and that in a very few years, if she were good, God would send His angel for her, and they would be happy together again.

"I will be good, Peter. I only wish it would be very soon, for I want to see mamma again, and dear papa too."

From that moment she thought of nothing but meeting in heaven those whom she had lost on earth. Peter waited until the shades of the evening fell before he durst leave the woods; but all seemed still and tranquil. Poor Hyacinthe, worn out with crying,

and faint with hunger, had fallen into a deep slumber. He laid her down upon the soft grass, and kneeling by her, the old man shed bitter tears. He prayed God to bless the desolate orphan, and promised to make her comfort and happiness his sole study and life-long care. While she lay sleeping he arranged all his plans. He decided to go to Alsace, where his sister lived, and take a small house, which she could manage for him; and Hyacinthe would there receive some of the attention and care she had lost. Peter had saved money, and he was pleased to have the opportunity of repaying his dead master's liberality, by spending his savings on his orphan child.

When the shades of night fell around them, the old man and the child started on their long journey. At the first village they reached he procured a disguise for her; the long curls, her mother's pride, were cut off; the pretty frock and dainty shoes were thrown away, and a peasant's dress procured, with a little close white cap. It was hard to recognize the little heiress of Fontaine in her new guise.

After a long and tedious journey, they reached the village of Birne, where Madeline lived. In a short time Peter succeeded in all his wishes; he found a pretty cottage, which he took, and his sister came to live with them and manage it. He procured employment at a neighboring farm some distance from Birne. They fitted up two little rooms for Hyacinthe, one for a parlor, the other for a sleeping-room. The parlor had no grand furniture; but there was a most beautiful view from the window; it overlooked the whole valley of Birne, and the deep clear stream that flowed through its midst. Peter went to the priest of the village, and confided to him the story of Hy-

acinthe, and the secret of her noble birth. He did this, hoping the good father would devise some means of assisting in the child's education, which he did. He furnished her with books and devoted a short space of time each day in directing her studies. Hyacinthe led a quiet life in the secluded valley, but a happy one. The two good people who adopted her did all in their power to console her. They waited upon her, and devised every means of obtaining for her some of the comforts and delicacies to which she had been accustomed. Madeline made her pretty blue frocks; they would not buy her any others; for they never forgot she was "Our Lady's Child." Very soon the villagers began to love her as those of Fontaine had done. They liked to see her kneeling so devoutly in church, or speaking with her serious patient smile to their children. No one ever heard Hyacinthe laugh. She never for one moment forgot the dear dead parents and their cruel end. If Peter took her to see any village feast, she would look where he told her, she would even smile, but the old, sunshiny, joyous laugh that used to brighten her face never appeared there again. She was thoughtful and grave, like one upon whom a great shadow had fallen. So for two years Hyacinthe lived in the quiet valley of Birne. She loved to wander by the dark deep stream that ran through the land. She would sit upon the bank, gazing into the clear waters, and thinking her happy life over again. Often the child slept, and imagined it all a dream. She was once more in the woods of Fontaine, playing with her father, or listening to her mother's gentle voice.

Peter had twined some beautiful flowering shrubs round the little summer-house in the garden; he

would have done anything to beautify the house where his little mistress dwelt. Hyacinthe sat watching him, and her thoughts flew back to that last afternoon she had spent with her beloved parents.

"Oh, Peter!" she cried, clasping her hands, her eyes wet with tears, "will it be long?"

"What, child?" he asked, startled at her cry.

"Long before I see papa and mamma? My heart almost breaks with the pain of longing for them. Oh, Peter, when will it be?"

"My child, it will not be much longer now. See, in that beautiful blue heaven they are waiting for you. When you are good enough to go there, God will take you home. You must wait."

Many said afterwards that it was the prospect of reunion with her parents in a brighter world that gave to the child's face such earnest sweetness. Every morning she crossed the stream to hear Mass in the village church; then she would go straight to the altar, and, kneeling there, pray that she might soon be good enough to go to heaven.

"Will it be long?" was the thought which ever came into her mind. But an angel-voice would whisper, "Not yet: be patient."

(*To be continued.*)

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The undersigned, as long as he has the management of this little paper, engages himself to offer the holy Sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for the promoters of this undertaking and their friends both living and dead, also for all those who in any other way may contri ute towards the general welfare of these poor Indian missions. *J. B. Boulet.*

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IV.—PENANCE.

OUR young readers have already learned from the catechism, that Penance is a Sacrament by which the sins we have the misfortune to commit after baptism are forgiven. Confession, by which name this Sacrament is most commonly known, is one of the points of Catholic doctrine least understood, and most ridiculed by those outside of the Catholic Church.

Catholic youth, mingling with those differing from them in faith, will hear this holy Sacrament laughed at; they will hear said that confession is an invention of the priests, that it has no warrant in scripture, and was unknown in the early days of the Church. Tho' we do not advise nor encourage Catholics, especially the young, to enter into controversy with their non-Catholic neighbors on the subject of religion, yet every catholic, especially in this country, ought to be well instructed in the principles of his faith, and be able whenever the occasion may require it, not only to give a lucid explanation of the doctrines of the Church, but also to point out the authorities on which these doctrines rest.

Sacramental Confession is by no means a human institution. It existed in the days of the apostles, and was one of the seven Sacraments ordained by Christ Himself. Confession was even practiced under the old law, for we read in the book of Numbers, that if a man or a woman commit any sin, they shall confess the sin which they have committed; and we learn by the gospel of St. Matthew, that those who hearkened to the preaching of St. John, were baptized by him, *confessing* their sins.

It is thought that this Sacrament was instituted by

our Divine Lord at the time when he gave his commission to his apostles, saying: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." He also made his apostles and their successors spiritual judges, with power to bind and loose sin, as we read in the gospel of St. Matthew, in these words: "Amen, I say to you whatsoever you shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever you shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven;" and therefore, it follows that the laity must confess their sins to them, for they could not exercise this power, or pronounce sentence, unless they first knew the state of the sinner's conscience; neither could they prescribe the remedies, or give the advice necessary to the penitent, unless they are made acquainted with the sins he has committed, which cannot be known without confession.

That Confession was practiced in the days of the apostles is evident from the command of St. James: "Confess your sins one to another;" that is, to the priests of the Church. And we are told in the "Acts" of the apostles, that "many of them that believed, (meaning the first Christians,) came confessing and declaring their deeds."

That Confession was practiced in the first ages of Christianity is also evident from many passages in the early writers and Fathers of the Church; but we will not fatigue our young readers by referring to them. We only drew attention thus briefly to the above proofs of the divine origin of this holy Sacrament, that they may have an answer for those who ridicule Confession, and pretend that it is an invention of the priests.

Who took me from my mother's arms,
And, smiling at my soft alarms,
Showed me the world and nature's charms?
My Father!

Who, from each flower and verdant stalk,
Gathered a honey'd store of talk
To fill the long, delightful walk?
My Father!

Who wrote upon that heart the line,
Religion graved on virtue's shrine,
To make the human race divine?
My Father!

Who taught my early mind to know
The God from whom all blessings flow,
Creator of all things below?
My Father!

Who now in pale and placid light
Of memory, gleams upon my sight
From the dread sepulchral night?
My Father!

And soon before the mercy-seat,
Where bless'd of earth and angels meet,
There in transports may I greet,
My Father!

LITTLE THINGS.

An angry word, a small deceit,
Too often leads to more;
'Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet
As through an open door.

Just as the broadest rivers run
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done
Have grown from little things.

In silence I must take my seat
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait,
Till I am asked to hand my plate;
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor more my chair nor plate about,
With knife or fork or napkin ring,
I must not play; nor must I sing;
I must not speak a useless word,
For children should be seen—not heard;
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good;
I must not say, "The bread is old,"
"The tea is hot" "The coffee's cold."
I must not cry for this or that,
Nor murmur if my meat is fat.
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say, "If you please;"
The table-cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport nor run;
When told to rise then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot;
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise for all his wondrous love.

EJACULATION.

Sweet and Holy Jesus mine,
Make my heart and wishes Thine;
Let me never go astray,
At Thy feet my will I lay.

AMONG THE

SNOHOMISH INDIANS.

No. VI.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dearly beloved children.

THE foundation of schools being one of the most important works of the Catholic missions on Puget Sound, you will, I hope, not find fault with me if I again speak to you to-day of the birth,—although poor, humble and difficult—of that institution which is the pride of Tulalip, and which, no doubt, will continue to shed its beneficent light for many a year to come.

Our first schools at Tlatlemtlobolh and Priest-Point receiving no aid from the Government, and the missionaries being very poor, they were obliged to have recourse to manual labor and to some other honest industries in order to support and cause to grow an establishment, which produces to-day what it then promised for the future.

The better to instruct and encourage their young pupils, the missionaries kept constantly with them, teaching them by theory and practice how to clear land, sow, plant, cultivate and reap; how to use, with advantage, the axe, the hoe, the plow and the other tools which help the industrious man to draw out of the soil a comfortable subsistance. But the soil of Priest-Point, so appropriately called in the language of the country, *Chetlaax*, or gravelly land, was very dry and barren. They worked and cultivated it much and got but little in return for their labor; so the laborers found themselves obliged, in addition to this,

to devise some other means of existence, which, they believed, would be conducive to the development, both moral and physical, of their Indian wards. They taught them some hymns and songs in Latin, French, English, and especially in their own Indian language. Then they provided them with musical instruments, such as bugles, fifes, triangles, violins, tambourines, drums, &c. Indians being naturally lovers of music, our pupils were not long in learning to play several simple tunes on the instruments assigned to them. The little band being organized, those who could read and write were taught to declaim and to recite, by heart, addresses, dialogues and other interesting little pieces. Having thus prepared his actors, and procured some kind of a uniform for them, the missionary minstrel and his novice band took their instruments, their traveling beds and a few provisions, and set sail around Puget Sound, and, sometimes, even as far as Victoria, giving exhibitions in all the white towns and villages they met on their way. They were well received everywhere; everywhere they were made the recipients of flattering compliments and handsome presents. Thus encouraged by the generosity of the first white settlers, our young actors spent their two vacation months for three successive years in these kinds of excursions, during which they distinguished themselves, above all, by their exemplary conduct.

A short time of these same vacations were also spent in fishing and hunting, and the missionary, while thus endeavoring to provide for the temporal needs of his pupils, was also afforded an opportunity of attending to the spiritual wants of those with whom he came in contact, baptizing the children that were

brought to him, and giving to adults such instructions as their present needs required.

By this you can understand, my dear children, how favored you are, and how thankful you should be towards Divine Providence, not to have, like your predecessors, to fish, hunt, beg, or become actors to pay for your board, clothing and tuition at school. Now the Lord is willing to gather you, His children, together, as the hen gathers her chickens under her wings. Oh! how good is the God of Israel! I shall bless Him at all time, and in union with the holy king, I will close by saying to you, dear children, "Bless the Lord with me!"

Your most devoted in Jesus and Mary,

E. C. Chirouse, O. M. I.

XXIII. THE LORD'S PRAYER IN KOOTENAY.

Katitoe naitle naite, akiklinais ẑedabitskinne wilkane; ninshalline oshemake akaitlainam; inshazetluite younoamake yekakaekinaitte. Komnakaike logenie niggenawaishne naiosaem miaiteke; kekepaime nekoetjekoetleaitle ixzeai, iyakiakakaaike iyazeaikinawash kokakipaimen aitle; amatikezäwes itchkest shimmekak kowelle akataksen. Shaeykiakakaaike.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rev. C Claessens; Sisters of Charity, Colville; Mesdames W L Flood & W E M Daly; Miss L Finkbonner; Messrs D F Campbell, W Stephens & P Edward. Thanks to all.

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NATURE has again put on her garb of mourning. Chill, November winds whistle sadly through the leafless trees, whose naked branches sigh in the breeze. The birds and flowers are gone. Cold, gray clouds are spread over the sky, like a mantle, and the earth is covered with a shroud of snow. Everything speaks of death. Even the church bells, seem to ring with a melancholy sound as if joining in the universal lament. Like the poor exile who lies down to rest and dreams of friends and home, of his father's house and the loved ones far away, and awakes to find that he is in a foreign land, a stranger and alone, so we have been sleeping and dreaming, and we awake at the sound of Nature's voice, which speaks to us from all her works: "This is not your country nor your home; you are in exile, far from your Father's house; you are passing away to join the myriad throng who have gone before."

Appropriately does the Church choose this season for the remembrance of the dead. She invites her children to descend in spirit into the prison of Purgatory, that we may be moved with compassion for the souls there detained, and learn while contemplating their sufferings to dread even venial sin, which can bar for a time the portal of heaven.

Of all our practices of piety there is none more consoling than prayer for the dead. It is the true solace of a bereaved heart and the most fitting tribute of affection we can pay to the dear departed. The practice, as everyone knows, comes down to us from the earliest ages of Christianity, and, has ever been cherished and defended by the Church. Faith dictates it, charity demands it, and nothing can be more natural to the human heart. Even Pagans honor the

dead. We read that the ancient Greeks once condemned six of their bravest generals to capital punishment for having neglected to celebrate the obsequies of those who had fallen in battle. The apostate Luther dared not at first, attack a doctrine so venerable, so reasonable, so consistent with every article of faith.

The custom of praying and offering the Holy Sacrifice for the dead was general, as we have said, in the Church in the first centuries, as St. Cyril, St. Cyprian and Tertullian testify. The great St. Augustine, who lived in the fifth century, tells us in his "Confessions," that his mother, St. Monica, just before her death charged him wherever he might be "to remember her at the Lord's altar;" and he says that he did so, and continued always to pray for her.

Many passages in the Old and New Testaments prove the doctrine of Purgatory, and prescribe prayers for the dead.

Evidently the most worthy objects of charity are those who are in greatest distress without being able to help themselves. This is precisely the case with the souls in Purgatory; their time for meriting has passed—they can no longer do anything for themselves: they are, so to speak, at our mercy, and their distress is greater than we can understand. St. Thomas says that the pains of the suffering souls exceed those which the martyrs endured. The ways we have for ransoming these holy captives are manifold. Not to speak of the holy Sacrifice, which is, of course, the most efficacious suffrage we can offer, or almsdeeds, fasting, and other meritorious works, we have the inexhaustible treasury of indulgences, open to every child of the Church. Who can number the in-

dulgences which are applicable to the souls in Purgatory? Those attached to the Rosary and the Way of the Cross alone are almost innumerable. With such abundant means, shall you, dear little readers, refuse to succor the dead, who call upon you in the name of gratitude, charity and justice to come to their relief?

Our Blessed Lord will reward what we do for the suffering souls in Purgatory as done to Himself. What a joy to hear on the last day from our Savior's lips the assuring words: "I was in prison, and you visited me!"

There are other personal motives which should induce us to be devout to the souls in Purgatory. We thus make friends and intercessors for ourselves at the throne of Justice; for can we doubt that those who have been released from cruel torments by our prayers will forget us when they are admitted to the presence of God? By praying for the dead we are constantly reminded of our last end, and thus preserved from sin, as the sacred text declares: "Remember thy last end and thou shalt never sin." We thus realize, too, the malice of sin, and soon acquire a deep horror for what could prevent our union with God, and are furnished with a powerful inducement for leading a holy and penitential life, that we may expiate in this world our sins and infidelities.

Yes, in performing our duty to the dead, we do good to them, heap up treasures for ourselves, and have a pledge of our salvation. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

"Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord!
And let perpetual light shine upon them."
"May they rest in peace. Amen."

April 23.

St. George, Martyr.

ST. GEORGE was born in Cappadocia at the close of the third century, of Christian parents. In early youth he chose a soldier's life, and soon obtained the favor of Diocletian, who advanced him to the grade of tribune. When, however, the Emperor began to persecute the Christians, George rebuked him at once sternly and openly for his cruelty, and threw up his commission. He was in consequence subjected to a lengthened series of torments, and finally beheaded. There was something so inspiriting in the defiant cheerfulness of the young soldier that every Christian felt a personal share in this triumph of Christian fortitude, and as years rolled on St. George became a type of successful combat against evil, the slayer of the dragon, the darling theme of camp song and story, until "so thick a shade his very glory round him made," that his real lineaments became hard to trace. Even beyond the circle of Christendom he was held in honor, and invading Saracens taught themselves to except from desecration the image of him they hailed as the "White-horsed Knight." His cultus is one of the most ancient and widely-spread in the Church. In the East a church of St. George is ascribed to Constantine, and his name is invoked in the most ancient liturgies; whilst in the West, Malta, Barcelona, Valencia, Arragon, Genoa, and England, have chosen him as their patron.

CHRISTIAN FORTITUDE.

When Christian honor is at stake, compromise is the worst form of imprudence. It is sometimes a duty to smash the idols we are called upon to worship.

"What shall I say of fortitude, without which neither wisdom nor justice is of any worth? Fortitude is not of the body, but is a constancy of soul, wherewith we are conquerors in righteousness, patiently bearing all adversities, and in prosperity are not puffed up. This fortitude he lacks who is overcome by pride, anger, greed, drunkenness, and the like. Neither have they fortitude who, when in adversity, make shift to escape at their soul's

expense; wherefore the Lord saith, "Fear not those who kill the body, but cannot kill the soul." In like manner those who are puffed up in prosperity and abandon themselves to excessive joviality cannot be called strong. For how can they be called strong who cannot hide and repress the heart's emotion? Fortitude is never conquered, or if conquered, it is not fortitude."—*St. Bruno.*

St. George has been identified with the young man who tore down from the gates of Nicomedia the edict of Diocletian, ordering the persecution of the Christians.

"Man's life is a warfare upon earth."—Job vii. 1.

APRIL 24.

ST. FIDELIS OF SIGMARINGEN.

FIDELIS was born at Sigmaringen in 1577, of noble parents. In his youth he frequently approached the sacraments, visited the sick and the poor, and spent moreover many hours before the altar. For a time he followed the legal profession, and was remarkable for his advocacy of the poor and his respectful language towards his opponents. Finding it difficult to become both a rich lawyer and a good Christian, Fidelis entered the Capuchin Order, and embraced a life of austerity and prayer. Hair shirts, iron-pointed girdles and disciplines were penances too light for his fervor, and being filled with a desire of martyrdom, he rejoiced at being sent to Switzerland by the newly founded Congregation of the Propaganda, and braved every peril to rescue souls from the diabolical heresy of Calvin. When preaching at Sevis he was fired at by a Calvinist, but the fear of death could not deter him from proclaiming Divine truth. After his sermon he was waylaid by a body of Protestants, headed by a minister, who attacked him and tried to force him to embrace their so-called reform. But he said, "I came to refute your errors, not to embrace them; I will never renounce Catholic doctrine, which is the truth of all ages, and I fear not death." On this they fell upon him with their poignards, and the first martyr of the Propaganda went to receive his palm.

ZEAL FOR SOULS.

We delight in decorating the altars of God with flowers, lights, and jewels and it is right to do so; but if we wish to offer to God gifts of higher value, let us, in imitation of St. Fidelis, save the souls who but for us would be lost, for so we shall offer Him, as it were, the jewels of paradise.

"Of all divine things, the most godlike is to cooperate with God in the conversion of sinners."—*St. Denis the Areopagite.*

Before his profession St. Fidelis wrote this testament: "In order to conform myself by perfect resignation to the charity of Jesus Christ, who, when He was sweating blood and water in the Garden of Olives, and afterwards dying upon the Cross, resigned Himself into the hands of His Father; so by this my last will I offer my body and soul as a living and eternal sacrifice to the perpetual service of the Divine Majesty, and of the most holy and immaculate Virgin, and of the seraphic Father St. Francis. And as I was born poor and naked, so, being stripped of all earthly goods, I abandon myself poor and naked into the hands of Jesus Christ my Savior." His perfect fulfilment of this resolve was seen in every act of his missionary life.

"How beautiful are the feet of them who preach the Gospel of peace."—Rom. x. 15.

April 25.

St. Mark, Evangelist.

ST. MARK was converted to the faith by the Prince of the Apostles, whom he afterwards accompanied to Rome, acting there as his secretary or interpreter. When St. Peter was writing his first Epistle to the Churches of Asia, he affectionately joins with his own salutation that of his faithful companion, whom he calls "my son Mark." The Roman people entreated St. Mark to put in writing for them the substance of St. Peter's frequent discourses on our Lord's life. This the Evangelist did under the eye and with the express sanction of the Apostle, and every page of his brief but graphic

Gospel so bore the impress of St. Peter's character, that the Fathers used to name it "Peter's Gospel." St. Mark was now sent to Egypt to found the Church of Alexandria. Here his disciples became the wonder of the world for their piety and asceticism, so that St. Jerome speaks of St. Mark as the father of the anchorites, who at a later time thronged the Egyptian deserts. Here too he set up the first Christian school, the fruitful mother of many illustrious doctors and bishops. After governing his see for many years, St. Mark was one day seized by the heathen, dragged by ropes over stones, and thrown into prison. On the morrow the torture was repeated, and having been consoled by a vision of angels and the voice of Jesus, St. Mark went to his reward.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HUMANITY.

Learn from St. Mark to keep the image of the Son of Man ever before your mind, and to ponder every syllable which fell from His lips.

"He that meditates on the humble life and miracles of Jesus, and therewith sweetly nourishes his soul, drinks in milk and honey from the mouth of Jesus."—*A'Kempis.*

It is to St. Mark that we owe the many slight touches which often give such vivid coloring to the Gospel scenes, and help us to picture to ourselves the very gestures and looks of our Blessed Lord. It is he alone who notes that in the Temptation Jesus was "with the beasts;" that He slept in the boat "on a pillow;" that He "embraced" the little children. He alone preserves for us the commanding words "Peace, be still!" by which the storm was quelled; or even the very sounds of His voice, the Ephphetha" and the "Talitha cumi," by which the dumb were made to speak and the dead to rise. So too the "looking round about with anger," and the "sighing deeply," long treasured in the memory of the penitent Apostle, and who was himself converted by his Savior's look are here recorded by his faithful interpreter.

"God hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of God's glory in the face of Christ Jesus."—2 Cor. iv. 6.

CORNER.

LOVE FOR PARENTS.

PRIZE your mother, boys and girls; no other love on earth is equal to hers! Never think lightly of father and mother; let God be first, but parents second in your love, always remembering that their love for you is like a deep mine, whose wealth cannot be measured. We are certain that God looks with horror upon the ungrateful, disobedient child, and equally certain that He views with favor the obedient boy and the loving girl.

"Cursed be he that honoreth not his father and mother."—(Deut. 27: 16.)

"Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing to the Lord."—(Col. 3: 20.)

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

We live in a very beautiful world; there is beauty everywhere, and we can find much happiness on this earth when we grow wise enough to know in what pure happiness consists. Even small boys or girls can make themselves very happy by endeavoring to render others comfortable and happy. This is the whole secret of happiness, and you may divulge it.

Are there any of your acquaintances sick, or lame, or unhappy, take a book, a bouquet of flowers, a basket of fruit, or whatever may come to hand; go to them, speak kindly, read them a pleasant story, cause them to forget their discomfort, and you will in so doing, without being aware of it, very much augment your own enjoyment, while you at least cause them to forget their unhappiness.

Father and Son.

Henry.—(*Entering his father's counting-room.*) O father, how much you must owe people; or what a lot they must owe you; for such a big book to be wanted to keep your accounts in.

Father.—It is hardly fair to judge by the size of my books.

H.—Why not, father? Will not a large book hold more than a small one.

F.—Yes; but different people have different plans of book-keeping. Some people who are deeply in debt do not keep any books at all.

H.—Indeed! that must be a very bad plan. Well, no body owes me any thing, and I owe no one a single cent.

F.—I am not certain of that my son; in fact, when I said there are some people deeply in debt who keep no books, I meant to include you among the number.

H.—Me! What! do you think I am in debt? I paid Lizzie the quarter she lent me yesterday, and I owe nobody a cent.

F.—What, if after all you have said, I should find you over head and ears in debt? What would you say then?

H.—You are joking, father; for no one can make it out that I am in debt. I do not owe a single cent.

F.—Well, if you are so sure, you can have no objection to my inquiring into your affairs a little.

H.—Not in the least. You may ask any question you like. You cannot make me in debt, that's certain.

F.—Very well; we shall see. Take your place there beside me, while I proceed as a committee of investigation. I might properly bring my own bill

for ten years' board, clothing, lodging, and education, which would be many hundred dollars; but I will pass this by.

H.—O! I never thought of such things.

F.—And for that reason it is my duty to think of them in examining your affairs. I told you I thought you a very bad accountant. Your two principal creditors are your earthly father and your Heavenly Father. What you owe the former is not worthy of being mentioned in comparison with what you are indebted to the latter.

H.—I suppose I shall soon be puzzled if you go on at this rate. I didn't mean such things.

F.—Well, correct me if I make a wrong charge. You are indebted to your Heavenly Father for life; and all your senses of seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, and smelling. Would you part with them for a thousand dollars each?

H.—No father; you know I would not. But then did not God give me all these?

F.—Yes, He gave them to you: but He asks something of you in return. He says, "Son, give Me your heart." So I will put down six thousand dollars to begin with. Then there is your faculty of speech, your health—

H.—Stop, stop; I see that you would make a much larger bill against me than I could ever pay. I confess I did not think of reckoning all these things, but you will never hear me say again that I owe nothing.

F.—I trust not, Henry; I heartily hope not. We are all of us in debt, beyond our power of payment, and all we can do is to acknowledge the goodness, forbearance, and love of our divine Parent.

Tulalip School, October, 1883.

To the Pupils of St. Ignatius' School.

Dear Friends.

I consider it my duty to bring to you, through our nice little paper, the news of the death of one of our companions. Her name was Mary Ann English; she lived on this Reservation, and for several years she was troubled with scrofula, and consumption. Her health was so poor that she used to spend about two or three months at school every year in order to learn her catechism for her first communion, but being so often absent, she could not make it with the other children.

Seeing that she was unable to go around she asked her parents to take her in their canoe to see her relations near Seattle, thinking that a change of air might benefit her; but her health, instead of improving became worse and worse every day. She begged once more to be brought back; she wanted to see her Pastor to receive the last sacraments, and see the dear Sisters at her death-bed.

They were there very frequently, trying to encourage her in her last moments. She had a great faith in holy water, and would ask to be sprinkled with it very frequently. She was conscious to the last. As soon as she had a fainting spell, she would exclaim: pray for me, Sister, my soul is going, pray for me; tell father and mother to pray also. She breathed her last in saying these words.

We kept her corpse four days on account of the Rev. Father's absence, but as he delayed, the Sisters had to do the ceremony, that is, to accompany her to the grave-yard, where I hope she rests in peace. I will ask you to say some prayers for the repose of her soul, she will no doubt repay us when she is in heaven, if she is not there already.

I remain as ever your friend, Louisa Ling.

Mission School, Tulalip, October, 1883.

My dear Rev. Father Chirouse, O. M. I.

I am well pleased to be one of the first to write a little letter to you, after returning to school. I never forget you, and I wish you could stay with us. I thank you very much for the nice letters you write in the Youth's Companion. When I read them I always wish you would come back again and see us because your visit was so nice.

I spent my vacation at Port Madison. I am not very well and I do not think I can study much this year. My Father was better when he brought me to school. Justin Shelton died on Sunday morning the 23rd of last month. He got here from hop-picking just in time to receive the last Sacraments. Dear Father when you write please tell me if you are coming back soon; if you do, I will be very glad to see you again. From your affectionate little Eugene Damian.

THE SIMMONS FUND.

Amount already acknowledged,	$111.85
Johnnie Wirth, 50 cents.	Total, $112.35

EDITORIAL NOTES.

To borrow the expression of the kind friend who sent us $25 last month toward the above Fund, this same Fund ought now to be "wiped out," as it has more than reached the amount we intended to raise in order to purchase a serviceable limb for our unfortunate protégé. But as the boy is yet growing, we were advised to wait at least until next vacation before making the purchase, and as it will then be necessary for him to go to San Francisco to have the artificial limb fitted, we came to the conclusion to keep the subscription list open until such time as the sum required to pay the expenses of the intended trip is secured.

We have found it necessary, though to our great reluctance, to *dun* some of our tardy friends during the past month. What makes us feel bad about the matter is to know, as we do, that with by far the greater portion of them this seeming neglect is due to sheer forgetfulness. We thought sometime ago that printing, on the address label, the number with which each one's subscription ended would help the matter, but we were mistaken, as some do not seem to understand the meaning of these figures. To help these good people, we will explain: If on your label 29 is seen, it means that your subscription ended last month; if 30, this month, and if 31, with the next month. We hope therefore that all our tardy friends will heed the call as soon as possible, by sending what they owe together with another year's subscription in advance. This is the Christmas present we ask and expect from our friends.

AND ACT ON IT WHILE 'TIS HOT.

THE Catechism classes need not be without Catholic reading when a weekly paper containing choice selections of history, fables, legends, stories and other entertaining and instructive reading, can be had as low as one-half cent a copy per week. Buy it for your schools. THE LITTLE CRUSADER. Rates: Payments in advance—21 copies, $5; 100, $23; 300, $69. Payments weekly—25 copies, 13 cents; 50, 24c; 75, 36c; 100, 49c; 200, 97c; 400, $1.93; 1.000, $4.82 Impossible to make prices any lower. In 1882, 221.000 copies were circulated at about 4½ mills apiece; first six months 1883, 286,000 circulated at about 4¼ mills apiece. Little Crusader, 26 East Gay street, Columbus, Ohio.

Please subscribe to the Youth's Companion.

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(Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co,. W. T.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The undersigned, as long as he has the management of this little paper, engages himself to offer the holy Sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for the promoters of this undertaking and their friends both living and dead, also for all those who in any other way may contribute towards the general welfare of these poor Indian missions. *J. B. Boulet.*

THE YOUTH'S

COMPANION:

A juvenile monthly Magazine published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian Missions; and set to type, printed and in part written by the pupils of the Tulalip, Wash. Ty. Indian Industrial Boarding Schools, under the control of the Sisters of Charity.

Approved by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

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Vol. III. DECEMBER, 1883. No. 31.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

"HOW I do like Christmas, said little Minnie Grenville, on the feast of the Nativity, which was the day of her first communion.

"Come now, Minnie," said Mrs. Grenville, laying aside the book she had been reading, (she, too, had been at communion on that day,) "come now, Minnie, why do you so like Christmas?"

"Because it is such a nice time; and this Christmas especially. You know I received our dear Lord this

morning, and soon afterwards the Sister carried me to put the little dress, which I made myself, on the image of the infant Jesus in the crib. Sister Martha says I am to light the lamp in the little star over the crib, and that no one else must do it. Then I am to give that fine big cake as a Christmas-box to widow Morley, and the two large handkerchiefs, which I hemmed myself, and the pair of gloves and new pair of boots, to her son, little Willie—how glad he shall be. Then I am to get a little crib of my own on New Year's day, and a new work-box, and a new doll; oh, mamma, how I do like Christmas!" and fairly out of breath, she clapped her little hands with glee.

"Well, Minnie," said Mrs. Grenville, "your reasons for liking Christmas are not so selfish as I expected. I am very well pleased indeed, but listen!" The last portion of a Christmas carol was being sung in the street, by a voice which, though tremulous and tender, was wonderfully sweet and clear; the accents were unmistakably Irish. Suddenly the voice stopped, as if the songster had been stricken down. Both mother and daughter ran to the window, and there the little songster—a child between eight and nine years old,—was crying bitterly, and looking up and down the street.

Mrs. Grenville's house was the last of a fashionable row, near the outskirts of Bristol, and the inhabitants of all, except hers, were non-Catholics. Tho' the little fellow had passed unheeded from house to house, he still kept singing on. Even when he came to the last of the row, he tried to continue, but it was in vain, and the long-pent tears gushed out. This was why the voice so suddenly stopped. Mrs.

Grenville sent out for him, and gave him some bread and tea. The tea he refused, but the bread he seized with avidity, and stuffed it into his pocket. He was on the point of running off, when, as if a sudden thought struck him, (for ingratitude is seldom found among Irishmen,) he said: "Will I sing for you, madam?" Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he commenced his Christmas carol, in a clear voice. Whenever the name of Mother occurred during the song, the tears would rush to his eyes, and his voice become quite husky; so much so, that he was compelled to cough frequently, each time to hide his emotion, under pretence of clearing his throat. But Mrs. Grenville noticed it, though she said nothing. When he had finished, she asked, why he had cried so bitterly in the street. "My poor mother ma'am," said he, "ate nothing since yesterday morning; she is too sick to go out; I have been rehearsing this song for the last week, an' I was quite sure that I'd have lots of things to carry home to my mother; for at home, in our own owld country, if any person were singing of a Christmas morning he'd be hardly able to carry home all that would be given to him. So I was thinking of all the fine things I would give to poor mother, and how glad she would be; but I've been singing in vain all the morning, and it is now after eleven o'clock. Though no one would mind me, I still kept singing on, but when I came to this house and found it was the last in the street, I tried not to cry, but I could not help it, I was so terribly disappointed. Oh! my poor mother," and again the little fellow burst into tears, for he loved his mother well, and his heart was warm—what Irishman's is not?

"Why did you leave Ireland, and where is your father," asked Mrs. Grenville.

"My father, ma'am, heard that this was a good place for work, so he came over. But a little while after he came here he died, and now my mother and little brother have no one but me," and he raised himself as though he were proud of his dignity.

"Where do you live?"

"Number 14 in the alley, ma'am."

"What is your name?"

"Peter O'Neal."

"And you are a good child," said Mrs. Grenville; "God will not forget you."

"Thank you, ma'am," said he, and he ran off, now and then feeling his pocket, as if he feared to lose the treasure it contained. At length he reached home, where he found his little brother Patsy waiting for him, and his mother up and dressed, though she looked very sick, and deadly pale. As soon as he saw her up, his heart bounded with joy, but when he saw the death-like paleness of her cheeks, his heart sank even lower than before, owing to the joy it had just experienced. He did not wish to tell her of his disappointment, but it should be done, so taking courage, he went up to her and said, "Dear mother," I could only get this piece of dry bread."

"It cannot be helped, Peter; God's holy will be done," said Mrs. O'Neal. But when she looked around the bare walls, and on her Christmas breakfast of dry bread, despite her, the tears started to her eyes; for though she never had been rich, she never had known want, up to the present Christmas.

Little Patsy, who noticed her ran up, and soothing-

Concluded on page 197.

CHAPTER III.

The cottage that Peter had taken was at some distance from the village, from which it was separated by the stream. Rustic bridges, rudely constructed, led thither. If rainy weather lasted long, the river would be swollen; and more than once it happened that its angry current swept the bridge away. Modern improvements had not yet extended to this secluded spot; and the peasants, with planks and stepping-stones, made what they considered a safe road over the river, which though wide in some parts, was in others very narrow.

One evening in the lovely month of May, Peter was taken suddenly and most alarmingly ill. His sister, in her distress, summoned one or two of her neighbors; but all their endeavors to ease his pain or alleviate his sufferings were useless. One hour after another passed by, and brought with it no alteration for the better. One of the women present fetched the doctor, and he said poor Peter's life was in danger. Madeline was busied in waiting upon him, and the two neighbors in helping her. The doctor, who was a good man, suggested that they should send for a priest. Madeline could not leave her brother, and Hyacinthe promptly offered to go.

"Be careful, my dear child," said Madeline, as the young girl started. "See how the clouds are gathering. There will soon be a terrible storm, I fear. When you have seen the priest, if it rains, do not come home. You had better remain at the presbytery until morning. Take good care of yourself; and, mind, tell the Father to hasten, if he pleases; my brother is very ill."

So Hyacinthe set out on her long walk. She knew no fear; for every step of the way was familiar to her. Madeline was right about the weather; for, although no rain as yet came down, the sky was dark and lowering, and the air full of that angry sound that betokens a coming storm. Hyacinthe reached the banks of the river; it was running rapidly along; no voice from its depths warned the child as she crossed the fragile bridge that led to the village. She reached the church, and found the priest at the door. Benediction was just over. She told her errand, and the good priest, grieved to hear of the faithful servant's danger, hastened to the cottage. As he was leaving the porch, he said to Hyacinthe, who still remained there:

"Go in, dear child, and pray for your friend."

She entered the church. Just then the clock struck nine. The shades of night were falling fast, but there all was still, light, and beautiful as day. The tapers were not all extinguished, and the lamps before the altar shone like stars. Clouds of fragrant incense filled the church and mingled with the perfume of the flowers. Before Our Lady's altar knelt the young girls who had been taking part in the procession such as they had every evening in the month of May. Our Lady stood there in figure nearly as large as life. Her meek hands were crossed upon her breast. She seemed to be smiling upon the children and the flowers at her feet. There Hyacinthe went, and, kneeling, prayed that her Mother in heaven would intercede with her divine Son for the good and faithful servant whose life was in danger. Then, looking into Our Lady's face, she forgot the present with its desolation; she remembered only her con-

stant prayer, that "it might be soon." One by one the kneeling children around her had arisen and gone home, the church was nearly empty and the night had grown dark. Still she knelt there, praying with all the fervor of her heart and soul that Our Lady would help her to be good enough to go to heaven. Once she started, and nearly screamed, for she thought Our Lady smiled; but it was only a flicker of light from one of the lamps.

A sudden rush of rain beating against the windows roused Hyacinthe. She finished her prayers and left the church. The storm had burst in all its fury; the black sky seemed to pour forth sheets of water; an angry, whirling wind beat the rain in all directions. Hyacinthe ran to the presbytery door, but she could not make any one hear whether the noise of the storm drowned the feeble rap her little hand gave, or whether the housekeeper was out, she did not know; but no one came, and she went back to the church. During her absence, the man who had charge of it had locked the door and gone home. There was nothing for it save to brave the furious wind and rain and return to the cottage. There was no fear in this lonely, little heart, neither at the darkness of the night or the raging of the storm. She walked on as quickly as she could, until she came to the river. As she took her first step on the bridge, she fancied it seemed to shake; but no thought of danger made her pause and turn back. She went on steadily; there came a beating rush of rain in her face; the wind seemed to shake everything around her. With difficulty she maintained her footing, but at last she found herself safe on the opposite bank. But the violence of the storm almost prevented her proceed-

ing, and she was obliged every now and then to stop altogether and rest till she could regain her breath. It may easily be supposed it was long before she reached the cottage.

The good Father had hastened to the cottage, and had given Peter the last sacraments, when, as often happens, from that moment the pain abated and the danger grew less. Before the priest left the house, they began to entertain some hope that the life of the worthy man might be spared. Madeline was not much alarmed when she saw the terrible storm: for she had told the child to remain with the housekeeper at the presbytery. When the priest said he hoped the little one had found shelter, she replied, "Yes; Hyacinthe would be at his house."

The rain abated when the priest left for home. On his way he met one of the villagers, who, bidding him "good evening," told him he must go to the lower bridge; for the one nearest had been broken during the storm. The priest thanked him, and, going farther down the road, crossed the stream safely, and soon reached home. Immediately on his arrival, he asked for Hyacinthe; but the housekeeper had neither seen nor heard of her. He grew frightened; for, with all who knew her, the good Father loved Our Lady's Child. In spite of the cold sleet, still falling, and his own fatigue, he started again for the cottage, but she was not there. Search was made in vain. The alarm soon spread. The sick man was not allowed to hear the child was missing; but before midnight sounded, every man in the village was looking for the lost child. Meanwhile Hyacinthe, dripping with wet and utterly exhausted, had reached home, to the great joy of Madeline, who immediate-

ly put her to bed, and gave her some warm cordial. Great was the joy of the priest and the people when they returned from their fruitless search and found the little girl safe and enjoying a refreshing slumber. The bridge must have been carried away by the storm immediately after she crossed the stream. Truly her guardian angel had been with her to protect her on her errand of mercy.

Peter recovered, and lived for several years. At last Hyacinthe saw the faithful servant laid to rest, and soon after the good Madeline followed him.

Hyacinthe became the lowly occupant of the cottage; but it was not for very long. After a few years, spent in the constant practice of devotion and charity, the loving daughter went to rejoin the parents she had lost and mourned so long.

THE END.

COUNSELS TO THE YOUNG.

NEVER be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one—

Troubles never last forever,
The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promise, a man or child may be cheerful.

Never despair when fog's in the air.

A sunshiny morning will come without warning!

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst; or a firework that will end

in smoke and darkness: but that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Something startling that will stay,
When gold and silver fly away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

He that revengeth knows no rest;
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another till you have compassed your end. By little and by little great things are completed.

Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness softens a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He who pulls off his coat cheerfully, rolls up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me—

A cheerful spirit gets on quick;
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can get out of the way of wild beasts—but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. Keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may not find rooom—

Be on your guard, and strive and pray,
To drive all evil thoughts away.

V.—EXTREME UNCTION.

THE Sacrament of Extreme Unction is administered to sick persons when in danger of death, and on this account it is called *Extreme*. It is uncertain when this Sacrament was instituted, but the Council of Trent has declared that it was instituted like the other Sacraments, by our divine Lord Himself. That it was recognized as a Sacrament by the Apostles is evident from the Epistle of St. James, where he says in the 5th chapter of his Epistle: "Is any man sick among you, let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil, in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick man, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him." St. Mark also relates that the Apostles anointed with oil many that were sick.

The matter of this Sacrament is oil blessed by a bishop. The words used on the occasion of administering the Sacrament are the following:

"By this holy Unction, and his own most tender mercy, may the Lord pardon thee whatsoever sins thou hast committed by the sight, by the hearing," and so of the other senses. No one, except a bishop or priest can administer this Sacrament. It may be received several times, but not more than once in the same sickness. Persons ought to prepare for it by a good confession; and where this is impossible, by reason of the loss of speech, by a sincere act of contrition, and detestation of their sins.

The parts generally anointed are the eyes, ears, nose, lips, hands and feet. The effects of Extreme Unction are, first: to remit all venial sins, and mortal

sins forgotten; second: to heal the soul of her infirmity and weakness, and a certain propensity to sin which often remains in the soul after the guilt has been remitted; third: it gives strength and grace to the soul to bear with patience the pains and infirmities of the body; and lastly: it sometimes restores the corporal health, as has been attested on many occasions.

Learn, then, dear children, from this last and most healthful Sacrament, how much you are indebted to the great goodness of God, who does not leave you, but is with you, by his sanctifying grace, from your birth to the last moment of your life. As he has appointed the other Sacraments in order to a good life, this he has instituted particularly to a good death. If, then, we consider rightly the greatness of our infirmities, how great is our weakness at that time, and the great strength of the enemy of our salvation, who never ceases to assault us with a variety of temptations to the last breath, in order to destroy us finally, and put us out of all hope of divine mercy; if we consider, too, the great want of divine grace to comfort us in our last moments, against our natural fear of death and the anxiety of an approaching judgment, we shall be easily convinced of the necessity of this holy Sacrament and not defer it too late, as too many have done to their own detriment.

Having thus, by a worthy preparation, received this holy Sacrament with all the fervor possible, the Christian soul shall be at peace, happy and resigned, even in the midst of bodily pains; the love of God shall transform the last agony of death into a calm sweet hope, and a patient waiting for the life that lies beyond the portals of the grave.

(*Concluded from page* 188.)

ly said, "Don't cry, mother, we'll soon have enough; I know we will, for I asked our good Lord to give us plenty, an' he'll give us whatever we'll ask him, won't he, mother?"

"You are right, Patsy, dear," said Mrs. O'Neal; "he will not forget those who trust in him, so we'll have enough, he'll give us plenty."

"Our good Lord will, mother won't he?"

"He will and he has given it," said a voice, and Mrs. Grenville and Minnie entered, each bearing a basket; they had set out immediately after Peter. "He will always take care of those who love him. You will want no more; I will send Peter to school, and Patsy also, when he is a little bigger. And Mrs. O'Neal, when you are well, I will give you the making up of all the linen in my house, for I have heard below stairs that you are skilful. Until then I will take care of your support; meanwhile, Minnie, come here."

Minnie, ever ready and ever glad to make others happy, went bounding with delight.

Mrs. Grenville took out of her own basket a large Christmas cake, and some groceries from Minnie's.

"I knew we'd have plenty," exclaimed little Patsy, leaping and clapping his hands with joy.

"You are a good child," said Mrs. Grenville. "I will send over, immediately, some coals and a Christmas dinner."

The poor widow was so overpowered with gratitude, that she could hardly speak. However, her "happy Christmas," and "many happy returns of the new year," were given with such sincerity, that they spoke volumes.

Mrs. Grenville having thanked her, and Minnie having overwhelmed with kisses little Patsy, whom she declared the dearest little fellow in the world, both took their departure.

Mrs. O'Neal, (whose chief sickness was want of nourishment, although she did not pretend it,) with her little sons, Peter and Patsy, spent very happily the Christmas season.

So now, dear children, when, during the coming happy nights of Christmas, you partake of the many good things which this season brings with it, be not forgetful of those whose hearth is cold when yours is bright, and who want necessaries when you enjoy even luxuries in profusion. But if you yourselves cannot assist them, at least speak in their behalf—for charity cannot be commenced too young, and, believe me, it will sweeten the gifts of this happy season, and give a new charm to its enjoyments.

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(Rev.) J. B. Boulet.
Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., W. T.

Please send us a hundred subscribers more or less.

COLD is the winter, and dark is the night,
Spotless and pure lies the untrodden snow;
Hark to the songs of God's messengers bright,
Bringing glad tidings to mortals below.

CHORUS.

Glory to God in the highest be given,
Peace be to men of good will upon earth!
God has come down to dwell with us from heaven—
Let us welcome our Savior's birth.

Angels have come in the dead of the night,
Filling the plains with the brightness of day,
Jesus is born, the Gentiles' true light,
Chasing the darkness of ages away.
Glory to God, etc.

Yes, He has come to this strange world of ours—
Without, like the snow; like the black night, within;
Outside, the sunshine, the trees, and the flowers:
Inside is nought but defilement and sin.
Glory to God, etc.

Come to the manger so rude, where He lies;
Whisper thy thanks in his listening ear;
Gaze on the love that shines forth from those eyes,
Eyes that shall often be flooded with tears.
Glory to God, etc.

These little hands and these feet for thy sake
Soon shall be cruelly nailed to the Tree;
Fair is the forehead—ah! soon it will ache,
Wearing its terrible thorn-crown for thee.
Glory to God, etc.

Think of that little Heart burning with love,
Eagerly longing thy poor heart to gain;

Soon it will break—its affection to prove—
Say, shall such love for thee all be in vain?
Glory to God, etc.

Savior! too long have we wandered away,
Seeking from creatures what THEY cannot give!
Teach us, Child Jesus! born for us to-day,
To joy but in Thee, for Thee only to live.
Glory to God, etc.

*
* *

EVENING.

LITTLE girl, it is time to retire to rest,
The sheep are put into the fold,
The linnet forsakes us, and flies to her nest,
To shelter her young from the cold.

The owl has flown out from her lonely retreat,
And screams through the tall shady trees;
The nightingale takes on the hawthorn her seat,
And sings to the evening breeze.

The sun too now seems to have finished his race,
And sinks once again to his rest;
But though we no longer can see his bright face,
He leaves a gold streak in the west.

Little girl, have you finished your daily employ,
With industry, patience, and care?
If so, lay your head on your pillow with joy,
No thorn to disturb shall be there.

The moon through your curtains shall cheerfully peep,
Her silver beam dance in your eyes,
And mild evening breezes shall fan you to sleep,
Till bright morning bids you arise.

AMIDST the pleasures and delights of Christmas, our young readers must not forget that the Nativity of our divine Lord is the true source of all the joys of the season; and while they are celebrating this holy festival, they should go in spirit to the plains of Judea, and read over the circumstances attending the birth of their Infant Savior.

At the time when this great event took place, the world was at peace; Cæsar Augustus held undisputed sway; from his imperial palace at Rome, his power extended over many nations, and so vast was his empire, that in the words of Scripture, he ordered "the whole world to be enrolled." The Jews heard his mandate, and repaired to the appointed place to be enrolled by the Roman officers.

St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin his spouse, set out towards Bethlehem to be enrolled with the descendants of the royal house of David. The year was now far advanced, and the cold chilling blasts of December greeted them as they approached the place of their destination. Arrived at the village, they went to the inn, in the hope of finding accommodations. But it was in vain they sought for lodgings. there was no room for them; it was in vain they appealed to the charity of their kin folks of the royal house of David; there was no one to extend them a welcome. Mary's youth, her beauty, and the other circumstances by which she was surrounded, touched not the heart of a single mother in Bethlehem. The night approaches and Mary the Immaculate Virgin, with St. Joseph, stood in the lone streets, uncertain where to go, not knowing where to find a shelter to protect them from the inclemency of the weather.

At last they leave the town, and going a short

distance they arrived at a cave which was used as a stable. The holy pair enter this dreary abode and here determine to pass the night. In this lonely stable, with the night winds howling of the winter blast, with no other companions except the beasts of the field, the Savior of the world was born. Mary presses him fondly to her bosom, and wrapping him in her own clothing, laid him in the manger.

A manger scantly strewn with hay,
Becomes the Eternal's bed;
And he who feeds each smallest bird,
Himself with milk is fed!

The manger becomes his first shrine on earth. While he receives adoration of Mary and Joseph, the air resounds with hymns and canticles of joy. The angels descend and adore their Lord, and sing in notes of triumph: "Glory to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good will." The shepherds too, who have been keeping watch over their flocks, hasten to the manger to adore their new-born king. Let our young readers go also to the shrine of their Infant Savior on the happy morn of Christmas, and bowing in humble adoration, lisp in all the fervor of their hearts, that ever beautiful hymn: *Adeste*, *Fideles*.

XXIV. The Lord's Prayer in Assiniboin.

Tnchiachttoobe machpiachta yaeoenshi baeninshi nabishi metshalzilzi, nitanwiadezi ekty yaegnizi, yetshoeszizi aittshaiszi lenmachkoetzizi aseettshaiszi machpiachta. Tnkoeni nangaah oezoezandie inimbechain; ezieyakink taniozeni etchoengoebezie sinkimbishnitshaa ektas etchoengoebezie; youoechtontjen tanniaesni etchoem goebishniet tchain, napeen giettshioenn ingninnaege. Eetchees.

LEARN to darn stockings neatly, and then always see that your own are in order. Don't let a button be off your shoes a minute longer than needful. It takes just about a minute to sew one on, and oh, how much better a foot looks in a trimly-buttoned boot than it does in a lop-sided affair with half the buttons off! Every girl should learn to make all the simpler articles of clothing, and we knew a little girl of seven years who could do this, and who also made the whole of a calico dress herself, and pieced a large bed-quilt. She was not an overtaxed child either, but a merry, romping, indulged, only daughter. But she was very "smart," and she did not die young, either. Indeed, we have seldom known children "too smart to live." Very few die of that complaint, whatever their grandmothers may think. So never be afraid a bit of overdoing the business. Help all you can, and study over the business daily. Once get in the habit of looking over your things, and you will like it wonderfully. You will have the independent feeling that you need not wait for any one's convenience in repairing and making, but that you can be beforehand in all such matters. The relief to your weary mother will be more than you can ever estimate.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The undersigned, as long as he has the management of this little paper, engages himself to offer the holy Sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for the promoters of this undertaking and their friends both living and dead, also for all those who in any other way may contribute towards the general welfare of these poor Indian missions. *J. B. Boulet.*

THE SIMMONS FUND.

Amount already acknowledged.	$112.35
Rev. L. Schram, $1; D. Callaghan, 50 cts.	Total, $113.85

Holy Writ tells us that our Lord, while on earth, "went about doing good." We read also that during the ages of faith a great many holy souls imbibed the same spirit, and spent their substance and even their very selves in following the example of their divine Master. In the course of ages, as faith grew cold upon earth, charity gradually gave way to selfishness and egotism, and to such a degree that to meet persons imbued with the spirit of the Master, nowadays most forcibly attracts our admiration.

We have been led into this train of thought by the reception, a few days since, of two splendidly embroidered silk chasubles, the handiwork and noble gift of two nameless friends, whose whole life seems to be spent in "doing good," and whose numberless other benefactions to our poor Indian missions have repeatedly appeared in these pages, and are no doubt recorded in golden letters in the Book of Life.

That God may multiply their store here below, and reward them a hundred-fold hereafter, is, and ever shall be the prayer of their unworthy *protégé*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rt. Rev. Bp. Marty; Very Rev. Prior Norbert; Rev. J Cataldo S J, L de G Schram, F X Blanchet, L Verhaag, J Rauw, P Poaps, M Flohr & F Manioulloux; Rev Mother Teresa, Sr. Justina & Sisters of Charity, of St. Ignatius; Mesdames E T Genau, A Otterbein & Dillon; Misses M A Denver, S Bard, A Heiner, M Daley & E Lanctot; Messrs P Q Healy, M Burke, P Reilly, W Fay, T Quan, J A Mc Goldrick, J Klee, P O'Hare, L Kensiwitz, J Nevin, F X St Louis, B Lynch, D Deselle, P E Murphy, F Headrick, C Fortier, H Carriere, D Callaghan & P J Herke. Thanks.

☞Look at the printed address on the Companion to ascertain with what number your subscription expires.☜

April 26.

St. Gregory of Nyssa.

GREGORY was a younger brother of St. Basil, and like him began life as a teacher of rhetoric. After much hesitation he forsook the world and gave himself to the service of the Church. He was called by St. Basil to help him in his diocese, and was in due time chosen bishop of Nyssa in Cappadocia. There the Arians persecuted him and prevailed on the governor to banish him, as they could not resist his zeal and eloquence; but on the death of the Arian emperor Valens he returned to his see. He was deputed to visit the churches of Arabia and Palestine, to redress the abuses and heal the dissensions left by years of controversy. He says: "When I saw the holy places I was filled with a joy and pleasure which no tongue can express;" but he warns Christians against making pious pilgrimages an occasion of idleness and dissipation, or regarding them as in any way a substitute for holiness and obedience. He sat in the second General Council at Constantinople, A. D. 381, and was referred to as the centre of communion in the East. They were reckoned orthodox Catholics who were in communion with Gregory. He died about A. D. 400, leaving many sermons and other works in defence of the faith, remarkable for their clearness of expression and sound reasoning.

HOPE IN EVIL TIMES.

Few sorrows are more bitter than to live amidst popular and triumphant heresy; to hear the most sacred truths reviled, and to see souls led astray and lost. Let us learn from St. Gregory to contend earnestly and in meekness for the truth, and to leave the rest to God, in whose hand is the gift of faith.

"Nature loves leisure and peace; but grace cannot rest, and eagerly embraces labor."—*Imitation.*

In 380 St. Gregory visited Arabia and Palestine. He had the consolation of finding some Catholics and of visit-

ing the holy places, which, he says, filled him with joy inexpressible. But his heart was wrung with anguish by the wrangling on the sacred mysteries carried on around the very cradle and tomb of our divine Lord, and by the coldness of many who called themselves Catholics. His mission had but very imperfect success; and on his return he wrote a letter expressing his grief, and urging the faithful remnant to abide firm and unshaken in the faith and communion of the one Church, and to shun the proud and imperious teaching of the heretics.

"He hath exalted me upon a rock, and now He hath lifted up my head above my enemies."—Ps. xxvi. 6.

"Son, when thou comest to the service of God, stand in justice and in fear, and prepare thy soul for temptation. For gold and silver are tried in the fire, but acceptable men in the furnace of humiliation."—Eccli. ii. 1. 5.

APRIL 27.

ST. ZITA VIRGIN.

ZITA lived for forty-eight years in the service of Fatinelli, a citizen of Lucca. During this time she rose each morning, to hear Mass, and then toiled incessantly till night came, doing the work of others as well as her own. Yet she had much to suffer. For years her master and mistress treated her as a mere drudge, while her fellow-servants resenting her diligence as a reproach to themselves, insulted and struck her. Zita united these sufferings with those of Christ her Lord, never changing the sweet tone of her voice, nor forgetting her gentle and quiet ways. At length Fatinelli, seeing the success which attended her undertakings, gave her charge of his children and of the household. She dreaded this dignity more than the worst humiliation, but scrupulously fulfilled her trust. By her holy economy her master's goods were multiplied, while the poor were fed at his door. Gradually her unfailing patience conquered the jealousy of her fellow-servants, and she became their advocate with their hot-tempered master, who dared not before Zita give way to his anger. In the end her prayer and toil

sanctified the whole house and drew down upon it the benediction of Heaven. She died A. D. 1272, and in the moment of her death a bright star appearing above her attic showed that she had gained eternal rest.

PRAYER AND WORK.

"What must I do to be saved?" said a certain one in fear of damnation. "Work and pray, pray and work," a voice replied, "and thou shalt be saved." The whole life of St. Zita teaches us this truth.

"All devotion which leads to sloth is false. We must love work."—*St. Zita.*

Once Zita, absorbed in prayer, remained in church past the usual hour of her bread-making. She hastened home, reproaching herself with neglect of duty, and found the bread made and ready for the oven. She never doubted that her mistress or one of the servants had kneaded it, and going to them, thanked them. No human being had made the bread. A delicious perfume rose from it, for angels had made it during her prayer.

"In labor and toil we worked night and day, that we might give ourselves a pattern unto you."—2 Thess. iii. 8, 9.

APRIL 28.

ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS.

THE eighty-one years of this Saint's life were modelled on the Passion of Jesus Christ. In his childhood, when praying in Church, a heavy bench fell on his foot, but the boy took no notice of the bleeding wound, and spoke of it as "a rose sent from God." A few years later, the vision of a scourge with "love" written on its lashes assured him that his thirst for penance would be satisfied. In the hope of dying for the faith, he enlisted in a crusade against the Turks; but a voice from the tabernacle warned him that he was to serve Christ alone, and that he should found a congregation in His honor. At the command of his bishop he began while

a layman to preach the Passion, and a series of crosses tried the reality of his vocation. All his first companions, save his brother, deserted him: the Sovereign Pontiff refused him an audience and it was only after a delay of seventeen years that the Papal approbation was obtained, and the first house of the Passionists was opened on Monte Argentario, the spot which our Lady had pointed out. Through fifty years' incessant bodily pain, and amidst all his trials, Paul read the love of Jesus everywhere, and would cry out to the flowers and grass, "O, be quiet," as if they were reproaching him with ingratitude. He died whilst the Passion was being read to him and so passed with Jesus from the cross to glory.

DEVOTION TO THE PASSION.

One sign of devotion to the Passion is a love of those souls for whom Christ died. Paul prayed and suffered specially for England, where he saw so many souls in danger of perishing by heresy and unbelief. Do we ever unite our sufferings with those of Christ for this end?

"God does us great honor when He is pleased that we should tread the same road which was trodden by His only-begotten Son.—The shortest road to sanctity consists in the practice of these two words, *suffer and be silent.* —The surest road to sanctity is faith; and to walk in pure faith is to live entirely abandoned into the hands of God, as a babe rests on the bosom of its mother."—*Sayings of St. Paul of the Cross.*

St. Paul chose as the badge of his order a heart with three nails, in memory of the sufferings of Jesus, but for himself he invented a more secret and durable sign. Moved by the same holy impulse as B. Henry Suso, St. Jane Frances, and other saints, he branded on his side the Holy Name, and its characters were found there after death. His heart beat with a supernatural palpitation, which was especially vehement on Fridays, and the heat at times was so intense as to scorch his shirt in the region of his heart.

"With Christ I am nailed to the Cross. And I live: now not I, but Christ liveth in me."—Gal. ii. 19, 20.

CORNER.

THE SPRING.—One hot summer day little William was rambling in the fields. His cheeks were burning with heat, and he was panting with thirst. At last he came to a spring, which burst, clear as silver, from a rock, under the green shade of an oak tree.

Now William had often heard that it was wrong to drink when one is in a heat; but, conceited as he was, he despised the caution, he followed only his own inclination; drank of the ice-cold water; sank down almost lifeless on the earth; came home ill; and fell into a dangerous fever.

"Ah," sobbed he, as he lay on his sick bed, "who would have thought that the spring contained such a deadly poison!"

"Oh, no," said William's father; "it is not that pure spring which you have to blame for your sickness, but your own conceit and self-indulgence."

—"PETER, what are you doing to that boy?" asked a schoolmaster. "He wanted to know if you take ten from seventeen how many will remain; so I took ten of his apples to show him, and now he wants me to give them back." "Well, why don't you do it?" "Because, sir, he'd forget *how many are left!*"

Two little girls can play better than one,—
  Two little boys can also make more fun.
It takes two little birds to build a nest,
  And two little arms to love mamma best;
Two little angels to guard my bed,—
  One at the foot, and one at the head.

[The following is a copy of a letter sent, by the undersigned, to a friend in acknowledgment of a favor received.]

Kindest Friend.

I am unable to express my joy on learning yesterday, from Rev. Father Boulet that you had kindly forwarded to me the large sum of $25.00, the balance of the amount required to purchase the artificial leg I have asked for. I know that I can never repay you for your charitable remembrance of my needs.

Please then accept my most sincere thanks for it, and in return I shall most readily comply with your request, and pray earnestly that God may reward you a hundred, and a thousand fold for your kindness.

Though I have not the pleasure, nor can I hope for it, of knowing my benefactor personly here; I trust that we will meet hereafter in Heaven where pure and holy Charity has its own precious reward. In conclusion permit me once more to offer my grateful sentiments, with an assurance of a daily remembrance in my prayers.

Respectfully and gratefully yours. A. E. Simmons.

FAREWELL LETTER

OF A PUPIL OF ST. IGNATIUS SCHOOL.

Rev. and dear Sisters.

Is it possible that I have to write my last farewell letter! I can hardly realize it. Oh! my heart is oppressed with a deep crushing woe when I think that I have to leave that cherished home where I have been so long. Ah! could it be but a dream! but no! the time to part is really at hand.

Before parting I wish to thank you from the bottom of my heart for all you have done for me.

You have kindly watched over me and led me in virtue's smooth path. I can find no word to express my gratitude. I will pray fervently that heaven may still lend increasing brightness to your path till life itself shall end.

You have shown me a mother's love which I will never forget. Ah! no; though time's darkness should with heaviness be laid upon my heart, your memories shall not fade; but thoughts of you will ever come.

I beg you all to say a little prayer in my behalf when I will be gone that I may do my duties in all things. Oh! how very painful it is to leave my convent home and part from those who are most dear to me. I will no more in the evening roam through those familiar places or sit at your side engaged in sweet conversation. I must go, but I will always call this dear convent my first "Home, sweet Home."

Now, dear Sisters, farewell, I bid you all adieu. Farewell you hallowed chapel where I no more will come when grateful feelings will swell my heart; or when oppressed with gloom; no more at early morning will I come to recite my prayers with my dear companions; my seat in this loved chapel will be vacant now.

Receive, loved teachers one and all, my long and sad farewell, and accept the kindest wishes that my heart can offer. Your affectionate child. Sophie Elizabeth, Child of Mary.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

By reference to our list of "Acknowledgments" on page 204, it will be seen that a good number of our friends have heeded our call during the past month. We are very thankful to them and, from our heart, wish them the merriest Christmas and many returns. The tardy ones we would invite again "to face the music and step up to the captain's office, during the next two or three weeks, if they wish to have a share in the blessings of the coming Christmas season.

—We greatly miss Rev. Father Chirouse's letter this month. Our little correspondents are also very slow in falling into line this year. Hurry up with your letters, little friends; they are always welcome.

—In our next No. we will revive the defunct "Nut-cracking Department," and "Roll of Honor;" commence a new serial story, and perhaps do still more. Who sends us a new subscriber for our Xmas-box?

☞ A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the Youth's Companion, will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

REGULAR EXCHANGES:

THE CATHOLIC MIRROR,

The Catholic family paper *par excellence* in America, is published in Baltimore, Md., by John B. Piet & Co., at $3 in advance, with a valuable book as a premium.

THE WASHINGTON CATHOLIC,

An interesting weekly family newspaper, is published in Washington, D. C., by Henry M. Beadle. It was lately enlarged and its price reduced to $2.00 a year.

THE HOLY FAMILY,

A neat monthly periodical devoted to choice Catholic reading for families and schools, is published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York, at $1.00 a year.

LE MESSAGER,

The only Catholic French weekly newspaper in Maine. is published in Lewiston, Me, by J. D. Montmarquet. at $1.50 a year. Its motto is "Religion & Nationality."

THE LITTLE CRUSADER,

A marvel of cheapness, is published weekly by P. E. Murphy of Columbus, Ohio, at 25 cents per annum.

THE ARCHANGEL,

A neat literary monthly published by the students of St. Michael's College, Portland, Ogn., at 50 cts. a year.

SEMI-OCCASIONALS:

The Catholic Universe of Cleveland, Ohio.
The Rocky Mountain Celt of Denver, Col.

Maj Ed Mallet
Washington D C

THE YOUTH'S

COMPANION:

A juvenile monthly Magazine published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian Missions; and set to type, printed and in part written by the pupils of the Tulalip, Wash. Ty. Indian Industrial Boarding Schools, under the control of the Sisters of Charity.

Approved by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

[*Entered at the Tulalip Post Office as second class mail matter.*]

Vol. III. JANUARY, 1884. No. 32.

CALENDAR.

1—Circumcision, (of obligation.) Epistle of Mass from Titus ii. 11–15; Gospel from St. Luke ii. 21.
6—Epiphany. Epist. Is. lx. 1–6; Gosp. Matt. ii. 1–2.
13—2nd. Sunday after Epiphany. Feast of the holy Name of Jesus. Epist. Acts iv. 8–12; 1st. Gosp. St. Luke ii. 21; last Gosp. St. John ii. 1–11.
20—3rd. Sunday after Epiphany. Sts. Fabian and Sebastian. Epist. Heb. xi. 33–39; 1st. Gosp. St. Luke vi. 17–23; last Gosp. St. Matt. viii. 1–13.
27—4th. Sunday after Epiphany. St. John Chrysostom. Epist. 2 Tim. iv. 1–8; 1st. Gosp. St. Matt. v. 13–19; last Gosp. St. Matt. viii. 23–27.

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A Happy New Year!

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WITH this joyous salutation we greet our youthful readers. To all it is a day of joy, but especially to the young.—And even the Church has made it a joyous festival, setting it apart as a day of great solemnity in honor of the Circumcision of our Divine Lord.

The New Year brings with it many salutary reflections. *Eighteen hundred and eighty-three* has passed away and gone forever. The hours that have been misspent can never be recalled. They can only be retrieved by a deep regret for the faults they have witnessed, and by a firm resolution to do better for the future. If there be any among our young readers who have, during the last year, been unkind or disobedient to their parents, disrespectful to their teachers, neglectful of their studies; in a word, if they have had any habits unbecoming good boys or girls, let them, on the happy morn of the New Year, resolve to bury these habits with the year that has passed, and turn over a new leaf for the future. Let them resolve, now that they are entering on a new year, to correct all their faults, to spend it in such a manner, that at its close they will have nothing to regret.

With these sentiments, and with these good resolutions, let them hasten to greet their parents, friends and companions with *a happy New Year!*

To friends that are true,
To the old and the new,
To the far and the near,
We wish them good cheer,
We wish them, wish them, a happy New Year!

*
* *

A BEAUTIFUL sunset stained the western sky —gold and crimson and scarlet—such soft gold, and rich crimson, and bright scarlet! It would have been a pleasant place from which to watch the sun set on a summer evening, that gently sloping hillside with a silvery brook at the foot, green fields stretching away until they seemed to meet the sky at the west, and the forest at the back with shady paths leading away into its leafy depth. Pleasant indeed, with the fragrant breath of wild flowers scenting the air, and the murmur and sigh of the breeze as it fluttered the leaves, the dreaming hum and buzz of insects, sweet bird-notes, and the tinkle, gurgle, and splash of the bright waters of the little brook, blending together like an evening hymn of praise.

But it was very different one cold December evening. The wind wailed as it swept through the forest, tossing the bare boughs of the trees and whirling the dead rustling leaves over the frozen ground. The birds had long since flown away, the flowers had withered at the chill breath of the frost, the little stream was bound fast with icy fetters, and the brown fields looked dreary indeed.

Little Paul stood watching the sunset while he rested, with the faggots he had gathered in the forest lying at his feet. He shivered as the keen wintry wind found its way through his scanty clothing, but he kept his great dark eyes fixed on the western glory. His hands were red and cold, and hardened with toil though he was so small. Only a tiny boy was he, but looking in the pale patient face you would know he was walking hand in hand with sorrow, and learning her lessons sad yet sweet.

Since the day they laid his mother beside the father who died before he was born, no grave had been made in the little church-yard but Paul's tears had watered it, as they fell in sympathy for the hearts sad as his own. He fared hard, and so learned to pity others; and his scanty crusts often found their way to those he thought more needy than himself. He had little rest, and was often weary; day by day his step was lighter and his voice softer as he passed the cradle of the sleeping babe, and he was quicker with his help when tired Bertha stooped to lift some heavy burden; and he learned to watch for Jacob's coming home at night, and drag the great arm-chair to the cool porch in summer, and nearer the bright fire in winter. There was a sharp pain in his side now and then, and he did not feel quite strong, so he never came home from gathering wood in the forest without a bunch of delicate woodland flowers or a few wild strawberries, red and ripe, and, when flowers and berries were all gone, bright pebbles, gay autumn leaves, or handfuls of nuts, for poor crippled Mary; he was no stranger to unkind words, and even blows—so he grew more tender to every living thing. They did not mean to be unkind—Bertha and Jacob—but there were so many little mouths to be filled and little bodies to be clothed, and they had let earthly toil and care fill their lives in such a way, that they seldom thought of God, of the dear mother Mary and of her divine Son, except for a little while on Sunday at Mass.

You may be sure that although little Paul's face grew thin, and his cheeks were not rosy like yours, —except now and then a red spot when he was tired or his cough hurt him—he was none the less fair.

Concluded on page 225.

CHAPTER I.

A very old cottage—a dark, bare room, with a sombre old bed in a corner,—the rain pattering against the broken windows, with an occasional flash of lightning—a dying mother and a little, tiny girl. Time—one in the morning. There, you have the whole scene, my little friends.

"Is that you, Miriam?" asked the pale mother.

"Yes, mamma," answered the little one, with a hard suppressed sob.

"Did I not tell you, dear child, to take your rest to-night?" said the invalid.

"Yes, mamma," whispered Miriam.

"And why did you not obey your mother, Miriam?"

"O, dear mamma, there were voices in my room—sad, sad voices—and they whispered sorrowful things to me about my darling mamma. I tried to sleep, but they were in my sleep, too, and so I came to you, mamma, for I was afraid."

"Afraid of what, my child?" asked the mother faintly.

"That he would come when I was asleep," replied the child, looking about her fearfully. "That he might come for my dear mamma." Little Miriam burst into tears, and clasped the pale, fleshless hand that lay so quietly on the coverlid.

"That who would come, my child?"

"The—the dark angel, mamma, that makes people so quiet. O, dear mamma, don't go away from me; what would I do without you?" The child hid her face in the bed-clothes and wept bitterly.

"Miriam, my child, listen to me. If God had given you a precious gift and then asked you to give it

back to Him, would you not do so? Of course you would. Now, Miriam, He is going to call to Himself your mamma, and do you think He will forget her darling little orphan child"—here the mother's voice trembled—Oh, surely not, for has He not said that, even should a mother forget her offspring, yet He will not forget them. And, besides, my child, you will have a mother in heaven. Have you not often told me how much you loved the blessed Virgin. Do you think she will not watch more carefully over my little Miriam when I am gone?"

Little Miriam raised her large streaming eyes to her mother's face and gazed mournfully at her, but did not speak.

"You should be more of a woman, my child. Remember you are eight years old—"

"Eight years," interrupted the child with a sigh.

The poor mother's fortitude broke down now, and bending over little Miriam she held her in a convulsive embrace. Her frail body shook with the paroxysm that swept over her soul.

"O, mamma, dear mamma, don't cry," exclaimed the child, trying to comfort in her turn the afflicted mother.

"My God, this is dreadful. Poor, frail little lily of my heart! who will protect you from the dangers that will beset your path when I am gone? I mourned for my son when God called him away in his innocent youth; and how fervently I prayed that you, my child Miriam, would be spared to me. Perhaps I was wrong,—but surely, surely, it was a mother's weakness." The sufferer paused a while, panting and exhausted. "Miriam dear, promise me in this solemn moment, that you will always love Jesus;

that you will give yourself to Mary as her adopted child, and that you will pray for—how hard, O my God, is the announcement!—that you will pray for your unfortunate father that he may yet do penance for his desertion of me and you."

"And papa is not dead, then," exclaimed little Miriam, her surprise overcoming, for a moment, her grief.

"I did not wish, my child, to cast a shadow on your young heart too soon. But it is even so:—three years ago your poor papa went away a miserable fugitive from self-reproach. It was accursed liquor that changed him, for he was in happier days, a noble, generous-hearted man. One evening I spoke to him, perhaps harshly, and he left the house, saying I would not be troubled with him again. I did not believe it, my child, but alas! it was too true."

"But you do not tell, poor mother, his cruelty and brutality to you. You do not cause poor little Miriam to blush more deeply for her unworthy father by informing her that he fled from justice and not self-reproach. Charitable, forgiving mother, little Miriam shall one day know all, but you will be dust."

"And now, my child, go and call aunt Kate."

Miriam ran to obey her mother's request. Aunt Kate had watched at the bed-side of the sick woman until nature could withstand it no longer. At the earnest desire of the sufferer, she had reluctantly retired to take a couple of hours' rest.

The call was not unexpected, and aunt Kate was soon at her post.

"My dear Kate, I told you last night I should wait till morning before sending for Father O'Brien, but I am afraid the summons will come sooner than I ex-

pected. Add this last fault to the rest, dear Kate, and go for the priest; or, perhaps, it would be better to ask Mr. Dwyer, next door to go. But I feel a repugnance to ask him, as he is an utter stranger, though he is a Catholic, fer I saw a cross on the cover of his prayer book as he passed the window one Sunday morning."

Aunt Kate left the room, and was not five minutes absent, when a sturdy voice was heard at the hall door, and presently Mr. Dwyer made his appearance.

"Why, indeed ma'am, it was a great shame for you not to mention your sickness to me, or the wife. I never heard of it till this minute. Is it go for the priest? Sure I'm off this moment, only I wished to tell you that the woman will be in after a few minutes, to take care of you. Oh, then, did any one ever hear the likes of it, a Christian dyin' alone in a big city full of Christians! *inagh*,—make-believes, that's what they are."

Honest Phil. Dwyer said all this without stopping to draw breath, and was off before the rather astonished sick woman spoke a word.

"How very kind of him," whispered she.

"He is an Irish Catholic, Sarah, and, you know their affectionate, generous conduct to the dying is proverbial. He would go ten miles as willingly as ten blocks for the priest," replied aunt Kate.

While she was speaking Mr. Dwyer's "woman" entered,—a neat, respectable looking dame.

"I hope, ma'am," said she, "I'm not making too bold, but, indeed, if I can do any thing, I'll do it with a heart and a half."

"Certainly Mrs. Dwyer," answered aunt Kate, to whom the former had whispered her offer of services.

"We shall be very happy and obliged for your attendance."

Both then commenced preparing for the priest, and that VISITOR of infinite love and mercy, who allows Himself to be introduced to the humblest hovel, as well as to the proudest palace, and who shall say that He does not meet with more honor and acceptable greeting in the former than in the latter? The damp, bleak walls, and the tapestried parlor, are of equal value in His eyes. It is the heart, dear children, He prizes; and it may be that the monarch's soul is a hovel, and the beggar's a palace in the eyes of Christ.

The stars were looking down, and to the eyes of faith they might truly seem to be sparkling with unusual brilliancy on the muffled form that passed along the silent, deserted streets. Their Creator reposed on the breast of the priest, and how few, of all those who slept within those endless lines of closed shutters, thought that, not an angel, but the God of angels was that night passing by their abodes? Yes, there was one, the honest Irishman, who followed them in silent prayer.

CHAPTER II.

IT does not take long for the weekly communicant to prepare for death; so the sick woman, in a few moments, had received her Lord and the other gifts of the Church.

Gracious Church of God! from the cradle to the grave thou art ever present with thy children; and what wonder, when thou art the abiding, outward expression of infinite love and mercy!

The sufferer lay very calm, with the faintest shadow of a smile on her lips, and the light of resignation in her eyes. The Christian's hope in death, the blessed crucifix, was held lovingly to her breast. From time to time low responses came from the dying woman in answer to the beautiful Litanies. Then she answered at long intervals, and at last ceased. Little Miriam shuddered as she felt a cold hand touch her brow; she raised her head only in time to catch the last benediction that came from her dear mamma's eyes. And so, in the grace of God, and the blessing of the Church, she went to her eternal rest.

The first rosy light of morning struggled through the dull windows and rested lovingly on the dead Christian's form. The rain was gone—the storm over; yes, over for a while for those who remained; over forever, for happy Sarah C—.

Now I might describe in glowing terms the great numbers that followed her to the grave,—the long train of superb carriages,—the faultless white gloves that are provided for the mourners to display, no doubt, the purity of their motives,—the grand tomb-stone and how much it cost. Do you know what it is, dear children? I have often been in cemeteries where I imagined nobody but angels were buried, because the tomb-stones were covered over with such extraordinary praise. But, I will tell you in secret, it was not where one can find that sign of the Church over her faithful dead: *Requiescat in pace.* But if I said all those fine things, it would not be true, for the only mourners that followed the corpse to the grave were aunt Kate and little Miriam, and Phil. Dwyer, and his cousin Barney Coyne, and their respective wives. Yet I think I would much sooner have a few

real friends, who would feel real grief for me, follow me to my last rest, than a laughing, chatterimg crowd of nondescripts who did not care a fig for me. I know I would rather have humble Phil. Dwyer's prayer for my soul than pompous professor Julius Cæsar Dustman's high-sounding inscription, which is flattering to every thing, except the gentleman's grammar.

There is no feeling so poignant as that which pierces the orphan's heart when he or she turns away from the grave of a mother. Although the father is loved and venerated, still he did not make his arms the place of rest of infancy; he was not the constant guardian and companion, as it were, of the little one; his love, though deep, is not so expressive, nor does it display itself in those thousand little charms that make the child's existence a pleasure. The father is away, battling with the world for his family's subsistence. This is his noble duty; but the glorious prerogative of the mother is to be the confidant of all the joys and sorrows that make up child-life: to be a guide and example for the innocent ones that God has intrusted to her care. When the father dies, a protector is gone; when the mother is taken away, the tendrils of the heart are rudely snapped asunder and a sorrow commences that only ends with death.

Little Miriam returned sobbing to her home,—a home, alas, no longer, for that which makes a home was gone. Aunt Kate used every means to divert the child's mind from her great grief, but in vain, so at last she let her have her way.

From the day of her mother's death, little Miriam grew more and more pious. She went to holy Mass every morning, and received weekly. The first in

church and the last to leave it, her fervor became a matter of conversation amongst the pious people that witnessed it. There was one spot she loved most of all: it was the altar of the blessed Virgin. She had taken Mary to be her mother an earth as well as in heaven. All her troubles and doubts and fears she poured into that tender heart, and never arose from her knees without feeling that her prayers were heard. Her prayers were real prayers, dear children,—offered with confidence and from the heart, —not that miiserable routine that some little people are guilty of, I'm afraid.

So month succeeded month, year crept into year, until little Miriam counted eight years from her dear mother's burial. But, dear me! we must not call her "little" any more. She is now sixteen, and strong and robust. She did not grow pensive and sentimental under her sorrow, for she was a true Christian.

One day she went to aunt Kate upon very important business. She tried to look unconcerned; yet she had prepared herself for the task by long and fervent prayer, and by approaching the holy communion. Now, what this business was I shall tell you in the next chapter.

HABITS—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountains, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the whole edifice of truth and virtue.

The pale patient lips opened only for words of prayer and kindness; the sad eyes looked only love and pity and forgiveness; the red rough hands were always busy with willing service, and his heart was so full of all good thoughts, evil could find no place to enter. Ah! if Bertha and Jacob could have seen him as his guardian angel saw him, they would have known how beautiful the little orphan boy was growing. His young, pure heart was always beating to holy, grateful thoughts. He was so often alone, poor boy, and so innocent, that his mind was full of thoughts which his mother had placed there by her pious talk to him of Jesus and Mary and the angels.

Little Paul looked long at the sunset, then drew from his bosom a picture of the dear Child Jesus in the arms of His beautiful Mother; he pressed it to his heart and lips, and thought as he looked lovingly at it, "How beautiful they are! Dear, good Father John gave it to me the day he died, when Bertha let me go to his cottage with the blue violets I had gathered for the altar of the blessed Virgin. Dear, good Father John! he talked to me se long that evening of the dear Child Jesus, and how He loved us, and came on earth and died for us. He gave me this picture and my rosebush, and told me the first flower that bloomed I must give to the dear little Child Jesus. When he had given me his blessing, he stood a long time looking at the sky where it was all red, as it is now; his lips moved as if he was praying, but he didn't say a word; and his eyes were full of tears. I should have thought he was sad, only he looked happy too,—and so holy, like the pictures of the Saints in the church. I wonder why Bertha and Jacob never talk to me about the dear Jesus, the blessed Virgin, and heaven?

It must be because they are so poor and have to work so hard! They have no time. If I should go away, there would be one less to work for, and perhaps they would have time to think of our dear Lord. I wonder if I could go! My mother used to talk to me of heaven and its beautiful gate; it was so long ago I almost forget what it was like, but that must be the gate over there—all that red and gold; God lets us see it a little while that we may not miss the way. How good He is!"

"To-morrow will be Christmas, and my rose will blossom for the first time. I thought to take it to the priest, and ask him to put it by the crib of the dear little Child Jesus; but I will take it to-night, and go and knock at the beautiful gate; I kill lay my rose at the feet of Jesus. I will tell Him I am a poor little boy, and have nothing else to give Him, but that I love Him so well I could not stay any longer, and beg Him to let me live with Him forever."

Busy with these thoughts he picked up the faggots and hurried home. There was no one in the little kitchen when he entered, and he laid the faggots down on the hearth, carefully placing on one side the fragrant boughs of evergreen he had gathered to make the bare room look a little like Christmas; he smiled as he looked around, and saw the fat goose all ready for roasting on the morrow, and thought that the hungry children, who so seldom had a good dinner, would have his share too. Then as he went to his rose and gently broke the stem, his busy little mind was still full of loving, grateful thoughts. "Bertha loved good Father John, and she has been so kind she always gives my rose the warmest corner of the hearth at night for fear the frost will hurt it. I will only take

the flowers; the bush will blossom again for her."

He placed the half-opened buds carefully under his poor torn jacket, and stole softly out. At the gate he paused, and, taking out his little picture, said to himself: "I shall not need it in heaven: I shall see the dear Child Jesus and the blessed Virgin all the time; and poor sick Mary always smiles in her dreaming if she falls asleep with her cheek resting on it; I will leave it with her." So he went back, and giving a last loving look at the beautiful picture, he pressed it to his lips, and laid it on the pillow of the sleeping girl, with a murmured prayer.

Little Paul walked on and on over the lonely country road; the sunset radiance grew dim, then faded quite away, but he did not pause; he walked on steadily, praying: "Dear blessed Virgin, please send my guardian angel to hold my hand fast, and lead me to the beautiful gate." The snow-flakes commenced to fall, slowly at first, then faster, until road and tree and rock were all alike covered with a mantle of pure white. The little weary feet moved slowly now;—at last they could go no farther.

Little Paul sank down by the side of a snow-covered rock. "I did not think it was so far; I'm tired, and so sleepy. I'll say my prayers, and when it is morning I will go on to the beautiful gate." He said the prayers he had learned at his mother's knee,—"Our Father" and "Hail Mary," Acts of Contrition, Faith, Hope and Charity;" and all the time the sweet voice grew fainter, and the words dropped slower from the cold white lips.

As he ceased it seemed to him that he heard his name, "Paul, little Paul," so clear, so sweet, sweeter than the music in the church on Sunday. He lifted

his heavy eyes, and a look of rapture broke over the pale sad face, softer and brighter than the dawn of a May-day morning; a heavenly glory shone all around; white-robed forms with glittering crowns on their brows, and golden harps in their hands, floated nearer, their tender faces beaming with love. Some that he knew,—his mother, good Father John. Little Paul felt them near; he did not see them—for bending over him were the faces of his picture, only lovelier, holier than he had ever even dreamed. Little Paul drew forth his rose-buds, and as he laid them reverently at the feet of the Child Jesus, they burst into glorious blossoms; louder and clearer swelled the sweet notes of the glad song of welcome; the Child Jesus lifted the roses, and placed on little Paul's brow a crown of softly shining stars, and the blessed Virgin laid a lily on his breast.

Next morning they found the body of little Paul cold and pale, with a smile of holy joy on his lips. Tenderly they lifted him, and on his breast, untouched by frost, bloomed a lily, purer, whiter and sweeter than any earthly flower.

OH, COME TO THE CRIB.

Oh! come to the Crib of sweet Jesus,
Come, come at this glad Christmas time,
Choice graces, best gifts of the season,
He's bestowing on every good child.

But bring to Him hearts that are loving,
For He trembles, the air is so chill,
Yes, He seeks in your warm hearts a dwelling,
And your souls with pure joys He will fill.

Yes, yes, we have come, dearest Infant,
Pure little hearts burning with love,
In their warm depths Thou'lt ever find shelter,
Till we dwell with Thee, one day, above.

Each day we shall try to be like Thee,
Sweet little Babe, gentle and good,
We will shun sin, so wicked and frightful,
And all that is naughty and rude.

I am fading from you, but one draweth near;
Called the Angel Guardian of the coming year.

If my gifts and graces coldly you forget,
Let the New Year's Angel bless and crown them yet.

For we work together; he and I are one;
Let him end and perfect all I have undone.

I have brought good desires, though as yet but seeds;
Let the New Year make them blossom into deeds.

I brought joy to brighten many happy days;
Let the New Year's Angel turn it into praise.

If I gave you sickness, if I brought you care;
Let him make one patience and the other prayer.

When I brought you sorrow, through his care, at
It may rise triumphant into future strength. [length,

If I brought you plenty, all wealth's bounteous charms,
Shall not the new Angel turn them into alms?

I gave health and leisure; still to dream and plan,
Let him make them nobler—work for God and man.

If I broke your idols, showed you they were dust;
Let him turn the knowledge into heavenly trust.

If I brought temptation; let sin die away
Into boundless pity for all hearts that stray.

If your list of errors dark and long appear;
Let this new monarch melt them into tears.

May you hold this Angel dearer than the last,—
So I bless his future, while he crowns my past.

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VI.—HOLY ORDER.

THE Sacrament of Holy Order is that by which the priests and bishops are ordained, and by which they receive special grace to discharge well the duties of their sacred calling. This sacrament was instituted by our Divine Lord at the Last Supper, when he said to his Apostles, after having consecrated the bread and the chalice, "do this for a commemoration of me:" and after his resurrection he confirmed it with a new power, when breathing on them, he said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained," as we read in the twentieth chapter of St. John.

The different orders, or the different degrees of Holy Order, are commonly reckoned seven, namely: *porter*, *lector*, *exorcist*, *acolyth*, *subdeacon*, *deacon*, *and priest*. If we reckon the episcopacy or bishop, we have eight degrees or orders; but it is not commonly named with the rest; because it is an eminent degree which surpasses them all, as being the source from which they all emanate and centre, just as in a kingdom, the king is not reckoned among the officers who govern under him, because his power is transcendant and runs though all the magistrates of the kingdom. Four of these degrees, namely: *porter*, *lector*, *exorcist*, and *acolyth*, are called *Minor Orders*, and are always the first received.

The functions of each office may be thus briefly enumerated. The degree of porter, empowers the persons to take care of the church, and to admit none but the faithful into it. The lector reads the lessons, prophecies, &c. The subdeacon offers the sacred

vessels to the priest, reads the epistle, &c. The deacon assists the priest at mass, and reads the gospel; and lastly, the functions of the priest are to celebrate mass and consecrate the sacred host; to hear confessions and forgive sins; to administer the sacraments and to preach the word of God.

The office of the priest is a high and holy calling, and children should accustom themselves from their early days to look upon it with the utmost reverence and respect. The priest is the minister of God, and when he speaks to them, they should listen to him as if they heard the voice of God Himself. And if it should happen that any of our young readers should aspire to that sacred office, and we hope that many of them may aspire to it, we will here state the dispositions they should have in looking forward to so high a position.

First: they should have an ardent desire to consecrate their lives to the service of the altar, purely for the love of God without being influenced by worldly, or selfish motives; secondly: their lives should be virtuous and exemplary; and lastly, they should have learning and knowledge sufficient to instruct and guide others according to the laws of God and His Church. To the minister of the Church our Lord addresses these words: "You are the light of the world, —let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father, who is in heaven."

Let our young readers acquire those virtues, and that requisite degree of knowledge, so that, if they should be called to that holy state, they may enter into it with all the dispositions necessary to secure the faithful discharge of its sacred duties.

ANIMALS BY TRANSPOSITION.

(5) Sorechinor. (6) Yekmno. (7) Figfear. (8) Quilserr. (9) Rapdole. (10) Bibtar. Adele.

CRYPTOGRAPH BY INVERSION.

(11) Ronoh yht rehtaf dna yht rehtom.

CONUNDRUMS.

(12) What part of Naples is in Rome? Mary Jane.

(13) Why are words like moments?

(14) What do men lose, yet never advertize?

(15) What is that which can neither be mended nor replaced when it is lost or broken? B. P.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Most Rev. Archbp. Elder; Rev. Sisters of Notre Dame of Cincinnati; Mrs. L Giard; Misses J McKasky, K Waltz, A Hyde, M Bassen & K Palmer; Messrs J Kavanagh, O O'Connor, C Martin, W Heffering, A Palmer & J P Judson Jr.; to all of whom we return our sincere thanks.

XXV. The Lord's Prayer in Seneca.

Gwahnih gaoyah gehshoh chihdyoh dayesaahsaonyook henisahsanandogahdih; idweh niis ne saiwahgeh ne dwanohdo osha gwen ni yuh; neh kuh niis heni di sanigoohdaah nehhuh niyawah neyo anjahgeh naeh henidyuhdaah ne gaoyahgeh. Dagyoh naga wanishadeh nahdewanishage nogwaahgwah; neh, kuh, neh dondagwai wahsagwus nogwai wanehakshah naeh niih hede jakhiwahsagwahseh nokhiwanehagih; sanoh kuh nehhuh hasgwaah hadyogwah nigodaguh. Amen.

(READ THIS.) This month we commence dropping off from our lists some of our delinquent subcribers. The work of lopping off will continue untill all have disappeared. Please take notice.

A little girl seven years old, named Cecilia, who had assisted at some of the sermons of a mission, heard the preacher say: "I can assure all those who will say from their hearts three times the following little prayer, that they will gain the indulgences of the mission: 'O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee.' "

When she came home, Cecilia, who knew that her father was not as good a Christian as her mother, took her medal to him and said: "Look, papa: here is a medal that the Sisters have given me for good lessons; will you read what is on it for me?"

The father read: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

"Thank you, papa."

In a little while Cecilia returned to her father's room, saying: "Papa, will you please repeat the prayer on the medal to me once more?"

"Well, dear, I will do so to satisfy you," and he repeated the words.

Cecilia having thanked him, went away, puzzled to find out how she could coax her father to say the prayer for the third time. Next day she went to him again, and he asked her how often she was going to be running in and out.

"I want to ask a favor of you, papa. I want to have this prayer so that I can put it in my book. Will you not write it for me plainly? and as you are writing it you can say all the words loud, so that I may remember them."

To rid himself of her importunities, he sat down to write the words, repeating them as he wrote; when he had finished, Cecilia threw her arms around his neck with a delicious little laugh, saying to him: "I

am so glad, papa!' The missionary Father said in his sermon that whoever repeated that prayer three times would gain the graces of the mission; you have said it three times, and so have gained them."

The father was touched almost to tears, and made no answer, but he began to think seriously; and with the help of God's grace, on the last day of the mission he received Holy Communion with his wife; whilst the little angel, who in her simplicity had been the means of leading him into the right way, looked on with joyful heart and prayed.

* * *

CHILDREN, READ THIS.

In view of the sacrifices made by the mother in behalf of her children, how pitiful to see the unfeeling, unkind returns too frequently made! A son should under no provocation whatever, suffer himself to present to his mother a countenance wreathed otherwise than with the smile of affection, or address her with any other than the kind words of love. He should let his right hand forget its cunning rather than to do the smallest unseemly act towards her, and his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth before it addresses an unkind word to the ear of her who has felt so many anxieties in his behalf.

Young man! thy mother is thy best earthly friend. The world may forget thee—thy mother never; the world may wilfully do thee many wrongs—thy mother never; the world may persecute thee while living, and when dead plant the ivy and the night-shade of slander on thy grassless grave—but thy mother will love and cherish thee while living, and, if she survive thee, will weep for thee when dead, such tears as none but a mother knows how to weep. Love thy Mother!

APRIL 29.

ST. PETER MARTYR.

IN 1205 the glorious martyr Peter was born at Verona of heretical parents. He went to a Catholic school, and his Manichean uncle asked what he learnt. "The Creed," answered Peter; "I believe in God, Creator of heaven and earth." No persuasion could shake his faith, and at fifteen he received the habit from St. Dominic himself at Bologna. After ordination he preached to the heretics of Lombardy, and converted multitudes. Once when exhorting a vast crowd under the burning sun, the heretics defied him to procure shade. He prayed, and a cloud overshadowed the audience. In spite of his sanctity, he was foully slandered and even punished for immorality. He submitted humbly, but complained in prayer to Jesus crucified. The crucifix spoke, "And I, Peter, what did I do?" Every day as he elevated at Mass the Precious Blood, he prayed, "Grant, Lord, that I may die for Thee, who for me didst die." His prayer was answered. The heretics, confounded by him, sought his life. Two of them attacked him as he was returning to Milan, and struck his head with an ax. St. Peter fell, commended himself to God, dipped his finger in his own blood, and wrote on the ground, "I believe in God, Creator of heaven and earth." They then stabbed him in the side, and he received his crown.

BOLD PROFESSION OF THE FAITH.

From a boy St. Peter boldly professed his faith amongst heretics. He spent his life in preaching the Faith to heretics. We are surrounded by heretics. Are we courageous, firm, zealous, full of prayer for their conversion, unflinching in our profession of faith?

"So clear is my knowledge of the mysteries and so firm my conviction of the truths of the Faith, that it seems to me more like sight than faith. The very name Faith fills me with abundant sweetness."—*St. Peter Martyr*.

St. Peter was constantly obliged to dispute with heretics.

and although he was able to confound them, still the devil took occasion thence to tempt him once against faith. Instantly he had recourse to prayer before an image of our Lady, and heard a voice saying to him the words of Jesus Christ in the Gospel, "I have prayed for thee, Peter, that thy faith may not fail; and thou shalt confirm thy brethren in it."

"For with the heart we believe unto justice, but with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."—Rom. x. 10.

APRIL 30.

ST. CATHARINE OF SIENA.

CATHARINE, the daughter of a humble tradesman, was raised up to be the guide and guardian of the Church in one of the darkest periods of its history, the fourteenth century. As a child, prayer was her delight. She would say the "Hail Mary" on each step as she mounted the stairs, and was granted in reward a vision of Christ in glory. When but seven years old, she made a vow of virginity, and afterwards endured bitter persecution for refusing to marry. Our Lord gave her His heart in exchange for her own, communicated her with His own hands, and stamped on her body the print of His wounds. At the age of fifteen she entered the Third Order of St. Dominic, but continued to reside in her father's house, where she united a life of active charity with the prayer of a contemplative saint. From this obscure home the seraphic virgin was summoned to defend the Church's cause. Armed with Papal authority and accompanied by three confessors, she traveled through Italy, reducing rebellious cities to the obedience of the holy See, and winning hardened souls to God. In the face well-nigh of the whole world she sought out Pope Gregory XI. at Avignon, brought him back to Rome, and by her letters to the kings and queens of Europe made good the Papal cause. She was the counsellor of Urban VI., and sternly rebuked the disloyal cardinals who had

part in electing an anti-Pope. She died at Rome at the age of thirty-three, A. D. 1380.

DEVOTION TO THE CHURCH.

The seraphic St. Catharine willingly sacrificed the delights of contemplation to labor for the Church and the Apostolic See. How deeply do the troubles of the Church and the consequent loss of souls afflict us? How often do we pray for the Church and the Pope?

"O Lord, let all the parts of my body, all my bones, all the marrow within my bones, be beaten and pounded together in a mortar, only restore Thy holy Church to her comeliness and beauty."—*St. Catharine.*

Long had the holy virgin foretold the terrible schism which began ere she died. Day and night she wept and prayed for unity and peace. But the devil excited the Roman people against the Pope, so that some sought the life of Christ's Vicar. With intense earnestness did St. Catharine beg our Lord to prevent this enormous crime. In spirit she saw the whole city full of demons tempting the people to resist and even slay the Pope. The seditious temper was subdued by Catharine's prayers; but the devils vented their malice in scourging the Saint herself, who gladly endured all for God and His Church.

"Christ loved the Church, and delivered Himself up for it."—Ephes. v. 25.

MAY 1.

STS. PHILIP AND JAMES, APOSTLES.

PHILIP was one of the first chosen disciples of Christ. On the way from Judea in Galilee our Lord found Philip and said, "Follow me." Philip straightway obeyed; and then in his zeal and charity sought to win Nathaniel also, saying, "We have found Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth;" and when Nathaniel in wonder asked, "Can any good come out of Nazareth!" Philip simply answered, "Come and see," and brought him to Jesus. Another characteristic saying of this Apostle is preserved for us by

St. John. Christ in His last discourse had spoken of His Father; and Philip exclaimed in the fervor of his thirst for God. "Lord, show us the Father, and it is enough."

St. James the Less, the author of an inspired Epistle, was also one of the Twelve. St. Paul tells us that he was favored by a special apparition of Christ after the Resurrection. On the dispersion of the Apostles among the nations St. James was left as bishop of Jerusalem; and even the Jews held in such high veneration his purity, mortification, and prayer, that they named him the Just. He sat beside St. Peter and St. Paul at the Council of Jerusalem; and when St. Paul, at a later time, escaped the fury of the Jews by appealing to Cæsar, the people took vengeance on James, and crying, "The just one hath erred," stoned him to death.

SIMPLICITY AND PURITY.

The Church commemorates on the same day Sts. Philip and James, whose bodies lie side by side at Rome. They represent to us two aspects of Christian holiness. The first preaches faith, the second works; the one holy aspirations, the other purity of heart.

"With two wings a man is lifted up above earthly things; that is with simplicity and purity. Simplicity must be in the intention, purity in the affections. Simplicity aims at God; purity takes hold of Him and tastes Him.—*Imitation.*

The earliest of Church historians has handed down many traditions of St. James' sanctity. He was always a virgin, says Hegesippus, and consecrated to God. He drank no wine, wore no sandals on his feet, and but a single garment on his body. He prostrated himself so much in prayer that the skin of his knees were hardened like a camel's hoof. The Jews, it is said, used out of respect to touch the hem of his garment. He was indeed a living proof of his own words. "The wisdom that is from above first indeed is chaste, then peaceable, modest, full of mercy and good fruits."

"Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you."—St. James, iv. 8.



"PROVE IT BY MOTHER,"

WHILE taking a sleigh ride along the street one day, a little boy six or seven years of age asked me, "Please, sir, may I ride?" I answered, "Yes, if you are a good boy."

He climbed into the sleigh; and when I again asked, "Are you a good boy?" he looked up pleasantly and said, "Yes, sir, I hope, I am."

—"Can you prove it?"—"Yes, sir."—"By whom?"—"Why, by my mother," said he promptly.

I thought to myself, "Here is a lesson for boys and girls." When children feel and know that mother not only loves them, but has confidence in them, and can prove their obedience, truthfulness and honesty by her, they are pretty safe. That boy will be the joy of his mother while she lives. She can trust him out of sight, feeling that he will not run into evil. I do not think he will go into the saloon, the theatre or the gambling-house. Children who have praying mothers, and mothers who have children whom they can trust, are blessed indeed. Boys and girls, can you "prove by mother" that you are good?

*
* *

Be in time for every call;
If you can, be first of all.
If your teachers only find
You are never once behind,
But are like the dial, true,
They will always trust to you.
Be in time! OH, BE IN TIME!!

BULLETIN

ROLL OF HONOR

— OF THE —

TULALIP INDIAN SCHOOLS.

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" 25 to 49	"	40	"	"	"	"
" 50 to 99	"	35	"	"	"	"
" 100 and upwards,		25	"	"	"	"

All subscriptions strictly payable in advance, as I am entirely dependent on the subscription price for commencing and carrying on this work to help my poor missions.

Remit by registered letter or by money order. Fractions of $1 may be sent in postage stamps. and money orders to be made payable to the Seattle, W. T. Post Office. All communication and correspondence to be addressed to

(Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co,. W. T.

KIND WORDS FROM MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP ELDER.

Cathedral, Cincinnati, O., Dec'r 1st. 1883.

Rev'd. dear Fr. Boulet.

* * * * * I congratulate you on your successful labors. Your little monthly is a clear evidence of what you and the good Sisters are doing for the Indians, and what the Indians are doing themselves.

It is a very interesting paper. and very prettily executed. I wish it a wide circulation. I give to all engaged in it my blessing; and I beg your prayers.

Your faithful servant in Christ,

✠ WILLIAM HENRY ELDER.
Archbp. Elect of Cincinnati.

[The above kind expressions. coming to us as they do, unasked, are doubly valuable. They lighten the onerous self-imposed burden we assumed in commencing the publication of the Youth's Companion. and give us encouragement for the future. Cincinnati. emulating the zeal of her generous Archbishop, now leads the country with a list of over 150 monthly subscriptions. and we need not add that our gratitude extends to both Pastor and flock.]

50 cents pay for the Youth's Companion for a year.

ADDRESS WELCOMING

U. S. INSPECTOR BEDE TO TULALIP.

Respected Sir.

In simple words we bid you a genuine, cordial welcome to our Tulalip home. Here on the outskirts of civilization, we can appreciate such a favor as the honor of your visit. And how could it be otherwise? since for our sakes, you undertook a long and tedious journey across our broad continent, for the sole purpose of seeing that the poor children of the forest are cared for and educated.

For this we beg leave to express our grateful thanks; not however in the studied eloquence of wiser heads, but with all the simplicity and sincerity of childhood. When you return to Washington, kindly bear to our great Ruler, that we, his children, are truly thankful for his thoughtful care and solicitude for our happiness.

Once more then, kind Friend, we bid you welcome; welcome to our Agency, welcome to our Schools, and finally to each and every department of our home—WELCOME!

WALTER WALE,
In the name of the Tulalip School boys.

Tulalip, Dec'r 10th, 1883.

Rev'd. dear Father Chirouse.

We have been waiting for a long time to hear some of your nice, and interesting stories, but we don't know the reason why you do not come to rejoice us any more. We think that you are sick as we already learned that your health was very poor. We are praying earnestly the little Infant Jesus to grant you all your wishes; if He hears our suplications you will surely get so well that you will be able to come and see your dear old friends, Rev. Father Boulet, and the little Indians of Tulalip school. How glad we would be to see you, for you seem to love the Indians so much, that it makes us desire your presence among us.

All the girls join me, dear Father, to wish you a merry, merry Christmas, and a happy New Year.

Yours respectfully. Johanna Seibert.

St. Ignatius Mission, Flathead Reservation, Nov. 1883.

To the Girls of Tulalip.—Dear Friends.

I am indeed much pleased to have a chance to write you a few lines in answer to the letter so kindly written to us by Louisa Ling. We were very sorry to see the account of the death of your little companion. We have prayed for her, and will continue to do so especially during this month dedicated to the souls of purgatory, although we hope that she already enjoys God's company, as she was so young and so good.

A few days ago we had the happiness of receiving the visit of Rev. Father Cataldo. He stayed here a few days during which he received some of the girls into the sodalities of the Guardian Angels and the Holy Infant Jesus. We had on that occasion a beautiful little feast. Our little chapel was magnificently decorated and every thing looked more lovely on that day, perhaps on account of our happiness; the singing was so nice that we almost thought we were in heaven. Now we have only to be faithful to our promises, but it is not the easiest; please pray for us that we may be faithful to our resolutions.

We had the visit of another missionary who spoke to us about the Blackfeet. They are so poor and miserable that many die with hunger. They have a great desire to have Sisters, who would teach their children the way to heaven, and bring them up like white children; but it is impossible now. Let us ask God to come to their help.

We are now fifty-six girls in school, all enjoying good health. I will now close my letter by asking a remembrance in your prayers. Yours affectionately,

Cecile, Child of Mary.

Mrs. Genau, No. 451 Washington St. between 4th & 5th, N. W., and also the Rev. Sisters of St. Mary's School, Cor. of 5th and Washington Streets, Washington, D. C., have the Youth's Companion for sale.

THIS IS THE BEST TIME TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

As many of our friends have not yet complied with our request with regard to sending us a new subscriber as a Christmas-box, we would state that the time has been extended another month; better late &c.

☞ A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the Youth's Companion, will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

REGULAR EXCHANGES:

THE CATHOLIC MIRROR,

The Catholic family paper *par excellence* in America, is published in Baltimore, Md., by John B. Piet & Co., at $3 in advance, with a valuable book as a premium.

THE WASHINGTON CATHOLIC,

An interesting weekly family newspaper, is published in Washington, D. C., by Henry M. Beadle. It was lately enlarged and its price reduced to $2.00 a year.

THE HOLY FAMILY,

A neat monthly periodical devoted to choice Catholic reading for families and schools, is published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York, at $1.00 a year.

LE MESSAGER,

The only Catholic French weekly newspaper in Maine, is published in Lewiston, Me. by J. D. Montmarquet, at $1.50 a year. Its motto is "Religion & Nationality."

THE LITTLE CRUSADER,

A marvel of cheapness, is published weekly by P. E. Murphy of Columbus, Ohio, at 25 cents per annum.

THE ARCHANGEL,

A neat literary monthly published by the students of St. Michael's College, Portland, Ogn., at 50 cts. a year.

SEMI-OCCASIONALS:

The Catholic Universe of Cleveland, Ohio.
Good Literature of New York, &c.

THE YOUTH'S

COMPANION:

A juvenile monthly Magazine published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian Missions; and set to type, printed and in part written by the pupils of the Tulalip, Wash. Ty. Indian Industrial Boarding Schools, under the control of the Sisters of Charity.

Approved by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

[*Entered at the Tulalip Post Office as second class mail matter.*]

Vol. III. FEBRUARY, 1884. No. 33.

CALENDAR.

2—Purification of the B. V. Mary, or Candlemas day.
3—4th. Sunday after Epiphany. Epistle, Romans, xiii. 8–10; Gospel, St. Matthew, viii. 23–27.
10—Septuagesima Sunday. Epistle, 1 Corinthians, ix. 24–x. 5; Gospel, St. Matthew, xx. 1–16.
17—Sexagesima Sunday. Epistle, 2 Corinthians, xi. 19–xii. 9; Gospel, St. Luke, viii. 4–15.
24—Quinquagesima Sunday. Epist. 1 Corinthians, xiii. 1–13; Gospel, St. Luke, xviii, 31–43.
25—Feast of St. Mathias, the Apostle
27—Ash Wednesday. Every day during Lent is a fast day of obligation, except Sundays.

WHO DIED UPON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF DUTY.

AMONG the priests attached to the church of St. Paul and St. Louis in Paris, was a Spanish priest, remarkable for his tall stature, his fine black hair, and his dark and grave countenance.

From his military walk, it was easy to guess that this priest had once wielded the sword, and people listened with surprise to the history of the brave cavalry officer who had fought gallantly upon many a battle-field against the enemies of his country and his king, and who finally laid down the sword for the cross. This priest was Father Capella.

After spending some years at Sts. Paul and Louis, where he won the esteem and veneration of everybody, Father Capella was appointed to a little parish in the outskirts of Paris. Here he was greatly venerated by his good and simple parishioners, who were nearly all gardeners. His goodness and his military frankness overcame all prejudices and even all antipathies, and the good he did there during his too short stay was incalculable.

He was suddenly taken dangerously ill. On the very eve of his death, the last Sacraments had already been administered to him, and he was wrapped up in his thanksgiving, offering to God his last sufferings and his agony, which was about commencing. At this moment a woman came suddenly into his room, and going to his bedside said to him:

"Father, Q.——whom you know well, is very sick; we are very uneasy about him, because he won't allow a priest to go near him; and when Father B.—— came to see him, he turned his back upon him and would not listen to him."

"What a pity! such a good fellow," said Father Capella with sorrow. "Ah, if I was not dying myself.... perhaps he might not have received me...."

"Ah! Father, he thinks too much of you, and venerates you too much for that! But alas...."

She did not finish the sentence. A sublime idea gleamed upon the soul of the priest; raising himself up in his bed, and joining his hands together he said:

"My God! grant me only a little strength," and after a moment of recollection, he turned suddenly to those near him, and said: "Dress me!"

Overcome with surprise, no one ventured to move. Stupefied, they listened to that expiring voice, which had regained its tone of command, to do an impossible thing, and they began to think he had become delirious.

"Dress me!" he repeated, in a voice not to be disregarded.

A smothered exclamation broke from every one present.

But the dying man, whose remnant of life had centered in his unshaken will, held out his trembing arms and his already motionless limbs, and as if by some sort of electric impulse, his attendants silently proceeded to dress that body that seemed to call back its life that it might save a soul.

"Now carry me to the sick man," said the priest.

"Ah! my God! he will die on the way," they all cried in despair.

He, without heeding what was said or done around his bed, absorbed in his own fixed, heroic idea, directed the necessary things for the administration of the Sacraments to be brought him. When all was ready he said: "Let us be off and be quick about it.

With unspeakable emotion his attendants took up that body which all along the road swayed from one side to the other at every step they took. Neither a cry nor a murmur ever escaped him during all that long journey. With his head resting upon his breast, he prayed silently.

On reaching the bedside of the dying man, he said to him: "My friend, we are both about to appear before God. . . . Shall we make the journey together? . . . I have come to assist you . . . and to bring you the helps of this last hour."

An indiscribable cry escaped from the sick man, and unable to utter a word, he seized the hand of the priest, and lifted it to his lips with a gesture of admiration.

"My friend," continued the priest, "our time is short . . . . trust yourself to me . . . . you won't refuse to make your confession, will you?"

The sick man overcome by such heroism burst into tears.

"Oh! yes, I will make my confession to you," he exclaimed. A heavenly smile broke over the pale face of the priest. He made a sign to clear the room, and the dying men were left alone together.

A few minutes later, the priest made a last effort to raise his hand over the head of the forgiven one, and the words of absolution fell like dew upon that resuscitated soul.

The priest called.—"Extreme Unction!" he said. The necessary things were brought him for administering this Sacrament. "Lift my arm and guide my hand," said he to his attendant. And his dying hand, already cold, glided in a last blessing over the limbs of the sick man, who seemed to revive under the icy touch, and the holy unctions.

When the holy task was over, the priest pressed the heavy head he had just anointed towards him, and in a soothing tone said to him in a low voice: "Good-bye, my friend!" Then turning to his assistants: "Take me home," said he in a scarcely audible voice. A moment later he added: "Now, Lord, let thy servant die in peace."

His heavy head now dropped upon his breast, his weary arms hung listlessly by his side, his eyes closed, and along that weary journey home no one would have thought him alive, were it not for the movement of his lips in prayer. At last his home was reached, he was laid upon his bed, and in a few minutes more he was dead.

CHAPTER III.

I must tell you a little about aunt Kate before I speak of the important business just referred to. A better or more sterling Catholic you could not find than aunt Kate, but—(oh, that hateful *but*)—she had not that exquisite sense of spiritual things that is continually filling the cloister and monastery. She looked upon religious as beings to be venerated—as persons at an awful hight above herself. She admired them just as you would admire the stars,—something very beautiful, yet unapproachable. But, with all this respect and esteem, it never entered her mind that what was possible for one was very possible for another. Hence, when any one spoke to her about such matters, or asked her advice, if they felt inclined to leave the world, poor aunt Kate would be quite shocked at their audacity. She narrowed down the marks of vocation to such an impossible degree; she expanded the obligation of a religious life so awfully, that the poor friend would depart disconsolately, half sorry for having gone to aunt Kate at all. I am afraid she had not meditated on the beautiful rebuke Jesus gave to a holy woman in the sacred Text.

"Now it came to pass as they went, that He entered into a certain town; and a certain woman, named Martha, received Him into her house.

"And she had a sister called Mary, who, sitting also at the Lord's feet, heard His word.

"But Martha was busy about much serving. Who stood and said: Lord, hast Thou no care that my sister hath left me alone to serve? speak to her therefore, that she help me.

"And the Lord answering, said to her: Martha, Martha, thou art careful, and art troubled about many things.

"But one thing is necessary. Mary hath chosen the best part, which shall not be taken away from her." (St. Luke, x. 38-42.)

Here she would have seen Infinite Truth give the preference to the monastery and cloister. But, after all, aunt Kate's intentions were excellent, and you know that purifies many a strange act and word.

"Aunt Kate," commenced Miriam, "I want to speak to you about something very important. Aunt Kate, I want to be a Sister of Charity." There, it was out at once, and she felt relieved.

"A what?" exclaimed the astounded aunt.

"Yes, indeed, dear aunt, a Sister of Charity," repeated Miriam, looking somewhat frightened.

"Miriam, my dear, answer me this," said aunt Kate solemnly; "have you felt any queer lightness in the head lately?"

"No, dear aunt, I have not," answered Miriam; rather at a loss to comprehend the drift of the question.

"Nor any dull pains about the eye-brows," continued aunt Kate.

"No, aunt Kate," replied Miriam, more astonished than ever.

"Perhaps you have felt a cold shivering in the back, and great restlessness at night," persisted her aunt, graver than ever.

"Why, aunt, what makes you ask me such funny questions?" asked Miriam, trying to suppress a laugh.

"It can't be insanity, for she denies that her head is affected, nor is it fever, for she has not the shivering, and says she sleeps well." As aunt Kate said

this to herself, completely ignoring the question that had been put to her by her niece, Miriam began to suspect that if there were any madness or fear in the case, aunt Kate was the victim.

"Perhaps you did not hear what I said, aunt Kate," said Miriam, at last.

"Yes, yes child, I heard you very well," replied her aunt; "now, Miriam, let me put this question to you: do you pretend to possess sufficient perfection to be a Sister of Charity?"

"Why, aunt, I cannot say I understand your question. It is to aim at perfection that I wish to enter religion;—I know I possess very little virtue, and 'tis for this very reason that I wish to leave the world," said Miriam.

"Miriam, my child, will you tell me who put this idea into your head?" asked aunt Kate, abruptly.

"I don't know, aunt; for a long time I have felt more and more disgusted with the world. I want to go to some place where I can serve God, free from the distractions of this life. Every time I read about the Sisters of Charity I feel a great desire to enter into their blessed company. O aunt Kate, is it not a beautiful thing to serve God in His suffering members,—to live and die for charity? How easy it will be for the Sisters of Charity to answer Jesus at the awful Judgment when He asks, if they clothed Him, if they gave Him to eat and drink, if they visited I im sick and in prison?"

Miriam clasped her hands and cast her eyes with pious enthusiasm toward heaven.

Aunt Kate, seeing her determination, resolved to attack Miriam in her self-love. This was her hobby. —this was the crucible in which she tried vocations.

"It's all very well, my dear to allow yourself to be enchanted by appearance; but remember, appearances are deceitful. How would you like to sleep a couple of hours a week? How would you like to live on bread and water? How would you like to watch all night beside the deadly bed of a cholera or fever or small-pox-stricken patient? How would you like to witness the death of some horrible bad man, shrieking and howling, amid his agony, the most shocking blasphemies? Answer me, Miriam, how would you like all this?" Aunt Kate looked triumphant.

"Indeed, dear aunt," answered Miriam calmly, "all you have said is very awful I know; but do you not think there may be some exaggeration in your picture?"

"It's worse than I have painted it," responded aunt Kate in a sepulchral voice.

Just as she spoke, a rap was heard at the door, and who should walk in but Father O'Brien!

Aunt Kate commenced a mournful homily touching the want of consideration in young people. She did not fail to refer to that blessed time when she herself was young. "The young were young in my days," &c. All old people have this habit. Innocent souls, they do not perceive that it is merely the predilection of the heart for the happy days of youth. Nor did the afflicted lady fail to lay the whole matter before the good priest.

"In Rome, Miss Kate," said the priest, "whenever a saint is to be canonized, there is a person appointed to search for and expose every thing that can be brought against the cause. He is called familiarly the 'devil's advocate.' Now, do you not think there

are many 'devil's advocates' in the world beside that worthy officer? Why will you oppose the child's design, when it is such a good one? I know you would not do any thing contrary to the will of God. Yet, suppose Miriam has a true vocation! Do you not see that to oppose it will simply be opposition to the divine will? You should rather encourage the slightest symptoms that manifest themselves in favor of a religious life."

"O of course, Father O'Brien, I should not dare to offer the least opposition to Miriam, if she had a real vocation. But that's the difficulty—has she a vocation?"

"Prayer and time will prove that, Miss Kate," answered Father O'Brien. "In the mean time, do not place any obstacle to the divine operation in Miriam's soul."

Father O'Brien then spoke of the altar and of something that was required for it. This drove the whole matter under discussion out of aunt Kate's head. She was president of the altar society; she was treasurer; she was secretary. Nothing was done without aunt Kate. Not a hand but hers arranged the flowers and ornaments. The others might sweep, or fix the carpet, or dust the railing &c., but the important part was all her own. And the best of it was, no one disputed her pre-eminence and fitness for the office. Somehow or other the ladies were convinced that if taste were driven from the world, it would find a refuge with aunt Kate. So aunt Kate reigned supreme.

When the good priest was departing, Miriam followed him to the door, and said:—

"Father O'Brien, I thank you a thousand times."

"Courage, my child," he replied, "God's will shall be accomplished."

"Please pray for me, will you not, Father?"

"Certainly, my child, I will not forget you," answered he.

"And—and—Father, would it be wrong to pray that God would make aunt Kate more willing?" asked Miriam.

"Pray that God may show you the way in which you should walk, my child. Your good aunt will be perfectly willing to permit you to leave her, when His will has been manifested." Father O'Brien then departed.

And while Miriam was at the door, aunt Kate was praying, and she said: "Sweet Jesus, if it be Thy holy will, leave Miriam with me; she is my comfort, my life, my soul. What can I do without Miriam?" Then she sat down again, wiping away two big tears that were on her cheeks, and when Miriam returned, aunt Kate looked, oh! so brave and stern.

Kind aunt Kate, what a big heart was thine!

(*Chapter IV. in our next.*)

THE SEVEN SACRAMENTS.

VII.—MATRIMONY.

OUR young readers have, no doubt, already learned from their catechisms, that Matrimony is that Sacrament, which imparts special graces to those who worthily receive it, to discharge faithfully the many and important duties which it imposes upon them. Marriage was a sacred institution established by God Himself between our first parents in the garden of Eden, but it was not raised to the dignity of a Sacrament until the coming of our divine Sav-

ior, who made it indissoluble, declaring that, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Hence it follows, that when persons enter into the married state, the contract can never be annulled by any power on earth, so as to permit either of the parties to marry again while the other is living, without being guilty of a grievous crime. Thus when governments pretend to make divorce laws they go beyond their powers, and in such a case "we ought to obey God rather than men," as the apostles said.

Our divine Lord, in order to show that marriage was an important and holy institution, condescended to accept an invitation to the marriage of Cana in Galilee, and there wrought His first miracle by changing the water into wine, which He did at the request of His holy Mother, who was also present.

In Catholic countries, the custom of publishing the names of the persons about to be married, for two or three Sundays from the altar, is an old and settled custom, which also generally prevails in this country. The object of this is to prevent persons from marrying who are prohibited by the laws of the Church. There are several reasons which will prevent persons from marrying, the chief of which are: near relationship,—a promise of marriage by either of the parties to some other persons,—and lastly, the existing marriage of either of the parties. This public notice gives persons time to inform the priest, and thus prevent sin and scandal.

Like all the other Sacraments, Matrimony should be received with pure and holy intentions. The recipients should prepare themselves for it by virtuous lives, and should often beg Almighty God for the grace to receive it worthily.

***

THOUGH February is the last of the winter months, it is generally the most wintry in the year. It is during this month, that

Storming tempests, in their raging,
Robe the fields in pure white snow;
All above us, and around us,
Winter in its glory show.

But our young readers are so well acquainted with February, its sport of skating and snow-balling, that we do not think they require any further explanation of the month. We must, however, relate to them a story, which we heard from their old friend Aunt Lucy, about little Willie and his sister.

Many years ago, there lived in the State of Ohio, not far from the river of that name, a poor widow with two children, William, or Willie, as he was usually called, and Nell, his sister. The widow desired that the two children should have learning, and sent them to a school about a mile off. Now this school, at that early period, was only kept during the winter, and the children had many a cold walk to get to it. They did not mind this; they were very anxious to learn, and it was the will of their mother, so they went cheerfully.

It happened one morning in February, that Willie and his sister went to school as usual. The morning was clear and mild, but towards evening the sky was covered with dark clouds, the wind began to blow and a drifting snow began to fall in large white flakes, and in such quantities that a person could scarcely see more than a few yards in any direction. When school was out, all the children made haste towards their homes. Little Willie taking his sister by the hand,

ran along as fast as he could towards his mother's house. But the snow blew in their faces and prevented them from making much headway.

The road lay through a woods, and passing through this they lost their way, and night came on before they were able to find their way out of the woods. Poor little Nell cried with fright and cold. Willie, however, kept up his courage and tried to cheer his sister by telling her not to cry, and hold on firmly to his hand, and he would lead her safely out of the woods. But the snow and wind increased, and all the efforts of the poor little children to find their way home were in vain.

At last Nell fell down and was unable to go any further. Willie took her in his arms and tried to carry her. But he had not gone far when he too fell, overcome with fatigue of walking and carrying his sister. At this time they were quite near the edge of the woods, and not far from a large tree. Willie, after resting a little, took up his sister again and carried her to the tree, and sat down with her, sheltering her the best he could from the drifting snow.

The poor widow, when the children did not return at dark, became almost distracted. She ran to several of her neighbors, telling them that Willie and his sister were lost, as she expected, in the woods, and asked them to go out with her and try to find them. These kind-hearted people went with her, and after several hours hunting, they found Willie and his sister at the foot of the large tree, almost frozen to death. They picked them up in their arms and carried them to the widow's house, where, with the aid of a large fire and some warm drink, they were soon restored.

We wish to say a few words to the boys and girls about manners. A great many children and young persons think it will be time enough to attend to manners when they grow up and become young men and women. This is a mistake and a mistake that does a great deal of mischief. No boy or girl is too young to attend to manners; and this is the reason why we wish to say something to the children on the subject.

By manners we mean conduct or behavior of every kind, but more particularly in our intercourse with one another. Good or bad manners will show themselves first in our own homes. If we wish really to know what boys or girls are made of, we must see them in their own homes, and then not with their company manners on, but in their every day manners. Many a boy and many a girl would be ashamed to speak and act in other people's houses as they do in their own. They can be respectful and polite when away from home, while to their own parents and to their brothers and sisters they are very disrespectful, unkind and rude. If a boy should speak to his friend's mother as he does to his own mother, or if he should be as surly and unkind to his friend's sisters as he is to his own sisters, we do not think he would be asked to visit that friend's house more than once. It is a shame for anybody to behave better away from home than he does at home. Let the boys and girls know that bad manners at home will soon be known to all the neighbors and friends.

The very essence of good manners is to be found in a kind thoughtfulness of others; while selfishness will always produce bad manners. Either of these traits will be sure to show itself. The boy who is

thoughtful and considerate of his mother, and his brothers and sisters, is a gentleman, and everybody who knows him will find it out; while the selfish boy will sooner or later reveal his real character and everybody will dislike him. And again the boy, whose manners are good at home, is sure to have good manners every where.

ANGRY WORDS.

Angry words are lightly spoken,
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightened links of life are broken
By their deep, insidious power;
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirred,
Oft are rent past human healing
By a single angry word.

Poison drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day;
Angry words, oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they pass the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken,
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred;
Brightest links inlife are broken,
By a single angry word.

Have a kind word for all,
And a smile if you can,
Let your talk be the words
Of a good-natured man.

If you feel "out of sorts,"
As you oftentimes may,
Keep your temper in check,
A harsh word do not say.

When the sky of your life
Seems by clouds overcast,
Do not fret o'er the wrongs
You have had in the past;

Let the rainbow of hope
In your heart find a place,
And you'll see it will bring
A sweet smile to your face.

Should you meet with insults,
As we all sometimes do,
Pass them off with a joke,
Or a soft word or two.

If you'll follow this course,
You'll disarm your foe,
You'll his anger appease,
And your own good sense show.

Have a kind word for all;
It costs less, you will find,
To be cheerful and bright,
Than ill-tempered, unkind.

Have a smile for the rich,
A kind word for the poor,
And you'll always have friends
And well-wishers, I'm sure.

AMONG THE

SNOHOMISH INDIANS.

No. VII.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dear children.

I am to-day at Fort Yale, surrounded by high, snow-capped mountains. At a distance of over two hundred miles I do not forget one of you, neither do I forget my former pupils of Priest-Point; consequently I come to tell you a few more incidents of the difficult, but happy old times of our dear Snohomish mission.

'During the vacation of 1863, in company with my 25 little Indian boys, I visited all the white settlements and Indian villages of the northern part of Puget Sound, from the Kik-yal-oos to the Lummi. The children were well trained and well prepared for agreeable and profitable recreations, and we certainly enjoyed many happy hours during the two most favorable months of July and August.

On San Juan Island, the boys surpassed themselves in their performances, at both, the American and English military stations, and were amply rewarded. While they were playing soldiers on the battle-field —drilling, marching, halting, porting and presenting arms, making ready, firing, &c., they were presented with an old bugle and an American flag; then shouting and leaping with joy, they began to sing the song "Bring the old bugle, boys! we sing another song," &c. After this they sang "Marching through Georgia," which so pleased the American captain, that he

ordered the boys to be marched into the dining-room, where they had the honor of taking their repast in company with several gallant officers.

They did full justice to the good things set before them, for they were very hungry. My pupils were conversant with the rules of civility; they well understood how to make a proper use of the spoon, the fork and the knife, and they made no blunder at the table. The officers admired their genteel behavior, and especially their great attention in saying, in English, their prayers before and after meals.

On leaving the station they were presented with a good lot of military clothes, which they were very proud to wear, especially in their exhibitions. Be certain, dear children, that if you persevere in your efforts to advance in the path of virtue and industry, all the white people, who are now getting quite numerous on the Sound, will always esteem and love you, and even help you in many circumstances.

On our way to Lummi we were encamped six days on Orcas and other Islands, for the purpose of hunting, fishing and sporting. During that space of time ten fat deer, many wild fowls and plenty of fish were brought to the camp. You may imagine what happy time the boys enjoyed! Green grass, fragrant flowers, clean gravel and fine sand were abundant on the bank of the Bay. A gentle, sweet breeze, coming from the sea, would agreeably mitigate the heat of the rays of a bright, shining sun; in a word, every thing seemed to contribute to the utmost contentment of my dear little flock. Nothing could have been more delightful to me than to see them playing and scampering around, under the leafy maple trees, on the green carpet made by nature. Even the little

birds from the forest seemed very anxious to become partakers of the enjoyment, and were seen fluttering around, and joining their innocent chirping to the merry shouting of the happy little children. The longest days seemed even to be too short, and the large boys would sing the "*Sub tuum*," with sweet accords in the moon light, while their little brothers were soundly asleep in their tents. They were so delighted at their evening prayer, to hear the beautiful and majestic echo, as many angels from heaven, repeating distinctly, and conveying their earnest petitions, with their hymns and praise, to the throne of the Almighty, or to that of His blessed Mother, (for they all loved her as good, dutiful children). Here I may assure you that their great confidence in the protection of the good and powerful Mother of our Lord, has already caused many of them to enter the kingdom of heaven, and many others to still persevere in the path of the only true religion, and sure salvation. But let us continue our trip and return to our dear home.

In this transitory world of ours roses are always mingled with thorns; but as tribulation purifies the heart, enlightens the understanding, perfects the christian, and is the best preservative against future danger; God in His mercy will, from time to time, grant us some of it, as a necessary remedy for our spiritual and eternal well-being. Consequently we should always accept it with resignation from the hands of our heavenly Father, and thank Him for it.

While crossing from Orcas Island to Lummi we experienced a severe storm of wind and rain. The clouds became heavy and dark; the lightning and thunder claps more and more frequent and terrify-

ing. Our canoe was carried like a feather over the raging and foaming waves; but to the praise of my boys, I am happy to state that, in this terrible circumstance, everyone of them acted like a man and a skilful sailor. With a remarkable countenance, they worked courageously, repeating constantly the sacred names of Jesus and Mary, and certainly our blessed Mother saved us, as by a miracle, in causing us to reach the shore near the Lummi village, with our canoe in a sinking condition. We all came out soaked through and through. All was wet, but all was saved, with the exception of one cap and two hats captured by the wind.

Surely our joy was great, and still greater was our gratitude towards Jesus and Mary.

After a short but agreeable sojourn in Lummi, we gayly started for home, camping and giving exhibitions at La Conner, Coupeville and Utsalady, with our usual good success.

During that trip eleven infants were baptized, and six adults were enrolled as catechumens; besides this, three very promising boys came to swell the ranks of my little brigade under our dear American flag.

Dearly beloved children, I fear to be too lengthy, therefore I will close by recommending you again and again not to fear the world, but, in all circumstances, to show what you are, that is, good Christians and faithful Catholics; and also never to forget to have recourse to Jesus and Mary in all your trials, for in doing so you shall win the confidence of all honest men, and secure the protection of God during your pilgrimage to the heavenly Jerusalem.

Pray for your most devoted in the S. H. of J. & M.

E. C. Chirouse, O. M. I.

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" 50 to 99 "	35	"	"	"	"
" 100 and upwards,	25	"	"	"	"

All subscriptions strictly payable in advance, as I am entirely dependent on the subscription price for commencing and carrying on this work to help my poor missions.

Remit by registered letter or by money order. Fractions of $1 may be sent in postage stamps. and money orders to be made payable to the Seattle, W. T. Post Office. All communication and correspondence to be addressed to

(Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co,. W. T.

☞Look at the printed address on the Companion to ascertain with what number your subscription expires.☜

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rt. Rev. Bp. Brondel; Rev. Fathers C Voght, O S F.. E Demanez & A Bronsgeest; Mesdames L Giard, Delaney, & P Chapman; Miss A H Brown; Messrs J P Kirby, Dubuque, C Short, P Halloran, P Connelly, T Plunkett & J B Ladebauche; to whom we return our sincere thanks.

THE SIMMONS FUND.

Amount already acknowledged, $113.85
Miss A. H, Brown, 50 cts. Total, $114.35

XXVI. The Lord's Prayer in Caughnawaga.

Takwaienha ne karonhiake tesiteron, aiesasennaien, aiesawenniiostake, aiesawennarakwake nonwentsiake tsiniiot ne karonhiake tiesawennarakwa. Takwanont ne kenwente iakionnhekon niahtewenniserake; sasanikonrhens nothenon ionkinikonhraksaton nonkwe; tosa aionkwasenni ne kariwaneren, akwekon eren sawit ne iotaksens ethonaia wen.



LITTLE BESSIE'S CONUNDRUM.

Little Bessie, a bright six-year-old, went with her mother, for the first time, to the Episcopal church, where she took in all the sights and sounds so strange and new to her. Returning home, her father asked where she had been.

"To church—to the Catholic church," said Bessie.

"No, no, my child," said the mother, "it was the Episcopal church."

"Why, ma, didn't they say, 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church?'"

"Yes, Bessie; but it was the Episcopal church."

"Well, if they believe in the Catholic Church, why don't they go to the Catholic church?" said the child in wonder. And the mother gave up the conundrum.

AN UNLUCKY BOY.

An humble boy, with shining pail,
Went gladly singing adown the dale,
To where the cow with the brindle tail
On clover her palate did regale.

An humble bee did gayly sail
Far o'er the soft and shadowy vale,
To where the boy, with the shining pale,
Was milking the cow with the brindle tail.

The bee lit down on the cow's left ear;
Her heel flew up in the atmosphere—
And, through the leaves of a chestnut tree
The boy soared into eternity.

50 cents pay for the Youth's Companion for a year.

May 2.

St. Athanasius. Bishop.



ATHANASIUS was born in Egpt towards the end of the third century, and was from his youth pious; learned, and deeply versed in the sacred writings, as befitted one whom God had chosen to be the champion and defender of His Church against the Arian heresy. Though only a deacon, he was chosen by his bishop to go with him to the Council of Nicæa, A. D. 325, and attracted the attention of all by the learning and ability with which he defended the faith. A few months later he became Patriarch of Alexandria, and for forty-six years he bore, often well-nigh alone, the whole brunt of the Arian assault. He stood unmoved against four Roman emperors; was banished five times; was the butt of every insult, calumny, and wrong the Arians could devise, and lived in constant peril of death. Though firm as adamant in defence of the faith, he was meek and humble, pleasant and winning in converse, beloved by his flock, unwearied in labors, in prayer, in mortifications, and in zeal for souls. In the year 373 his stormy life closed in peace, rather that his people would have it so than that his enemies were weary of persecuting him. He left to the Church the whole and ancient faith, defended and explained in writings rich in thought and learning, clear, keen, and stately in expression. He is honored as one of the greatest of the Doctors of the Church.

Contending for the Faith.

The Catholic faith, says St. Augustine, is more precious far than all the riches and treasures of earth; more glorious and greater than all its honors, all its possessions. This it is which saves sinners, gives light to the blind, restores penitents, perfects the just, and is the crown of martyrs.

"God has promised to be as a wall of fire round about those who rightly believe in Him."—*St. Athanasius.*

On the refusal of the Saint to restore Arius to Catholic communion, the emperor ordered the patriarch of Constantinople to do so. The wretched heresiarch took an

oath that he had always believed as the Church believes; and the patriarch, after vainly using every effort to move the emperor, had recourse to fasting and prayer, that God would avert from the Church the frightful sacrilege. The day came for the solemn entrance of Arius into the great church of Sancta Sophia. The heresiarch and his party set on, glad in triumph. But before he reached the church death smote him swiftly and awfully, and the dreaded sacrilege was averted.

"Contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."—Jude 3.

MAY 3.

ST. CATHARINE OF BOLOGNA.

CATHARINE, the daughter of a noble Italian family, was placed when only eleven at the court of Margaret, princess d'Este, at Ferrara. She soon wearied of the splendors around her, and retired at the age of fourteen to serve God in religion. After some years she made her profession as a daughter of St. Clare, and was sent to found a convent of the Order at Bologna. She was tried by many false apparitions and terrible temptations, but she overcame them all by persevering obedience, and God made known to her the illusions of the devil, and consoled her by heavenly visions. She gained from these trials a salutary fear of the majesty of God. A deep conviction of her own nothingness made her court contempt and seek the most painful occupations in the convent. She considered herself the cause of all the sins of her neighbors. This humility drew Jesus into her soul, to enkindle there the consuming fire of love. She had a great devotion to St. Thomas of Canterbury who appeared to her. She saw also in visions other saints, with our Lady, and our Lord Himself, who bade her mark the words they were singing, "Et gloria ejus in te videbitur." This prophecy was verified by the extraordinary preservation of her body, which remains incorrupt to this day, sitting in her habit, and miraculously supported. Her holy death took place in 1463.

SPIRIT OF ADORATION.

The soul of man is endowed with many noble powers, and feels a keen joy in their exercise; but the keenest joy we are capable of feeling, consists in prostrating all our powers of mind and heart in humblest adoration before the majesty of God.

"O consciousness of my nothingness, how great is your force! It is you that have unbarred all the gates of my soul, and given entrance to Him who is infinite."—*St. Catharine of Bologna.*

One Christmas eve Catherine passed the night in church. She recited one thousand "Hail Marys" with great fervor in honor of the Mother of God. In reward of her humble adoration of His Incarnation, Jesus appeared to her at midnight in His Mother's arms. This kind Mother gave her divine Child to Catharine, and allowed her to caress Him. Although her heart was overflowing with the joy of that hour, Catherine spoke not of her vision, until her secret was betrayed to her Sisters by the brilliant color of that spot upon her pale face, where she had received the kiss of the divine Infant, a spot marked now, after a lapse of 400 years, by the brighter tint of her incorrupt flesh.

"Adore ye Him that made heaven and earth, the sea and the fountains of water."—Apoc. xiv. 7.

May 4.

St. Monica.

MONICA, the mother of St. Augustine, was born in 332. After a girlhood of singular innocence and piety, she was given in marriage to Patricius, a pagan. She at once devoted herself to his conversion, praying for him always, and winning his reverence and love by the holiness of her life and her affectionate forbearance. She was rewarded by seeing him baptized a year before his death. When her son Augustine went astray in faith and manners, her prayers and

tears were incessant. By going to Italy he could for a time free himself from his mother's importunities, but he could not escape from her prayers, which encompassed him like the providence of God. She followed him to Italy, and there by his marvellous conversion her sorrow was turned into joy. At Ostia, on her homeward journey, as Augustine and his mother sat at a window conversing of the life of the blessed, she turned to him and said: "Son, there is nothing now I care for in this life. What I shall now do or why I am here, I know not. The one reason I had for wishing to linger in this life a little longer, was that I might see you a Catholic Christian before I died. This has God granted me superabundantly in seeing you reject earthly happiness to become His servant. What do I here?" A few days afterwards she had an attack of fever, and died in the year 387.

PERSEVERANCE IN PRAYER.

It is impossible to set any bounds to what persevering prayer may do. It gives a man a share in the divine Omnipotence. St. Augustine's soul lay bound in the chains of heresy and impurity, both of which had by long habit grown inveterate. They were broken by his mother's prayers.

"He who knows what to give and to whom, assists him that seeks, and opens to him that knocks. But if haply He does not give, let no one hold himself forsaken. Perchance He only delays giving, for He sends no one away fasting. If He does not give at the moment, it is that He is training the seeker, not that He despises the supplicant." *St. Augustine.*

St. Monica was once very urgent with a learned bishop that he would talk to her son in order to bring him to a better mind, but he declined, despairing of success with one at once so able and so headstrong. However, on witnessing her prayers and tears, he bade her be of good courage, for it might not be that the child of those tears should perish.

"We ought always to pray, and not to faint.—Luke xviii. 1.

(16) I am in the fire, but not in the flame;
I belong to the master, but not to the dame;
I am in the church, but not in the steeple;
I belong to the priest, but not to the people.

(17) Why is a dog biting his tail, like a good house keeper? (18) Why is a bee-hive like a spectator? (19) Why is the human mind like sealing-wax?

Answers to Nuts published in No. 25 :—
No. 2 His daughter.
No. 3 Name-less.
No. 4 Walter, Mark, Max, Obed, Adam, Cham, Paul, Oliver, Oscar, Louis, Ethan, Owen. Answers to No. 32 in our next.

Tip No. 1. piT
Tab baT
Tar raT
Tap paT
TeneT
Ten neT
Tub buT
Top poT
Ton noT

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is indeed a great satisfaction to us, struggling as we are under a burden that is almost above human strength, to receive such encouragement, both in words and deeds, as we lately received from our too indulgent friends. We would wish to publish the names of these kind benefactors, both among the clergy and laity; but we fear to hurt their humility and rob them of the full merit of their good deeds. It is sufficient for them to know that their benefactions are recorded on the Book of Life, and that God, in His own good time, will surely repay them a hundred-fold. From our inmost soul we thank you all, kindest Friends!

By a mistake of the types the letter printed in our last No. to the address of Rev. Father Chirouse, was intended for our dear friend, Rev. Father Louis, whose letters were such a treat to our little readers. That strayed letter did some good however, for we have since received three nice letters from Father C. Now, Father L., read that letter over again, substituting your name; send us also three letters, and we will not trouble you any more until *next time!*

BULLETIN

ROLL OF HONOR

— OF THE —

TULALIP INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Good conduct, Christian doctrine, obedience and general application to study.

ATHAN. SHELTON,
A. E. SIMMONS,
JOHN CLOVER,
NORBERT HILAIRE,
J. MAURICE, W. WALE,
HENRY FINKBONNER,
PETER KWINA.

AGATHA BAGLEY,
J. & MARY KWINA,
MARY LYLE,
JOHANNA SIEBERT,
M. & A. CAMPTON,
ELIZABETH SAM,
ADDIE WALE, A. SMITH.

Order and Neatness.

P. TITSELANOOH,
FRED. PEARCE,
FRANK FINKBONNER,
Felix McLane.

M. & J. KWINA,
A. BAGLEY,
SOPHIA BASTIAN,
MARY FRANCIS.

Composition and application to writing.

A. E. SIMMONS,
W. WALE, N. HILAIRE,
J. LONG, W. Cornelius.

M. LYLE,
M. & A. CAMPTON,
J. SIEBERT, S. BASTIAN.

Application to manual labor and farming.

A. SHELTON,
JAMES MAURICE,
J. CLOVER,
JOS. WHEKSDAH,
JUSTIN SKWAILH,
JAS. LONG, D. JOHNSON.

Application to sewing darning and cutting out.

J. KWINA, M. LYLE,
S. BASTIAN,
J. SIEBERT, M. FRANK,
M. JEROME, SARAH LAKE.

House-work and cooking.

A. BAGLEY, S. LAKE.

St. Mary's Mission, B. C., Dec. 1883.

My dear Eugene Damian.

I am much pleased to see that you are always punctual in setting a good example to your schoolmates in all laudable actions, even in writing to me a beautiful little letter, after your return to school. You say that you never forget me; your letter proves the fact, and I am so glad to hear it! In return I wish to assure you, my dearly beloved little son, that you and your good father Damian, shall always be remembered, with a true affection, especially at the *Memento* of the living, during holy Mass. You say you wish I could stay with you. . . . . On this matter my wish is similar to yours; but the will of God seems to be different, and it is only by our humble submission to the divine ordinances, that we may obtain the unspeakable favor of abiding together forever in heaven.

I am very sorry to hear about the weakness of your health; if God hears my petition, you may soon enjoy a better one. But be it as it may, do not forget, dear child, that suffering patiently for the love of God is the best means to sanctify our souls. When God permits us to suffer in this world, He intends to save us from the terrible torments of the next.

Poor Justin Shelton, do you say, is dead. I pity him! I hope God had mercy on him, but hop-picking at Puyallup is a very poor preparation to receive the last sacraments. Never go there, dear Eugene, for the valley is full of demons, watching the opportunity to murder the souls and bodies of the poor Indians.

You ask me when I will again visit Tulalip; it is

very difficult for me to answer that question. All I can now say is that I will visit Tulalip as soon as the will of God allows me to do so.

Please present my best respects to your father and all your friends, who are also mine. Pray for the one who sincerely loves you, in the S. H. of J. & M. I.

E. C. CHIROUSE, O. M. I.

[Dear Father Chirouse, your petition has been heard sooner, and in a way different from what you expected. Yes, indeed, dear little Eugene is well! He reached heaven before your letter reached him. His happy soul took its flight homeward on the night of the 21st of December, and on the following Sunday, all that was mortal of our dear little friend was laid in the burying-ground, by the side of his mother, and his little brothers and sisters, there awaiting in peace the trumpet call of the judgment angel.

Please, now, Rev. Father, remember him in the *Memento* of the dead, where, I fear, you will soon also have to transfer his poor father, who has about reached the lowest stage of consumption.

We miss thee, dear Eugene! . . . We miss the innocent smile of thy angelic countenance. No more shall we behold thee, Sunday after Sunday, serving at the altar of the true God, but we are consoled at the thought that to such as thee is granted the privilege of following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth! Ed.]

Requiescat in pace!

ADDRESS OF THE TULALIP SCHOOL GIRLS TO U. S. INSPECTOR BEEDE.

Honorable Gentleman.

Permit me, in the name of my companions, to return to you our most sincere thanks for the warm interest you have taken in, and the kind attention you have shown to

such an entertainment as our circumstances could afford.

We wish also to apologize for the many defects which, from time to time, must have attracted your notice during our exercises. We have labored hard to acquire the small store of knowledge just now exhibited to you, and we hope our wish to please, and the desire to excel will supply all deficiency, especially, when we inform you that this is, for many of us, our first appearance before the public.

Let me again, on the part of my little friends, thank you for the honor which your very presence confers upon us.

Mary Elizabeth Sam,
In the name of the school girls.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Very Dear Sister Superior.

A sentiment of duty no less than of love and gratitude, prompts us to-day to offer to you and to your worthy co-laborers the homage of hearts that you have attached to you by the ties of unbounded charity. We are under great obligations towards you, Dear Sisters, we know it in our inmost souls, but we feel also our weakness and impotence to render adequate returns for your care and solicitude.

You surround us with a mother's tenderness, you direct us in the path of virtue and knowledge, by your vigilance we are enjoying all the comforts of a home, but more than all, by an effort of a superhuman zeal you sacrifice unceasingly for us your very lives and liberty.

These considerations make our hearts thrill with emotion, Dear Sisters; such solicitude and kindness will never be forgotten, the remembrance of them will be an everlasting reason for remaining ever faithful to our duties, in life and death.

We wish you all, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. We have in our reach the power of prayer, we then implore the Source of all graces to render you the hundred fold promised to His followers. May He fill you with holy joy and strengthen you in your arduous duties; may He preserve you for many years to us and to this mission, and one day admit you to his eternal espousals.

From your most loving and grateful,

The boys of the Tulalip mission school.

Tulalip, December 25th, 1883.

☞ A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the Youth's Companion, will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

REGULAR EXCHANGES:

THE WASHINGTON CATHOLIC,

An interesting weekly family newspaper, is published in Washington, D. C., by Henry M. Beadle. It was lately enlarged and its price reduced to $2.00 a year.

THE HOLY FAMILY,

A neat monthly periodical devoted to choice Catholic reading for families and schools, is published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York, at $1.00 a year.

LE MESSAGER,

The only Catholic French weekly newspaper in Maine, is published in Lewiston, Me. by J. D. Montmarquet, at $1.50 a year. Its motto is "Religion & Nationality."

THE LITTLE CRUSADER,

A marvel of cheapness, is published weekly by P. E. Murphy of Columbus, Ohio, at 25 cents per annum.

SEMI-OCCASIONALS:

The Catholic Universe of Cleveland, Ohio.
The Western Celt of Omaha, Nebraska. &c.

WANTED.

One copy each of Nos. 15, 20 and 29 of the Youth's Companion is wanted to complete the files of some of our subscribers. As we cannot furnish them, we would request our friends who have them to spare, to be so kind as to forward them to us, and thus greatly oblige those who are in need of them.

THE YOUTH'S

COMPANION:

A juvenile monthly Magazine published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian Missions; and set to type, printed and in part written by the pupils of the Tulalip, Wash. Ty. Indian Industrial Boarding Schools, under the control of the Sisters of Charity.

Approved by the Rt Rev. Bishop.

[*Entered at the Tulalip Post Office as second class mail matter.*]

Vol. III. MARCH, 1884. No. 34.

CALENDAR.

Lent continues. Fasting every day except Sundays.
2—1st. Sunday in Lent. Epistle, 2 Cor. vi. 1–10. Gospel, St. Matt. iv. 1–11.
5, 7 and 8, are the fast of the Ember-days.
9—2nd. Sunday in Lent. Epistle, 1 Thess. iv. 1–7. Gospel, St. Matt. xvii. 1–9.
16—3rd. Sunday in Lent. Epistle, Eph. v. 1–9. Gospel, St. Luke, xi. 14–28.
23—4th Sunday in Lent. Epistle, Gal. iv. 22–31. Gospel, St. John, vi. 1–15.
30—Passion Sunday. Epistle, Hebrews, ix. 11–15. Gospel, St. John, viii. 46–59.

OF all the months in the year, March is the most changeable. Sometimes we see the morning pleasant and delightful; the sun bright and warm; and before night we may have snow and rain, and the air as cold as in the middle of winter. Persons should not venture far from home during this month, without being prepared for a change of weather, for many have taken colds, which have occasioned long weeks, and even months of sickness, by being caught in a storm of rain, or snow.

The Church celebrates several important festivals during this month. The twenty-fifth is the feast of the Annunciation. It was established to commemorate the great event of the apparition of the Archangel to the Blessed Virgin, announcing to her that she was destined to become the mother of God. The nineteenth is the feast of St. Joseph, the foster-father of our divine Lord, and the Patron of the universal Church. Children should not forget to invoke the intercession of this great saint, especially on the day of his festival, which, by a recent order of the Pope, now ranks among the most solemn of the year.



The seventeenth, every body knows, is St. Patrick's day. St. Patrick was the Apostle of Ireland, and is still the honored patron of that country. Like all the saints, St. Patrick loves good children, but he is no friend to those who are bad. He served God faithfully during his life, and as a reward he is now reigning happily in heaven. Let our youthful readers do likewise, and a like reward will be their happy lot.

GOD HEARS THE PRAYERS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

SOME children think that when they have to pray they must recite the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," or read some prayer in a book. These prayers are certainly very good. The "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" are the best of all prayers, but, dear children, there is another way of telling your wants and wishes to God. Hear how a little boy prayed to the mother of God.

In Canada, there is a large and beautiful city called Montreal. There the Catholic schools for boys are conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. These excellent teachers inspire the little children with great devotion towards Jesus and Mary, and a great love for prayer.

Some years ago a little French boy, called Alfred, attended one of the Brothers' schools. He was a very good boy; he was never late for school; he always knew his lessons, and he never played in the streets. One day however he came late in school, and was reprimanded for it by the Brother in charge. Alfred received silently the admonition, and went to his seat. The next day the little boy was late again, and this time he was told to be late no more without an excuse. Alfred looked very sad, and excited the pity of his companions. One of them went to the teacher and asked him leave to find out the reason of Alfred's tardiness. Permission was granted, and the following day the boy detective was hiding behind a large telegraph post in front of Alfred's humble dwelling.

Half an hour before school time, Alfred left the house with his little bundle of books under his arm,

and went in the direction of the school. His companion followed him from afar. Arrived at the cathedral, Alfred entered it and walked up to the blessed Virgin's altar. The other boy slipped unnoticed in the pew behind him. After a long and silent prayer, Alfred was heard sighing and sobbing. Unmindful of his surroundings, he now bursts out in a loud prayer: "O blessed Virgin!" said he, "my mother is a widow, with four little ones; she is poor, and now sick and dying. O blessed Mother! what will become of us, poor orphans? O Mary! pray to the good God that I may die, if any one of our family must be taken away. O Mary! blessed Mary! let my mother live." He almost choked with emotion, and walked out hastening to school.

Late again! The class was called; Alfred was covered with confusion. The boy who had overheard his prayer went up to the Brother's desk, and whispered to him all he had seen and heard. This time the Brother made no remark.

The next day Alfred's seat was empty. It was learned that he had suddenly been taken very sick. A week after, the mother had fully recovered, but the children of the Brothers' school followed a little coffin to the grave. Alfred's prayer had been heard.

"EMILE."

[We take much pleasure in introducing to our little readers our new worthy correspondent "Emile," whose initial communication graces the two preceding pages. The article entitled "A Reconciliation," commenced on page 286, and still another in store for next month, are also due to his prolific and well-trained pen. Welcome, and our thanks, friend E.]

CHAPTER IV.

YOU have often witnessed a storm in summer, and how insidiously it creeps upon you. The sky is clear and serene; not a breath of wind disturbs the placid atmosphere; every thing is bright and beautiful. But after a while you perceive a little cloud raise its black head in the north, and frown down upon the pleasant scene below. You pay no more attention to it, when lo! the sun begins to grow dim and the hurried wind gasps in one's face. Darker and darker grows the day; little birds fly for shelter; the cows bellow, and the dogs,—whose name is "legion—" set up a dismal howling. Suddenly, from afar, comes the low, rumbling of the thunder—that "voice of God speaking in the storm." A light flashes before your eyes; hardly have you time to say: "there's lightning," when crash! the mighty voice hath spoken. With a wailing sweep the rain comes dashing on; the trees bend to the furious hurricane, and some of the tallest are hurled to the ground: the warring elements have opened their sublime concert and earth stands stricken with terror. Now and then the hurried step of some unfortunate pedestrian passes your door, and while pitying him, you thank goodness that you are not in the same predicament. The sinner quakes for fear; the just commend themselves to God and Mary.—"From lightning and tempest, good Lord deliver us."

But there are other more terrible strifes than the elements' disorder, and not so sublime. There is the storm of human passion,—the bloody conflict of opposing interests,—the dreadful scourge of war, and even as the natural tempest, so also does the great convulsion of society commence from small beginnings.

Some times two classes of men differ in opinion, and appeal, at last, to the arbitrament of the sword; and what makes this more deplorable, my dear friends, is the fact that often this divergence proceeds from an apparent difference rather than from any real opposition of opinion. I do not like politics, but let us take a glance at one of the chief causes of the late terrible civil war: one man says that slavery is wicked—an outrage on all laws human and divine, and should be put down. Another says it is not, that there is nothing reprehensible in it, and that if there be exceptional cases of abuse it cannot affect the general principle. So one persists in asserting and the other in denying, until at last the popular mind becomes heated, reason gives way to declamation, and the whole nature is presently in a flame. Ah, dear children, what a sorrowful day for society was that on which the *Reformation* became a awful fact! If the Church of God had her old sway in the councils of nations, she would have said:

"Children, ye are both wrong and yet both right. The opponent of slavery is wrong if he assert that such a state, *in itself*, is opposed to divine law, or any law. He is right in condemning it as now existing, for he condemns not so much the abstract principle as the circumstances and modifications with which the passions and injustice of man have surrounded that principle. The upholder of slavery is right if he hold that the principle, *per se* or in itself, possesses nothing objectionable. But oh, he is very much in error if he support it as it now is with those circumstances which are so many violations of the laws of God and man. To favor such a state of things is simply to uphold sin. So now, my children, allow

me to interfere and I will soon abolish those circumstances and soon liberate and regenerate those poor people, even as I have liberated your forefathers in the past."

Would not this have been a blessed thing for us, my dear friends? Many a childless mother—many a widowed heart—many a desolate sister—many an orphan child—many a cheerless hearth, will say yes, a thousand times, yes.

A great battle had been fought and death had reaped an awful harvest. The cold, pitiless moon was shining down upon the red field where reigned a deep silence, save when some sufferer broke the stillness with his groans, or feebly called for water. While the cannon is thundering—the rifle ringing its sharp accompaniment—the soldiers shouting their war-cries—the banners waving proudly amid the smoke—the horsemen charging on the foe—and the wild enthusiasm of battle is over all, we, too, are carried away with the excitement and forget every thing but the triumphant cry of "victory!" But when the mad delirium of the fight is over—when we walk over the field of death and view the harrowing scenes that meet us at every step, ah! then we forget the intoxication of victory and grow sad when we see what it cost.

Here and there were ambulance carriages receiving their dying freight of human beings. Hardly a word was spoken; the scene was too deep and solemn for conversation. Men went about the field with lamps, kneeling on one knee now and then to look into some pale face, as if in search of some dear companion or friend. Sometimes you might see a group collected about a prostrate form upon which the sur-

geon was exercising his painful mercy. The lantern beside him would throw a red glare on the stern, warrior faces that surrounded him. At intervals some one would whisper a word to his neighbor who would reply by a silent nod, and they would continue their sympathetic gaze; and above all, high up in the air were numerous black specks moving in the moonlight. They were the hideous vultures, waiting impatiently for the feast.

And there were others on that field, white-hooded, dark-robed forms. As they passed along on their mission of charity, the rough soldiers made way respectfully, and looked with deep veneration upon them. Nothing stopped them, nothing appalled them. They bound up the wounds; they bathed the feverish brows; they held the refreshing water to the parched lips of the grateful sufferers; they hastily caught the last dying accents of some poor fellow, wrote them down, and made him happy by promising to fulfil his last little requests; they spoke of Jesus and Mary to many a weeping boy; they poured the waters of baptism on many an unregenerated head, and sent them joyfully to heaven; they spread about on every side that godlike charity that you will seek for in vain outside of the Catholic Church.

Prostrate upon a rising ground was a soldier who seemed to be in great agony. He rolled from side to side and tossed his arms convulsively in the air. Sometimes he would call faintly on some one; at another, groan most piteously. A Sister of Charity approached and gave him some water which the wounded man drank most eagerly. She then called some of the ambulance attendants who placed him in the vehicle and drove away from the field.

Sister Gertrude, for so she was named, observed a soldier, quite a youth, kneeling against the trunk of a shattered oak. She hurried to his assistance, but alas! he was beyond all human help. There was a very sweet expression on the young soldier's face —no trace whatever of that agonized look that sudden death always leaves. The Sister had looked on many a dreadful sight that evening without shedding a tear, but when she saw a pair of beads clasped lovingly in the pale, dead hands, she could not suppress her grief. "And yet," thought she, was he not happier than many others,—dying with the name of Mary on his lips?"

Morning was dawning ere the sad task was ended. The last body was buried—the wounded were removed to the hospital, and hardly a mark except the little mounds that lay in clusters about the field, and the blood-stained earth, remained to show where war's ensanguined step had passed.

(*Chapter V. in our next.*)

Reward of Fidelity.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around; when sickness falls on the heart; when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

In the summer of 1846, the beautiful country bordering on the Loire river in France, was devastated by a disastrous inundation. The people was terror-struck. During the day the flood rose over the plains surrounding the scene of our narrative. The fields were converted into a great lake. Towards evening, the foaming liquid already washed the walls of the more remote houses, clustered round the humble village church. Night came on and in its wake followed a gloomy darkness foreboding evil and destruction. Those most exposed to danger had fled from their homes. The churchyard, situated on a little eminence, was filled with terrified people. They now stood as dumb, wildly gazing in the dark, and listening to the dismal roaring of the advancing foe. They thought of their lost homes and property, and of the watery grave with which this catastrophe was threatening them.

The parish priest fully shared in the agony of his afflicted flock. He spent the greatest part of this time of fear and suspense in fervent prayer before the altar. He read over and over the doleful history of our Lord's Passion, whilst the bell of the steeple was tolled, mournfully inviting the sufferers to have recourse to Him who commands the raging storm, and calms the angry tide. The good priest went from group to group, addressing soothing words of pity and hope to the prostrated minds, reassuring the imaginary fears, and asking informations about those who stood in the greatest danger.

Suddenly, about ten o'clock, when the danger was at its height, a sinister rumor was heard in the crowd: "There is Nicholas and his family who have not left

their house; they'll be surely lost unless the most speedy help is sent at once to their rescue." Hearing this the priest was strangely affected. Nicholas was a man, the only one in the parish, who called himself his enemy. The good Father had tried in vain all kinds of expedients to recall him to his duty. The occasion was supreme; what must he do? There is not one among the unfortunate fugitives who heeds the pastor's silent appeal; not one that stirs. Then inspired by his charity and zeal, the priest cries out: "My children, is there none among you, strong, determined, and confiding in God? none that knows how to man an oar? If there be one such, let him, in the name of God, follow me."

Before this appeal was finished, three young men stepped forward, offering their services. Frightened wives and sisters vainly tried to retain them. The priest, trusting upon God, promised safety. In a moment a boat was loosened and the oars in order. The intrepid minister of God's mercy was at the helm, steering the brave companions of his perilous expedition, by the fickle light of a lantern which his servant had provided.

Boldly they pulled at the oars, swiftly they glided over the furious billows; prayers and blessings followed them from the multitude on shore. "At the mercy of the torrent, but under the guidance of God's angel," murmured the heroic priest. The light of the lantern grew less and less visible, all eyes followed the glimmer of this light, until, after a long time, it finally entirely disappeared. Still they look on; prayers and sighs continue to ascend on high; a blazing fire is kindled and kept burning on shore to serve as a beacon light to the brave rescuers.

Our heroes, who had to travel a distance of over two miles, redoubled their efforts to reach quickly the threatened dwelling. They forgot their own danger, mindful only of their errand of mercy. Many times in order to follow a more direct course they exposed themselves to be engulfed in the whirlpools, or dashed against wrecked buildings or trees. For a long hour they struggled against the fury of wind and wave, and after many a narrow escape they came in sight of the house. A small lamp light shone from one of the windows of the first story; pitiable cries of distress and despair were heard proceeding from the doomed house. The priest in a loud voice called on the inmates to come out into the boat. "Arise, my children," he cried out; "make haste, and you are saved." The boat was drawn up under the window, and of ten persons composing the family, nine came out with all possible speed, but trembling with fear, down into that frail embarkation. The dog too was not slow in providing for his safety, and testified his joy and thanks by lively barking. But where is the father of the family? One of the little girls calls her father; "Father alone is missing," she says anxiously.

The good priest urged him on saying: "Make haste, Nicholas, each moment may prove our loss."

There was silence for an instant, and in this awful situation a most heart-rending scene was to be witnessed. The water was continually rising around the house, which now seemed to float. Sinister crackings were heard. Rain poured down in torrents, and in the distance, nothing but moaning winds, tempest and darkness.

Now a voice spoke in ironical tones: "Ah, indeed, I am not mistaken; it is surely yourself, Father X.;

'tis you, indeed, who have come to our rescue!" It was the old man addressing the priest.

—"This is no time for compliments, Nicholas, take my hand and come down."

—"Father, I won't come down."

—"For God's sake, don't keep us waiting, our lives are in danger."

—"Father, save yourself if you want, but I won't be indebted to you for my life."

—"My dear friend, for the sake of your weeping wife and children, do, listen to my entreaties."

—"Father, I am not your friend, and it will not be said that you have saved my life. Depart, I say."

—"Then it will be said that you were the cause of the death of your pastor, who wanted to save you," quickly replied the man of God, whilst he bounced from the boat into the house.

—"Go out of my house," said Nicholas, imperiously.

—"Go, children, I won't leave your father," cried the priest.

—"Leave my house, I say."

—"My friend, we will die together. I am your pastor and my duty is to assist you in your agony; but you, my children, be off in all haste."

—"Father, you must go, I won't have you die in my house for my sake."

—"Since you hate me, what matters my death to you? My children, go and pray for us."

—"But, Father...."

—"Having saved your family from death, let me now save you from hell."

—"Oh, Father...."

—"My brother, don't you feel the house shaking? Let us prepare for death; let us make on act of con-

trition; it is high time: 'O my God, have pity on my soul, and on the soul of my brother!' "

One can easily imagine what took place on the boat during this conversation, which lasted a shorter time than it takes to read it. Weeping and lamenting sufficient to move a heart of adamant. At last self-sacrifice triumphed, and hatred finally gave way in that impregnable heart. The priest, noticing that his enemy was now weeping like the rest, took him by the arm and led him into the boat.

"Thanks be to God! I now feel the greatest joy of my life in the midst of this awful desolation," said the holy priest. "It is to you, my dear friend, that I owe this happiness, and I hope that, at present, we are fully reconciled."

Whilst they congratulated themselves, and the oarsmen anxiously looked for the village, whose distant light they could scarcely distinguish, a terrible crash was heard, and the boat was nearly swamped. It was the deserted house which was swallowed up by the waves. The two newly-made friends felt a shudder creep over them, whilst they pressed still more closely together.

The joy of the moment, though great, was not such however as to make them underrate the many dangers they had yet to encounter before being entirely safe. They recited the Rosary on the way, and when at last they landed in the midst of the anxious crowd, how sincere were the thanks that went up to heaven! I need not add that from that moment the most cordial friendship existed between the priest and Nicholas. Thus had God permitted this ruinous accident to bring back the strayed sheep, and to attach the faithful more closely to their pastor. "EMILE."

THE month of March, though stormy
In this our northern clime,
We hail with hymns of gladness,
With bright and sunny smile;
We honor now St. Joseph's name,
Sweet, loving saint, of holiest fame,
On whom no child e'er called in vain.

How very, very joyous
Your loving heart must be,
In heaven dear little Jesus
Now evermore to see.
Yes, evermore, and ne'er to part,
For this sweet Babe, in His own heart,
His dearest foster-father guards.

Dear, gentle, kind St. Joseph,
Our hearts to you we raise,
And though we're little children,
We love to sing your praise.
Oh! pray, dear saint, for each fond child,
That dearest Infant Jesus mild
In heaven on us one day may smile.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

MY father and mother are dead,
No friend nor relation I have;
And now the cold earth is their bed,
And daisies grow over their grave.

I cast my eyes into the tomb,
The sight made me bitterly cry;
I said, "And is this the dark room
Where my father and mother must lie?"

I cast my eyes round me again,
In hopes some protector to see;
Alas! but the search was in vain,

For none had compassion on me.

I cast up my eyes to the sky,
I groaned, though I said not a word;
Yet God was not deaf to my cry,
The friend of the fatherless heard.

O yes, and He graciously smiled,
And bid me on Him to depend;
He whispered, "Fear not, little child,
For I am thy father and friend."

HISTORY OF A POOR LITTLE MOUSE.

A poor little mouse had once made him a nest,
As he fancied, the warmest, and safest, and best
That a poor little mouse could enjoy;
So snug, so convenient, so out of the way,
This poor little mouse and his family lay,
They feared neither pussy nor boy.

It was in a stove that was seldom in use,
Where shavings and papers were scattered in loose,
This poor little mouse made his hole;
But alas! master Johnny had seen him one day,
As in a great fright he had scampered away,
With a piece of pudding he stole.

As soon as young Johnny (who, wicked and bad,
No pitiful thoughts for dumb animals had,)
Descried the poor fellow's retreat,
He crept to the shavings and set them alight,
And before the poor mouse could run off in its fright,
It was scalded to death in the heat.

Poor mouse! how it squeaked, I can't bear to relate,
Nor how its poor little ones hopped in the grate,
And died one by one in the flame!
I should not much wonder to hear that one night,
This wicked boy's bed-curtains catching alight,
He suffered exactly the same.

AMONG THE

SNOHOMISH INDIANS.

No. VIII.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dearly Beloved Children.

After having carried on, and supported the school among the Snohomish, during four years, by our own labor and that of our pupils, we petitioned Heaven for aid, and at length a little help was granted us by the government. On the 2nd. of December 1860 I was appointed teacher for the Indians of Tulalip Reservation, with a salary of $800 per annum. Certainly it was not sufficient to support 25 children at school, during the 12 months of the year, but it was far better than nothing; and we were sincerely thankful for it, towards God and our friends. We were then enabled to purchase some tools, to eat a little more bread and drink a cup of coffee or tea, on Sundays and holydays.

In 1863 new buildings for the school were commenced by Mr. Sam. Howe, Indian Agent, and in the spring of 1864, we were requested to leave Priest-Point for the place you presently occupy. You may desire to know, dear children, in what shape was then that beautiful spot, where you sometimes witness horse-races, and where you play so merrily your many innocent games? I will tell you presently.

From an immemorial date, the south-east shore of Tulalip Bay had been thickly planted by the Almighty Creator, with gigantic trees of various kinds, as you may judge from the stumps still standing, some hollowed ones of which were once used as good substitutes for root-houses. Yew, maple, cornel,

sloe, and cedar-trees, thorn-bushes, briars, &c. were also plentiful, and thick enough, as to afford suitable dens for foxes, wolves, wild cats, panthers and bears. The lower part of the place was very swampy and inhabited by legions of toads, frogs, and snakes, and the worst of all, by clouds of mosquitoes and gnats. The upper part, gravelly, sandy and dry ,was the abode of rabbits, rats and moles, an abundant and easy pray for eagles and hawks, and on which their little ones were raised and fed in their large nests in the tops of the high trees.

At first, three stout white men, engaged by the Agent, toiled hard three long days to cut a narrow trail from the beach to the spot where the school-buildings were to be erected. In that dark forest, they made a large fire which caused an opening and some light. Soon the carpenters began the school-house which was hidden in the forest, and even before it was finished we were all requested to go and occupy it. We obeyed superior orders, and we left Priest-Point, with some grief and regret. We had certainly some occasion to feel sorry. Five years of hard labor, a beautiful garden, a little farm, a rough but most beloved church and other buildings; all was to be abandoned. We were compelled to leave a well cleared, very healthy and most cheerful hill for a thickly-wooded slope, facing the cold *stomelu* or north wind; a clean, sandy or gravelly landing for the most sloppy and muddy hole, in which even swift deer sometimes have stuck without any hope or way of getting out.

Our little ones, in their new residence felt like humming-birds in a cage, and nothing could give them more consolation and happiness, than to be per-

mitted to ramble and gambol together, towards their dear, flowery Priest-Point, the sweet old home of many of their parents and friends. The Indian Agent having dismissed the wood-cutters and carpenters, strongly advised our pupils, to continue the clearing of the land promising generously to supply them occasionally, with a few sacks of Oregon flour and California beans. He also pledged himself to furnish them with young fruit-trees, garden seeds, &c. Agent Howe knew thoroughly well the nature of an Indian, and the power of his words and example, filled the heart of our scholars, with great confidence and admirable courage. They seemed to forget their past fatigues, and accepted the new task with joy, and rushed to the work as if they had expected an abundant crop of sweet plums and apples at the end of the coming summer. The following incident urged them still more to clear the land.

In the middle of a dark night, when all were sound asleep, a fearful gale of north-west wind suddenly arose. The house swayed to and fro, and the whole earth seemed to be trembling. The roaring of the sea, and the fury of *toll-sherk*, together with the uninterrupted lightnings and thunder claps, produced the most terrific sight. Everyone awoke in a great panic. All the boys jumped out of bed and rushed to my room, screaming and calling for protection. Without any loss of time I took them all outside, at a safe distance from the houses and the falling trees. There we stood gathered together until morning, praying, watching and wondering. Tall trees were rooted up in every direction, and the shock of their heavy falling was much similar to the detonation of thousands of guns of the heaviest calibre on a des-

perate battle-field. At every moment, we dreaded to see our beautiful new houses crushed flat to the ground. During that terrible night some of the little ones would say: O Father, to-morrow we may have no more houses here, and we shall have the happiness of returning to Priest-Point. God finally heard our prayers, and early in the morning a perfect calm succeeded to the storm. All was saved with the exception of the wood-shed which was entirely destroyed.

After this narrow escape, our boys being now fully persuaded of the necessity of cutting down the trees around their house, began the work in earnest, and continued the same with courage and perseverance, and the beautiful school grounds at Tulalip shall be a perpetual proof of their industry and love of labor.

Dear children, never forget the good example of those whose places you now fill, but always remember this command of your Creator: "*In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the earth out of which thou wert taken. Gen. iii. 19.*"

May God bless you all in your studies and manual labor during the new year, and many others! Such is the most ardent wish of your most devoted friend,

E. C. CHIROUSE, O. M. I.

The unpleasant duty of cutting off from our list of subscribers the names of those who owe for more than one year's subscription is going on *slowly but surely*. Many a dollar is thus lost every year to our Indian missions, without reckoning the many hard days' labor and sleepless nights we spend in getting up our little paper, when we come home to *rest* (?) from our regular missionary duties. We sincerely pity those who thus cheat the poor missionary of his just dues.

ANOTHER PIONEER
OF THE ✠ GONE TO
HIS ETERNAL REWARD.

A telegram, lately received from Washington, D. C., brings the sad intelligence of the death of Rev. J. B. A. Brouillet, which occurred on the 4th of February, in the 69th year of his age.

Rev. Father Brouillet came to this coast overland in 1847, in company of the saintly Patriarch of the West, Rt. Rev. A. M. A. Blanchet, then newly appointed Bishop of Walla Walla, and Rev. Father Chirouse, O. M. I., well and favorably known to many of our readers. After many years of arduous labors among the Indians, and as Rector and Vicar General in Vancouver and Walla Walla, Rev. Father B. was finally sent to Washington, by his Bishop, to attend to some important business. It was there, a few years ago, that Father B. organized the Catholic Indian Bureau, having for object the welfare of the Indians, by starting Catholic schools among them.

As a life-long friend of the Indians, and as a warm supporter of the "YOUTH'S COMPANION" from the very start, (having himself given it the name it bears, and furnished the paper on which it was printed during the first six months of its existence,) we owe him this short, and, we are sorry to say, imperfect notice. We request all our readers, but especially those who are now enjoying the blessings of a Christian education obtained through his charitable exertions, to pray for the repose of his soul.

Rev. Father Brouillet was born in St. Césaire, 25 miles east of Montreal, P. Q., Canada, in 1815.

R. I. P.

(20) What thing is that which is lengthened by being cut at both ends?

(21) If the fire-grate and fire-irons cost fifty dollars, what will a ton of coal come to?

(22) To what question can you answer nothing but yes?

(23) What is the difference between half a dozen dozen and six dozen dozen?

(24) Where was Peter when the lamp went out?

(25) A man goes to a cobbler's and buys a pair of boots for $16. He gives a $20 piece in payment, and the cobbler, having no change, goes to his neighbor to get the change. The $20 piece proving to be bad, the neighbor returns it and gets his money back from the cobbler. How much did the cobbler lose?

Answers to Nuts published in No. 32:—(5) Rhinoceros. (6) Monkey. (7) Giraffe. (8) Squirrel. (9) Leopard. (10) Rabbit. (11) Honor thy father and thy mother. (12) The letter e. (13) Because when passed, they cannot be recalled. (14) & (15) Time.

Answers to Nuts in No. 33, in our next.

50 *cents pay for the Youth's Companion for a year.*

☞Look at the printed address on the Companion to ascertain with what number your subscription expires.☜

The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 48 boys and 40 girls. The actual number now is 49 and 41 respectively.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The undersigned will offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for all those who, in any way, may contribute towards his poor Indian missions.

J. B. Boulet.

May 5.

St. Pius V.

A Dominican friar from his fifteenth year, Michael Ghislieri, as a simple religious, as inquisitor, as bishop, and as cardinal, was famous for his intrepid defence of the Church's faith and discipline, and for the spotless purity of his own life. His first care as Pope was to reform the Roman court and capital by the strict example of his household and the severe punishment of all offenders. He next endeavored to obtain from the Catholic powers the recognition of the Tridentine decrees, two of which he urgently enforced—the residence of bishops and the establishment of diocesan seminaries. He revised the Missal and Breviary, and reformed the ecclesiastical music. Nor was he less active in protecting the Church without. We see him at the same time supporting the Catholic king of France against the Huguenot rebels, encouraging Mary, queen of Scots, in the bitterness of her captivity, and excommunicating her rival, the usurper Elizabeth, when the best blood of England had flowed upon the scaffold, and the measure of her crimes was full. But it was at Lepanto that the Saint's power was most manifest; there, in October 1571, by the holy league which he had formed, but still more by his prayers to the great Mother of God, the aged Pontiff crushed the Ottoman forces, and saved Christendom from the Turk. Six months later St. Pius died, having reigned but six years.

DEVOTION TO THE CRUCIFIX.

St. Pius had always a great devotion to the crucifix, and when Pope made two meditations each day before the sacred image of Jesus suffering. There he learnt that energetic perseverance and heroic constancy which made him the savior of the Christian world.

"Thy Cross, O Lord, is the source of all blessings, the cause of all graces: by it the faithful find strength in weakness, glory in shame, life in death."—*St. Leo.*

St. Pius was accustomed to kiss the feet of his crucifix on leaving or entering his room. One day the feet moved away from his lips. Sorrow filled his heart, and he made acts of contrition, fearing that he must have committed some secret offence, but still he could not kiss the feet. It was afterwards found that they had been poisoned by an enemy.

"Looking on Jesus, the Author and Finisher of faith, who having joy set before Him endured the Cross, despising the shame, and now sitteth on the righth and of the throne of God."—Heb. xii. 2.

MAY 6.

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE.

THE fair city of Damascus had been taken by the Saracens. They were indulgent to Christians, and our Saint's father, a man of great wealth, was even the trusted vizier of the Caliph. John was born A. D. 690, and educated with great care by a learned Greek monk, who had been brought as a slave to Damascus, and who, when his work was done, retired to the monastery of St. Sabas. On his father's death John succeeded to his office. He had now all that the world could give him—wealth, honor, power, learning. It was probably at this time that he wrote his three orations, of singular strength and beauty, in defence of holy images, assailed by the Emperor Leo. He soon felt the peril of his position, divided his vast riches amongst the poor, came down from his high place, and went alone and on foot to the holy places, and thence to St. Sabas. His life thereafter is a record of humility, prayer, labor, and obedience; and the cell is still shown in which he lived and wrote. His great work *On the Orthodox Faith* is the first attempt at dogmatic or scientific theology, and was a text-book and model to succeeding ages. His homilies show great fervor and tenderness, especially when he speaks of the Blessed Mother of God. His contemporaries named him "Chrysorrhoes," the Golden Stream, and he

is the last of the Greek Fathers before the fatal schism. He died A. D. 780.

REVERENCE FOR HOLY IMAGES.

"The deeds and sufferings of the Saints I express," said St. John Damascene, "in pictures; and I grow holier from the sight, and am strengthened to imitate them."

"O Lord, we adore Thy flesh, not because it is flesh, but because it is Thine. We adore Thy passion, Thy image, and all that is Thine—Thy servants, Thy friends, and above all Thy true Mother."—*St. John Damascene.*

The emperor revenged himself on St. John by accusing him to the Caliph of treason; and the enraged Caliph ordered the Saint's right hand to be struck off. In the evening St. John knelt before a statue of our Lady, and prayed thus: "O stainless Mother of God, in defence of holy images I have lost my hand; help me, heal me, that I may still write of thy praises and those of thy Divine Son." Sleep came over him, and he heard in a vision our Lady say: "Thy hand is whole; be it as thou hast said, as the pen of one who writeth swiftly." He awoke; his hand was restored; only a thin red line showed that it had been severed. The Caliph recognized his innocence, and restored him to his office.

"Their bodies are buried in peace, and their name liveth unto generation and generation."—Ecclus. xliv. 14.

May 7.

St. Stanislas, Bishop, Martyr.

STANISLAS was born in answer to prayer when his parents were advanced in age. Out of gratitude they educated him for the Church, and from a holy priest he became in time Bishop of Cracow. Boleslas II. was then king of Poland—a prince of good disposition, but spoilt by a long course of victory and success. After many acts of lust and cruelty, he outraged the whole kingdom by carrying off the wife of one of his nobles. Against this public scandal the chaste and gentle Bishop alone raised his voice. Having commended the matter

to God, he went down to the palace and openly rebuked the king for his crime against God and his subjects, and threatened to excommunicate him if he persisted in his sin. Boleslas in revenge made a false charge against the Bishop, but on its being miraculously refuted he made a show for a while of a better life. Soon, however, he relapsed into the most scandalous excesses, and the Bishop, finding all remonstrance useless, pronounced the sentence of excommunication. In defiance of the censure, on May 8, 1079, the king went down to a chapel where the Bishop himself was saying Mass, and sent in three companies of soldiers to despatch him at the altar. Each in turn came out saying they had been scared by a light from heaven. Then the king rushed in and slew the saint at the altar with his own hand.

BOLD DENUNCIATION OF SIN.

The safest correction of vice is a blameless life. Yet there are times when silence would make us answerable for the sins of others. At such times let us, in the name of God, rebuke the offender without fear.

"It is a work of mercy to correct those who are wrong; and be sure that it is a great sin not to chastise sinners, especially when they cause scandal to others."—*St. Francis Xavier.*

To slander the Saint's character, Boleslas suborned the nephews of one Peter, lately dead, to swear that their uncle had never been paid for land bought by the Bishop for the Church. The Saint stood fearlessly before the king's tribunal, though all his witnesses forsook him, and guaranteed to bring the dead man to witness for him within three days. On the third day, after many prayers and tears, he raised Peter to life, and led him in his grave clothes before the king. Boleslas was only hardened by the miracle; but Stanislas' voice never faltered in its warnings till his courage won for him his palm.

"Cry, cease not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their wicked doings, and the house of Jacob their sins."—Isai. lviii. 1.

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" 25 to 49 "	40	"	"	"	"
" 50 to 99 "	35	"	"	"	"
" 100 and upwards,	25	"	"	"	"

All subscriptions strictly payable in advance, as I am entirely dependent on the subscription price for commencing and carrying on this work to help my poor missions.

Remit by registered letter or by money order. Fractions of $1 may be sent in postage stamps. and money orders to be made payable to the Seattle, W. T. Post Office. All communication and correspondence to be addressed to

(Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co,. W. T.

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THE SIMMONS FUND.

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Mr. Andrew Laurenzeto, 50 cts.	Total, $114.85

XXVII. THE LORD'S PRAYER IN COMEYA.

Nagua anall amai tacaguach naguanetuuxp mamamulpo cayuca amaibo mamatam meyayam, canaao amat amaibo quexuic echasau naguagui nianiacachon niaquin niipil menieque pachis echeyuchapo niagua quexuic niaguaich niacaguaihpo, niamachamelanipuchuch-guelich-cuiapo nacuiuchpampcuchlich cuitponiamat. Nepeuja.

CORNER.

TRUE FRIENDS.

A father once related to his children the following parable: "The viceroy of a certain island was once summoned by his lord the king to render an account of his government. Those of his friends on whom he had placed the greatest reliance suffered him to depart, and did not move from their place; others in whom he had not a little confided went with him only as far as the ship; but some in whom he had scarcely trusted at all, accompanied him through the whole of the distant journey, even to the king's throne, spoke in his favor, and obtained for him the grace of the king."

The children did not understand who these friends could be. Their father, therefore, said: "Man also has three kinds of friends on earth: which, however, for the most part, he does not learn to know rightly till the time when his is called from this world to give account of his actions and omissions. The first class of these friends, wealth and possessions, remain behind. The second, his relations, accompany him only to the grave. The third, his good works, follow him into eternity, even to the throne of God, where it will be 'rendered to each according to his works,' and where even the cup of cold water which is given to one who thirsts, will not be unrewarded."

How thoughtlessly, then, does the man act who does not concern himself in the least degree about these true friends!

Store up good, while yet you may
For the all-important day.



ROLL OF HONOR

— OF THE —

TULALIP INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Good conduct, Christian doctrine, obedience and general application to study.

JAMES MAURICE,
A. E. SIMMONS,
JOHN CLOVER,
NORBERT HILAIRE,
ATHAN. SHELTON,
W. WALE, D. TOBEY,
PETER KWINA, J. LONG.

M. KWINA, M. LYLE,
JULIANNA KWINA,
AGATHA BAGLEY,
M. & A. CAMPTON,
JOHANNA SIEBERT,
E. SAM, LIA PRESTON,
MAGDALEN, H. HARMON.

Order and Neatness.

F. FINKBONNER,
P. TITSELANOOH,
FRED. PEARCE,
W. ROSS, J. BRENNAN.

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M. JEROME, M. LYLE,
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M. JOSEPHINE,
M. FRANK, MAGDALEN.

House-work and cooking.

SOPHIA BASTIAN,
MARY FRANCIS.

THE MONTH OF MARCH.

March is the first month of Spring, and it is joyously welcomed by every one, because then we know that Spring is nigh with her beautiful flowery meadows and sweet songsters. The first part of March belongs to Winter, and we have to see the ground covered with snow, the air cold, and not a single bud on the trees; but in the latter part Winter retires and Spring comes to breathe on poor Mother Earth and revive her; the grass and the flowers spring up; the leaves appear on the trees; the little birds sing and build their nests, and all is life, and gladness, and joy.

March is welcomed as the first month of Spring, but by Catholics it is hailed with more joy, because it is the month dedicated to our glorious Father and Protector, St. Joseph. During this month we must go to St. Joseph as children to a loving and tender Father, with full confidence in his powerful intercession, and he will obtain for us all the graces we ask of him, especially the most important grace of a holy life and a happy death. Children ought to place their young hearts under his protection, that they may be kept unspotted from the world and the devil. We must try to offer dear St. Joseph the beautiful flowers of self-mortification, acts of charity, and pure, sincere love for his foster-Son Jesus, and his chaste spouse, our Blessed Mother Mary. If we do this we will please St. Joseph very much, and secure his powerful protection during life and especially at the dreadful moment of our death.

Mary Jane Tallman of St. Ignatius Mission, M. T.

Bayfield, Wis., January, 1884.

Dear little Tulalip Friends.

Our Rev. Pastor informed us that, in the far West, there were also many Indian children who, like we, attend school and learn diligently to pray to our dear Lord. He thinks that it would rejoice you to hear something about us.

I should like to tell how beautiful the dear Christmas feast was here to us. We all love that feast, because it is the birthday of the Infant Jesus, who is so good to us. Indian children. Many of the Indians in our country have their homes here for about one hundred years; nevertheless our ancestors did not know God. If the dear Infant

Jesus had not sent us missioners and Sisters, we would not be praying to our dear Lord this day, but would do as the pagans, drum-dancing, singing and screaming, that people would have to hold their ears shut, not to be made deaf.

When they get sick, they call in the medicine-men to hold a medicine-dance in honor of *matchi-manito*, or the devil, to get his help. Should they so die, they would not enter heaven. That grieves us very much, for the reason that many of our relatives are yet pagans. There are many Christians here, and we thank the Lord that we can count ourselves among that happy number.

Two weeks preceding Christmas preparations were already made. Oh, how beautiful everything appeared as Christmas was approaching! We also had the happiness to assist at making flowers and wreaths. On Christmas morning the church was beautifully decorated with flowers and wreaths, and illuminated with so many lights that one could hardly count them. There was also in the tower a large star, brightly lit up; and as our church is built on a high hill near the lake, the star could be seen far over the lake, like the light of the light-house, that can be seen every night. Oh, how many non-Catholics did look as they entered our beautiful church, and found it so nicely decorated; they visit it every Christmas.

At midnight, as our Pastor approached the altar to celebrate Mass, the church was crowded. Oh, how delightful! We thought it couldn't be any nicer in heaven, and would like to have remained all night, if we had been allowed.

During the day our Pastor went to La Pointe and Buffalo Bay, where the churches were also nicely decorated by the Indians. The other three missioners went far off among the Indians to celebrate Christmas.

In former times the Indians did not know the English language, and were laughed at when they could not understand it; but since we have Sisters that instruct us, we go regularly to school and learn just the same as Whites do, so we do not need to be ashamed any more. In school we learn to sew, knit and crochet; we can also make our dresses &c. We made scarfs, mittens &c., for our Christmas-tree, and it looked so nice that even the grown-up

(*Concluded at the bottom of next page.*)

THE WASHINGTON CATHOLIC,

An interesting weekly family newspaper, is published in Washington, D. C., by Henry M. Beadle. It was lately enlarged and its price reduced to $2.00 a year.

THE HOLY FAMILY,

A neat monthly periodical devoted to choice Catholic reading for families and schools, is published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York, at $1.00 a year.

LE MESSAGER,

The only Catholic French weekly newspaper in Maine, is published in Lewiston, Me, by J. N. L'Heureux, & Co. at $1 a year. Its motto is "Religion & Nationality."

THE LITTLE CRUSADER,

A marvel of cheapness, is published weekly by P. E. Murphy of Columbus, Ohio, at 25 cents per annum.

The Catholic Universe of Cleveland, Ohio.

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people admired our work and said that it was well done. We girls, in the boarding-school, learn to bake bread and to cook; if you want to know how good we can do it, just come to visit us, and I will prove to you what I have said.

Our kindest regards to you all, and we hope you will help us pray that all the Indians will soon become good Christians; that we may serve God well for the remainder of our life, and go to heaven when we die. Emily Reil.

[We welcome our new little contributor to the pages of the Y. Companion. The ice is now broken, dear Emily, and we hope you will not allow it to form again before you or your little companions send us another letter as interesting as the one we print to-day from you. Ed.]

—As we go to press, we receive a short note from "Stella" requesting prayers for the soul of her dear father just now dead. We beg our readers to pray for him. R. I. P.

We will commence next month a nice piece from her pen.

THE YOUTH'S

COMPANION:

A juvenile monthly Magazine published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian Missions; and set to type, printed and in part written by the pupils of the Tulalip, Wash. Ty. Indian Industrial Boarding Schools, under the control of the Sisters of Charity.

Approved by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

[*Entered at the Tulalip Post Office as second class mail matter.*]

Vol. III. APRIL, 1884. No. 35.

CALENDAR.

The fast of Lent continues, ending on the 12th.

6—Palm Sunday. Epistle, Philipp. ii. 5–11. Gospels, St. Matt. xxi. 1–9., and xxvi., xxvii. 1–66.

10—Holy Thursday.

11—Good Friday. Passion, St. John, xviii., xix.

12—Holy Saturday.

13—EASTER SUNDAY. Epistle, 1 Cor. v. 7–8. Gospel, St. Mark, xvi. 1–7.

20—Low Sunday. Epistle, 1 St. John, v. 4–10. Gospel, St. John, xx. 19–31.

27—2nd Sunday after Easter. Epistle, 1 St. Peter, ii. 21–25. Gospel, St. John, x. 11–16.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

MUCH has been written about this wonderful girl in whom God has manifested, by his mysterious workings to the God-fearing, his dealings with the saints, and to the infidel a proof of the supernatural. However, many young readers of the Youth's Companion are, I suppose, unacquainted with the history of Louise Lateau, and will read with interest the narrative of my visit to her.

Last summer, after ten years sojourn in America, I returned on a visit to my native land, and among all the curiosities I saw in France and Belgium, nothing has impressed me more than the sight of this humble and saintly maiden. Having obtained permission from the good pastor and spiritual director of Louise, I started for Bois-d'Haine, such is the name of the village where happened the strange and awful things I am going to relate.

I arrived at Bois-d'Haine on Thursday afternoon the twenty-first of June. The nearest rail-road station is Manage a town about two miles from Bois-d'Haine. Before reaching the village I passed by the house of Louise, which, the youngest child you happen to meet, will point out. It is situated a quarter of a mile from the church; built on a little eminence near the road and surrounded by a high hedge of thornbush. It is a small house but very neat-looking. When I passed by I felt as if I passed before a chapel or a church, something holy seemed to pervade the atmosphere around that humble dwelling. I was informed at the inn that nobody was allowed to see her except accompanied by the priest himself.

On Friday morning I assisted at the six o'clock

mass, and, the holy sacrifice being over, I was one of the lucky ones who were invited to carry a lantern before the Blessed Sacrament which was brought daily to Louise. There was a crowd of priests, gentlemen and ladies, all strangers, some from Holland, others from England and France. We thus walked in procession to the house reciting alound the *Miserere* and the rosary. The priest carrying our Lord entered the house first, then the parish priest admitted such as had tickets of admission, and the door was locked without mercy upon the curious crowd outside.

We passed through the front room, where the two sisters of Louise were seated at their sewing machines, and entered the room where lay the angelic sufferer. I was overwhelmed with respect and fear, when the sight, or rather the vision burst upon me. On a common bed, exceedingly neat and white, she lay like a waxen figure; her eyes closed, her mouth open, and the only sign of life in her was the slow heaving of her breast. She looked like a person dying calmly. She was beautiful with that beauty of heaven, the halo of sanctity.

After the *Confiteor*, the priest pronounced the absolution and gave her holy communion. The evening before, Father Niel, the parish priest, told me to watch the sacred host when it was presented to Louise, and I saw that the priest had not to place it on her tongue, but that it flew into her mouth from his fingers before they reached the lips. Being now fortified by this divine food, Louise breathed more strongly; her lips were seen moving and following the prayers recited by the priest.

Half an hour thus passed, when Father Niel uncovered her hands and I saw the stigmas, or wounds,

bleeding profusely. All the linen under her hands were blood-stained. The pious spectators gave pictures, beads, linen, &c. to touch her hands, or to be dipped into the blood. She had similar wounds in her side and feet, but these were not exposed to view. Some years ago, blood also issued from her head, but had now ceased.

In the afternoon none but men are admitted to witness the ecstacy, much inconvenience having formerly resulted from the crying and fainting of women. At two o'clock sharp I, in company of many others, was waiting at the door, which was presently opened by Father Niel. This holy man had to show great firmness in his office of guardian and protector of Louise, and to many, who esteemed themselves more worthy than others, he seemed severe; but I think he was entirely right in adhering to the rules he had established. Thus many, who came without previous asking, were again refused admittance.

On entering the room I remarked a great change had taken place in Louise; the ecstacy had begun. Her eyes were wide open and seemed to sparkle with a holy fire; they were motionless and fixed to the ceiling. Her mouth was also open, as if in amazement, and her tiny, bleeding hands a little uplifted. The sight was thrilling. Twenty-four persons, some of no small dimensions, were packed in that little room, about ten by twelve feet in size. It was a hot day in June; the heat soon became suffocating, as there was but one small window in the room. The parish priest directed the experiments made upon Louise with blessed objects. The dean of St. Gudule's church of Brussels had brought with him a box

(*Concluded on page* 321.)

CHAPTER V.

THERE is one person, my friends, that bigotry itself fears to attack; all are attracted—all captivated by the sublime spectacle of the hopes and pleasures and enjoyments of life sacrificed at the shrine of charity. The ribald voice is hushed and calumny ceases her deadly work when that person approaches. The world is astonished and lost in admiration at the spectacle so much opposed to its received theories. It strives to explain it by a thousand suppositions, all of which are false. The Athenians were always seeking for truth, but never found it until they knelt at the altar of the unknown God. Neither shall they ever understand the sublime operations of Catholic charity until it gravitates once more to the center of unity.

This person is the Sister of Charity.

The hospital at W——was large, but the harvest of wounded was so great that they were crowded together on every available spot. The heat was oppressive and the atmosphere sickening. Cries and prayers were heard on all sides as the surgeons hurried on with their dreadful business. All ages were represented in the lazar-house of suffering, and one might say, all nations. Priests were hurrying from one prostrate form to another, preparing the dying soldiers for death. Ministers were there, too, reading their Bibles over the unconscious members of their church, greatly to the edification and spiritual comfort of the latter, no doubt. And there, too, was the Sister of Charity on her mission of mercy, performing the most loathsome offices, not only willingly, but eagerly.

"Sister," called a soldier, who lay in a corner at a short distance from his companions, "will you bring me some water?"

The Sister whom he addressed immediately approached the mattress upon which he lay, and held to his lips the desired beverage.

"I've seen you before," said he, after drinking; "wasn't it you that gave me some water on the field two nights ago?"

"Indeed I gave water to so many that I cannot recollect any one in particular," replied the Sister, who was no other than Sister Gertrude.

"Don't you remember the soldier that was lying on the hill-side?"

"Oh yes, I remember now perfectly," answered she, "I am glad to find you safe in the hospital."

"I'll soon go out of it, Sister,—my time in coming fast," said the soldier, sadly.

"You must not get down-hearted or desponding, my poor man—you know God is very good, and while there is life there is hope," said Sister Gertrude.

"Hope—hope—Sister, there may be hope for others, but I can't hope."

"Oh you must not speak that way," said the Sister, "the doctor will be here in a few minutes to examine you; until he gives an adverse decision you should hope for the best."

"Ah, Sister, it is not my bodily state I refer to; —my mind—my mind is troubled." The soldier drew his pale hand across his brow as if to collect his scattered thoughts.

"Many hundred years ago there was One who came on earth to die for man. We were wicked, ungrateful, proud, but he loved us even 'to the end.' Even

since then the sorrowful and weary have gone to Him with their burden of woe, and no one was ever disappointed. Can you not do the same?" The Sister paused, and offered a fervent mental prayer for the sick man.

"Sister," exclaimed he, energetically, "what if a wretch had trampled on His Precious Blood?—what if he had laughed at the laws of God and man? what if he had abandoned the best of wives and a dear, helpless child? O Sarah, Sarah! poor little Miriam, ye are avenged." The soldier fell back trembling and exhausted.

Sister Gertrude shuddered perceptibly and turned deadly pale. She seemed for a moment to have lost consciousness, but, by a strong effort, she regained her self-possession, and said:

"Even if all this be true, there is always mercy for those who approach Almighty God with contrite hearts. Our Blessed Lord knew the frailty of poor human nature, and hence he established His tribunal of penance as a permanent institution in the Church. Pray to Him, my poor man, for He has said: 'Come to me, all ye that are burdened, and I will refresh ye, and ye shall find peace for your souls.' "

The Sister turned away to hide the tears that flowed from her eyes.

"I can't pray, Sister—I cannot," answered the soldier, despondingly. "There seems to be a wall of bricks between me and God's mercy;—my mind is blind—my heart hardened; God help me! I am abandoned—I am abandoned!"

"Why, the very acknowledgment that you are in so unhappy a state is a proof that God has not entirely abandoned you. You are a Catholic, no doubt!

The question was abrupt, as if very painful to the questioner.

"I am one in name, Sister, that's all," answered he.

"And cannot you recall some portion of your life when you loved God—when you prayed to Him—when you were happy? And have you never prayed to God for mercy, at least, in your youth?"

"Long ago, I might have had such feelings, but they have long been forgotten. I was not worthy of them. Ah, Sister, it is now I perceive the truth of that fearful oracle, that it is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. How bitter it is in the end—a life of sin." The sick man closed his eyes with a frown.

Sister Gertrude grew paler and paler, and prayed fervently that God would touch the soldier's heart.

"I will go and bring the priest to you,—he will comfort you," said she, at last.

"What would be the use of a priest to me, Sister,—I feel no disposition to have a priest. Let me die in peace—I want no priest, I tell you." The sick man spoke fiercely and his appearance grew repulsive.

The Sister left him and hurried to find Father C——. He returned with her and spent some time in trying to bring the soldier to better sentiments, but all to no purpose. The idea was fixed in his mind that he was abandoned of God and man, and nothing seemed capable of effecting a change. As the duties were pressing and numerous, the good clergyman was compelled to leave him for worthier ones, but as he departed, he told Sister Gertrude to watch him in a special manner and inform him instantly if the moment of grace would arrive.

And it did arrive, dear children, through Mary.

Blessed Mother! hope of the sinner's death-bed, be our hope in that awful hour, for we, too, are sinners!

"Will I say a little prayer to the Mother of God for you?" asked the Sister. "Surely you will listen."

"You may if you like, Sister, but let it not be long, for it fatigues me."

Sister Gertrude commenced the beautiful *Memorare;* her soul was in each word. When she had concluded, she saw that the sick man's eyes were closed, his hands clasped, and a more peaceful expression on his countenance. She began it again, and oh! what a thrill of joy and thanksgiving passed through her heart when she observed the tears trickling down the dying soldier's cheeks.

Yes, the *Memorare* brought back to him his happy, innocent youth and something of its peace was mingled with the bitterness that filled his soul. The little altar of Mary—the innumerable burning tapers, the fair, white statue that his childish imagination would endow with life,—the sweet voices of the Mother's children joined in harmonious concert at her feet, and the deep, solemn tones of the organ that rolled in richest waves through the gothic arches of the church—all, all came back to him once more, and each moment that made the picture more distinct, revived the blessed emotions of the past. The soldier wept and when he opened his eyes he saw Sister Gertrude weeping too.

"Sister, you have conquered," whispered he faintly.

"No, no,—not I,—but, blessed be God! Mary has conquered. Dear Mother," ejaculated she "accept my most grateful thanks for this additional mark of thy bounty! You will have the priest, will you not?" concluded Sister Gertrude.

"Yes, Sister, bring him that I may make my peace with my offended God. Almighty God! by the bitter Passion of Jesus, forgive me! Mary, Mother, intercede for me."

The soldier ceased speaking but his lips moved in prayer. Sister Gertrude hastened away radiant with joy and soon returned with a confessor.

And he and the sick man were left alone.

(*Conclusion in our next.*)

APRIL.

APRIL, the second month of spring, is often called the month of showers, on account of the many light and gentle rains that fall at this season. Like March, the change from sunshine is often sudden, and persons frequently get drenched in rain before they have time to reach a place of shelter.

April is the month for preparing the ground and putting in the seed of many of the spring crops. The trees begin to put forth their leaves and the farmers are busy in ploughing their fields. Green grass appears on the meadows and lawns. New life seems to be infused into every thing around us. We too, at this season, should endeavor to awake to renewed life, and aim at greater perfection in virtue and goodness.

The spring, the spring, the gentle spring!
Her advent now with joy we sing;
Her glad return we hail with delight,
While fierce old winter has fled outright.

Spring, the germ of future harvest,
Full of life, and blandly kind,
Warns us to be ever active,
And with virtue fill the mind.

THE BOY WHO KISSED HIS MOTHER.

There sat on the porch in the sunshine,
  As I went down the street—
A woman whose head was silver,
  But whose face was blossom sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
  Where, in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
  Late, fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind,
  And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
  Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble,
  Hopeful and brave and strong,
One of the hearts to lean on
  When we think that things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate latch,
  And met his manly look;
A face like his gives me pleasure,
  Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
  Of a brave and daring will—
Of a face with a promise in it
  That God grant the years fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing;
  I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
  As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweetheart mother!"
  He cried and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
  For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on,
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts,
Since time and earth began,
And the boy who kissed his mother
Is every inch a man!

THE CHATTERBOX.

From morning till night 'twas Lucy's delight
To chatter and talk without stopping;
There was not a day but she rattled away,
Like water for ever a dropping.

As soon as she rose, while she put on her clothes,
'Twas vain to endeavor to still her;
Nor once did she lack to continue her clack,
Till again she laid down on her pillow.

You'll think now, perhaps, there would have been gaps
If she had'nt been wonderful clever,
That her sense was so great, and so witty her pate,
That it would be forthcoming forever.

But that's quite absurd, for have you not heard,
Much tongue and few brains are connected?
That they are supposed to think least who talk most,
And their wisdom is always suspected?

While Lucy was young, had she bridled her tongue
With a little good sense and exertion,
Who knows but she might have been our delight,
Instead of our jest and aversion?

(*Concluded from page* 312.)

full of holy relics, among which was a large piece of the true cross. When this was brought near Louise, she stretched out her arms and smiled with an inexpressible joy, and although so utterly weak as not to be able to hold a gold ring in her fingers, yet she lifted the somewhat large box and its contents without the least effort, and when it was taken away she was lifted up from her couch as by a loadstone. When a priest held his hand extended over her head, she smiled, on account, no doubt, of the holy unction that hand had received; the approach of any blessed object causing her to smile, whilst she remained motionless at the sight or touch of any other thing.

At half past two the priests read Vespers, which were very appropriate, being those of the feast of St. M. Magdalen of Pazzi, whose motto was, "*Suffer and not die!*" Louise, although entirely rapt up, as it were, in the contemplation of some heavenly vision, seemed to feel the impulse of the divine Office, the most striking passages affecting her most. We sang the *Magnificat*, and at the first words a slight tremor passed over her whole frame, and she again smiled.

It was now nearing three o'clock. We repeated several prayers for the Pope, the conversion of sinners, and for unhappy Belgium. Louise seemed to ascend, every minute, higher and higher into the unseen world; piteous groans escaped her bosom, her face assumed a most sorrowful expression, reminding one of Mary at the foot of the cross looking up in Jesus' face. All the visitors gazed on in consternation. An awful silence reigned; nothing was heard except the heart-breaking sighs of the poor victim. Something superhuman was felt; the presence of God

and of the angels seemed nearer; it was overwhelming. Tears flowed freely from all eyes. During all this time the oldest sister of Louise was sitting near the bed, sobbing mournfully.

At three o'clock Father Niel, who had witnessed this dolorous scene for sixteen consecutive years, bade us retire. Oh, how hard it was to leave that hallowed spot! How reluctantly everyone tore himself away from the dear sufferer! Walking away, I reflected on this forgetful, fickle and wicked world. O God! this humble servant of the cross will condemn us all. It is true, if the dead came back again, people would yet be found who would not even then believe! Here is Louise, for sixteen long years, preaching to the world, not in words indeed, but by her sufferings and blood, and what visible good has it done to the multitudes? The land blessed with her presence is tyrannized over by impious blasphemers and infidels, and the people are losing gradually their traditional piety. O Lord, how long?....

Dear readers of the "Companion," allow me, in conclusion, to give you a short sketch of the life of Louise Lateau. When very young she had a great devotion for the passion of our Lord, and liked to make the stations of the cross. She was poor and had to work very hard, but did and suffered all for the love of God. At the age of seventeen she was so good and perfect, nobody knowing it, except God, that our Lord gave her the five wounds as to St. Francis of Assisium.

Every Friday these wounds opened in her hands, feet and side, and blood flowed out of them. She was then subjected to the most terrible trials by doctors and theologians. She was called a deceiver, an im-

postor, a dreamer, but she suffered all meekly until all the skill of the learned was put to naught, the rage of the infidels confounded, and her case pronounced a supernatural and divine operation. During twelve years she took no other food than the daily communion of our Lord's body and blood, still doing all the house-work and sewing during five years. For the last seven years she had been obliged to keep the bed through feebleness. Finally last summer, a few weeks after my visit to Bois-d'Haine, she passed to her reward at the age of thirty-three years, and was buried in a vault back of her native village church. R. I. P.

"EMILE."

BE ALWAYS CONTENTED.

ROBERT, a Lorraine peasant, after a hard day's work in the neighboring village, was returning home with a basket in his hand. "What a supper I shall have," said he to himself. "This piece of veal well stewed down, with my onions sliced, thickened with meal and seasoned with my salt and pepper, will make a dish fit for a king. Then I have a good piece of barley bread at home to finish with. How I long to be at it!"

A noise in the edge now attracted his attention, and he saw a squirrel nimbly running up a tree and popping into a hole. "Ha!" thought he, "what a nice present a squirrel would be to my master; I'll try and get it." Upon this he set down his basket in the road and began to climb up the tree. He had not ascended half way, when casting a glance down at his basket, he saw a dog with his nose in it, jerking out the piece of veal. He made all possible speed down, but the dog was too quick for him and ran off with the meat

in his mouth. Robert looked after him, saying, "Well then, I must be content with my soup without veal, and neither will it be so bad after all."

He traveled on, and came to a farm house by the road-side, and being thirsty, he went in for a glass of water, leaving his basket on a bench that stood at the door. A tame raven, kept at this house, came slily up, and perching on the side of the basket, stole the bag of barley meal and ran away with it. Robert did not perceive his loss until he had got some distance on his way. He returned, but could get no tidings of it. "Well," said he, "my soup will be thiner, but I will boil a slice of bread with it, and that will be some good at least." He went on his journey again, and soon arrived at a stream of water over which a narrow plank was laid. A lady was crossing at the same time, and Robert offered her his hand. When they got to the middle she shrieked out as if she was about to fall. Robert tried to support her, and in doing so let fall his basket. He jumped into the stream to recover it, but when he succeeded in reaching it he found that the water had melted the salt and washed away the pepper. Nothing now remained but the onions. "Well," said Robert, "the Lord be praised! I must sup to-night upon roasted onions and barly bread. Last night I had bread alone; to-morrow morning it does not matter what I have." So saying, he continued his journey home, singing as gaily as if nothing had happened. Most happy shall you be, dear little friends, if you learn from good Robert to be always contented with your lot, whatever may happen. And would you know the secret of always being so? learn to consider everything that happens to you as coming from God, and this thought will sweeten everything.

AMONG THE

SNOHOMISH INDIANS.

No. IX.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dearly Beloved Children.

For a long while we had no church in Tulalip. My companion and I were compelled to celebrate the divine sacrifice, to preach and administer the sacraments in the school-room. We applied to the Agent for aid, but his answer was that the U. S. government was not in the custom of building churches for any denomination; therefore the missionaries were obliged to erect, at their own expense, the church still used for public religious services on the Reservation. (*) The church when new, was solid, comfortable and in a fair proportion with the other buildings. The church, vestry and furniture cost my congregation no less than $1.000. At that epoch the wages of workmen, especially of carpenters, were very high, and paper-money being at a great discount my greenback salary was found altogether inadequate to face the expenses. But our sole aim being the glory of God, and the salvation of the most destitute souls,

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(*) This church, which, for want of means on the part of both former and present missionaries, has since remained in an unfinished state, is now being finished and renovated, thanks to the help rendered by the generous friends of the Youth's Companion and the members of the congregation. The repairs consist in rusticating (?) and painting both the inside and the outside, making a larger gallery, a new altar, new seats; erecting a tower, belfry, steeple, &c. (Ed.)

we did not mind material sacrifices. We were much encouraged, and, in some way, well rewarded by the large congregation attending church services so regularly. We were two priests attending the mission, which was devided in two districts. The northern part was my lot, and the southern that of my companion. We used to visit the Indians by turn, thus there was continually one of us preaching and administering the sacraments among the tribes, and the other doing the same at home.

Since the starting of our school, over four years elapsed before we could secure the valuable co-operation of the devoted and indefatigable Sisters of Providence. During that period, the priest at home, together with a competent lay-Brother, had to attend to the teaching, and training of the children. At home, as well as abroad, the former missionaries had to contend with trials and difficulties of various kinds, but at the same time God, who sent them, never left them destitute of all consolations. Among the many edifying incidents I have met with, I will tell you of one that may incite your admiration and increase your love for our good God and Savior, and His tender Mother the Immaculate Virgin.

During a cold and stormy night in January, I was suddenly awakened by an Indian knocking at the window of my little sleeping-room, and saying loudly: "Father, Father, our chief Andrew is dying at Old-man-house, and desires to make his confession and receive holy communion before starting for the other world." I had before me a canoe trip of 22 miles, through many rough crossings, and as I was quite comfortable in my little bed, I must tell you I felt some kind of a natural dread and reluctance

to leave it so early, but the voice of the massenger sounded to me as the voice of God, and driving away all thought of self, "Duty before pleasure" said I to myself, and, jumping out of bed, I started at once.

On account of the tide being low, one of the Indians had to carry me on his back a good distance, through mud and moving sand, to where the canoe stood, whilst another packed my chapel. After four hours of hard paddling, we arrived at the village, wet through and through, and half frozen.

Fortunately, the room of the patient was warm and comfortable. As soon as Andrew saw me, he stretched out his thin arms towards me, and with a pious smile said briskly: "Father, dear Father, my heart is full of joy and thankfulness. I am now safe. Oh, how merciful is Jesus! Oh, how good is Mary! I have asked Jesus not to let me die before I could receive Him in the holy Eucharist, and He has granted my petition. I have also requested the blessed Mother to ask the same for me, and she has obtained what I wanted. I was to die yesterday, but by the great mercy of God, my death has been postponed until to-day...."

All his friends around his bed were astonished at what he said, as for the last three days he had been entirely speechless. He made his confession, and received the sacrament of Extreme Unction with the most perfect contrition, shedding abundant tears of love, sorrow and sincere gratitude. I celebrated Mass in the patient's room, and he received the holy *Viaticum* with an angelic piety. After the last gospel, he thus addressed his friends:

"My dear children, my brothers and sisters, I speak from experience.... believe me; I tell you the truth.

I never was happy in my life but when I began to know, love and serve Jesus and Mary. Love them, serve them, and they shall also make you happy during your life and especially at the hour of your death. This day is the most delicious and the most beautiful of all my past days. I have Jesus in my heart, and my soul longs to be with Him in heaven!"

These words ended, he affectionately kissed the little cross and medal he had received at his baptism, and peacefully expired. A large congregation attended the funeral of Andrew, who carried with him to the grave the esteem, love and regret of all. Many infidels, who had witnessed his edifying life and death, were converted, and resolved to follow his footsteps in the path of salvation.

I am fully convinced that Andrew was called by the Almighty to be made, in heaven, the powerful intercessor of his tribe, for it is an undeniable fact that the Port-Madison, or Old-man-house Indians became a truly religious people only since the death of their pious chief, Andrew; and it is remarkable how solid and persevering they have been, ever since, in the Catholic faith, in spite of the many unbelievers and other non-catholics surrounding them.

Andrew left two brothers, Louis and Jacob. Louis, who was the youngest, soon followed his brother to heaven, for he also died the death of a saint. Jacob is still living, faithfully imitating Andrew and Louis in their love of Jesus and Mary.

I will now conclude this letter by repeating to you, dear children, the dying words of good chief Andrew: "Love Jesus and Mary, and you shall live and die happy!" Pray for your most devoted in J. and M.

E. C. Chirouse, O. M. I.

CORNER.

THE PLUMS.

MRS. CLARK once took her four children to pay a visit to their grandfather in his beautiful garden. Their grandfather brought them four plums as yellow as gold and as large as eggs. He regretted that as yet there were not any more of them ripe.

"I leave it to you," said he in a jesting tone," to divide these four plums equally between the five of you, without either cutting any one of them or leaving a remainder."

"I can do that easily," said May, the eldest sister. She took the four plums: "We *two* sisters and *one* plum," said she, "make three. Again, my *two* brothers and *one* plum make three. These *two* plums and *one* mother also make three; and so the whole is settled without any fraction."

May's brothers and sisters were quite delighted with this division. Her mother, nevertheless, who was highly gratified, insisted that each of the children should receive a plum; and their grandfather gave May a beautiful nosegay besides. "For," said he, "May's clever division does much honor to her talent, but still more to her dutiful heart."

Genius admiring smiles may move;
A generous heart commands our love.

—A little boy was talking about the very high ladder that Jacob saw, reaching all the way from earth to the sky. His father said, "Would you dare to climb such a tall ladder?"—"Yes," said the little fellow, "if God held it!"

(26) Pray, children, tell me, if you can,
Who is that highly favored man;
Who, though he marry a wife,
Still lives single all his life?

(27) The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space:
The beginning of every end,
And the end of every place.

Answers to Nuts published in No. 33:—(16) The letter r. (17) Because he makes both ends meet. (18) Because it is a be-holder. (19) Because it is capable of receiving an impression. M. J. Tallman.

The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 51 boys and 42 girls. The actual number now is 55 and 42 respectively.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The undersigned will offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for all those who, in any way, may contribute towards his poor Indian missions.

J. B. Boulet.

NAPOLEON'S HAPPIEST DAY.—When Napoleon was in the height of his prosperity, and surrounded by a brilliant company of the marshals and courtiers of the empire, he was asked what day he considered to have been the happiest of his life. When all expected that he would name the occasion of some glorious victory, or some great political triumph, or some august celebration, or other signal recognition of his genius and power, he answered without a moment's hesitation, "The happiest day of my life was the day of my first communion." At a reply so unforeseen there was a general silence; when he added as to himself, "I was then an innocent child."

MAY 8.

ST. BERNARD, FRIAR PREACHER.

THIS holy priest held in the thirteenth century the office of sacristan in the Dominican house at Santarem in Portugal, and had under his charge two boys, sons of poor parents, who daily served the Masses of the Fathers, and received in return from them such learning as they could afford; by which they so profited, that they held it their greatest privilege to assist at the altar, and stand in the immediate presence of the Lamb of God. It was their custom when Mass was over to take their morning meal in a chapel near the church, in which was an image of the Infant Jesus, to whom they would offer a portion of their food; and the Holy Child would come and eat with them, teaching them the while the hidden things of Divine Love. Which, when Bernard heard, he bade them pray to Jesus thus: "Thou comest, O Lord, day by day, to us; grant that we too, and our Father Bernard, may sit as guests at Thy table." Then Jesus granted their prayer, promising that they should keep the festival of His Ascension with him. The day came, and the boys as usual served Bernard's Mass. When it was ended, the three knelt for a moment before the altar; and as they knelt a sleep came over them, and they passed from the house of God on earth to His house in heaven.

SERVING MASS.

When God appeared to Moses in the burning bush, He bade him take the shoes from off his feet, for the place was holy ground. We who hear, and we especially who serve holy Mass, come, as Moses came, into the very presence of God. Let our reverence and our devotion be worthy of Him.

"Let the eyes be single and pure which look so often on the Maker of heaven and earth."—*Imitation.*

The monks buried Bernard and the two servers in one and the same grave; but so sweet was the perfume that came from their bodies that it rose through the earth, pro-

claiming most clearly the holiness of these servants of God. Such great rewards are only for the Saints; but all who assist worthily at the sacred mysteries of the altar obtain in this life purity of soul, hidden intercourse with God; and in the next a speedy entrance into the joys of the blest.

"The child ministered to the Lord, before the face of Heli the priest; and he grew, and the Lord was with him, and not one of his words fell to the ground."—1 King iii. 1, 19.

MAY 9.

ST. GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

GREGORY was born of saintly parents, and was the chosen friend of St. Basil. They studied together at Athens, turned at the same time from the fairest worldly prospects, and for some years lived together in seclusion, self-discipline, and toil. Gregory was raised, almost by force, to the priesthood; and was in time made Bishop of Nazianzum by St. Basil, who had become Archbishop of Cæsarea. When he was fifty years old he was chosen, for his rare gifts and his conciliatory disposition, to be Patriarch of Constantinople, then distracted and laid waste by Arian and other heretics. In that city he labored with wonderful success. St. Jerome boasts that he had there sat at his feet, and calls him his master and his catechist in Holy Scripture. But his lowliness, his austerities, the insignificance of his person, and, above all, his very success, drew down on him the hatred of many of the enemies of the faith. He was persecuted by the magistrates, stoned by the rabble, and thwarted and deserted even by his brother bishops. During the second General Council he resigned his see, hoping thus to restore peace to the tormented city, and retired to his native town, where he died A. D. 390. He was a graceful poet, a preacher at once eloquent and solid; and a champion of the faith, so well trained and equipped, so strenuous, and so exact, that he is called St. Gregory, the Theologian.

PATIENCE UNDER PERSECUTION.

"We must overcome our enemies," says St. Gregory, "by gentleness; win them over by forbearance. Let them be punished by their own conscience, not by our wrath. Let us not at once wither the fig-tree, from which a more skilful gardener may yet entice fruit.

"Our enemies show in their conduct what their master has taught them. Let us show in ours what we have learned at the feet of Jesus."—*St Gregory Nazianzen.*

The Arians were so irritated at the decay of their heresy that they pursued the Saint with outrage, calumny, and violence, and at length resolved to take away his life. For this purpose they chose a resolute young man, who readily undertook the sacrilegious commission. But God did not allow him to carry it out. He was touched with remorse, and cast himself at the Saint's feet, avowing his sinful intent. St. Gregory at once forgave him, treated him with all kindness, and received him amongst his friends, to the wonder and edification of the whole city, and to the confusion of the heretics, whose crime had served only as a foil to the virtue of the Saint.

"The learning of a man is shown by his patience, and his glory is to pass over wrongs."—Prov. xix. 11.

MAY 10.

ST. ANTONINUS, BISHOP.

ANTONINUS, or Little Antony, as he was called from his small stature, was born at Florence in 1389. After a childhood of singular holiness, he begged to be admitted into the Dominican house at Fiesole; but the Superior, to test his sincerity and perseverance, told him he must first learn by heart the book of the Decretals, containing several hundred pages. This apparently impossible task was accomplished within twelve months; and Antoninus received the coveted habit in his sixteenth year. While still very young he filled several important posts of his Order, and was consulted

on questions of difficulty by the most learned men of his day; being known for his wonderful prudence as "the Counsellor." He wrote several works on theology and history, and sat as Papal Theologian at the Council of Florence. In 1446 he was compelled to accept the archbishopric of that city; and in this dignity earned for himself the title of "the Father of the Poor," for all he had was at their disposal. His household consisted of only six persons; his palace contained no plate or costly furniture, and was often nearly destitute of the necessaries of life. His one mule was frequently sold for the relief of the poor, when it would be brought back for him by some wealthy citizen. He died embracing the crucifix, May 2nd, 1459, often repeating the words, "To serve God is to reign."

ALMSDEEDS.

"Almsdeeds," says St. Augustine, "comprise every kind of service rendered to our neighbor who needs such assistance. He who supports a lame man bestows an alms on him with his feet; he who guides a blind man does him a charity with his eyes; he who carries an invalid or an old man upon his shoulders imparts to him an alms of his strength. Hence none are so poor but they may bestow an alms on the wealthiest man in the world."

"The poor stretch forth the hand, but God receives what is offered."—*St. Peter Chrysologus.*

St. Antoninus never refused an alms which was asked in the name of God. When he had no money he gave his clothes, shoes, or furniture. One day, being sent by the Florentines to the Pope, as he approached Rome a beggar came up to him almost naked, and asked him for an alms for Christ's sake. Outdoing St. Martin, Antoninus gave him his whole cloak. When he entered the city another was given him, but by whom he knew not.

"Give alms out of thy substance, and turn not thy face away from any poor person; for so it shall come to pass that the face of the Lord shall not be turned from thee." Tobias, iv. 7.

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All subscriptions strictly payable in advance, as I am entirely dependent on the subscription price for commencing and carrying on this work to help my poor missions.

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(Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., Wash.

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Louis Martin, 50 cts.	Total, $115.35

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XXVIII. THE LORD'S PRAYER IN TATCHE.

Ta tili mo quixco nepe lemaatnil an zacueteyem na etzmatz antsiejtsitia na ejtmilina, an citaha natsnalog, ruilac quicha nepe lima maitiltac taha zizalamaget zizucanatel ziczea. Za manimtiltac na zanayl quicha na kac apanenitilico na zananaol zi nietza commanatatelnec zo alimeta zona ziuxnia zo no quissili jom zig zumlaylitec. Amen.

ROLL OF HONOR
— OF THE —
TULALIP INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Good conduct, Christian doctrine, obedience and general application to study.

A. E. SIMMONS,
JAMES LONG,
ATHAN. SHELTON,
JAMES MAURICE,
JOHN CLOVER,
HENRY STAUTS,
H. CHARLES, J. Bob,
Ed. Preston, W. Wale.

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Order and Neatness.

PETER KWINA,
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J. Skwailh, J. Kenney.

Application to sewing darning and cutting out.

M. LYLE, M. KWINA,
JOHANNA SIEBERT,
M. JOSEPHINE,
Magdalen, M. Frank.

House-work and cooking.

SARAH LAKE,
M. Jerome.

IN MEMORIAM.

The death of our most venerated Father, Rev. J. B. A. Brouillet, is a subject that we, poor unworthy children, should not venture to dwell upon; for this great man deserves praises worthy of his great merit, which, in our little minds, we can not appreciate to its full extent. But we feel in our hearts the need of expressing throughout the world, the deep sorrow which fills our souls at the loss of a FRIEND and FATHER, who devoted his whole life for our sole welfare on earth and for our future happiness. Who more than he can be called the follower of Christ, who gave His life for us, as we have so often been told.

Our prayers are not of much value, but our dear Lord will not reject the supplications we send daily through the hands of our dear Mother, the B. Virgin, and our good Father St. Joseph who, we hope, will obtain for him to enjoy during his beautiful month, the reward of his so well deserved crown. Mary Lyle.

In the name of the Indian Children of Tulalip School.

BENEFITS OF RELIGION.

The benefits of Religion are very numerous. In the midst of suffering and adversity, she is there to relieve us with her admirable lessons of resignation to the will of God, and to support us with the hope for the bliss of heaven, which will repay us for the trials of this life.

The reason why good Catholics are more resigned in sufferings than others is because they have our Religion to suggest to them the thought of the cruel sufferings endured for us by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, in comparison of which our own seem light and trivial, and are thus rendered more bearable.

When we read of the holy martyrs, who were persecuted and killed by the pagan emperors, and who were made to suffer the most cruel tortures we can imagine, we are filled with admiration for their courage and constancy, and we sometimes wonder how they could have been so brave.

It was Religion that helped them to suffer so bravely; that Religion for which they offered their lives. They suffered for her and she did not desert them; even when they were dead she caused their bodies to be preserved as relics and honored throughout the world. Mary Jane Tallman.

St. Ignatius Mission, Feb. 1884.—Dear little Friends.

I thought this morning that I would employ the time given to us for our composition in having a talk with you.

I suppose that you have heard about the death of Rev. Father Brouillet; this sad news reached us at the commencement of this month, and startled us very much—being so sudden and unexpected. His death is a great loss to the Indian schools as he devoted himself and all he had to the Indian children. We were told that he even had no home, and that his clothing was that of a very poor man. Well may we mourn over his death for in him we have lost one of our greatest benefactors. Many Indian children, who are now in Catholic schools, can truthfully say that they owe it to Father Brouillet, who succeeded in having a greater number of children in the schools.

Let us now pay our debt of gratitude, in offering to God our prayers and good works for the repose of his soul, that he may receive, in heaven, the brilliant crown of glory that his disinterested life deserved.

Allow me, in conclusion, to ask you to pray also for one of our companions, M. Therese, who died of consumption on the 15th instant. She was thirteen years of age and had spent eight years with the Sisters. We are now fifty three girls at school, all enjoying good health, expect one. Many have been sick during the last two months, but the spring sun seems to revive them. Yours &c. Mary Bisson.

VISIT OF U. S. INSPECTOR WARD.

Welcome to our Reservation! This is the salutation with which we hail your visit. We are young and feeble, we are born and raised far from refined society, yet in our hearts there is a feeling of love and sentiment, towards our lawful Superiors and to our Country which borders on worship, because we know all power comes from God and obedience secures peace and prosperity.

Your visit then is a joy to us, a real feast; we are not forgotten, we are the object of care and solicitude. Every right born heart feels this, and sends forth an expression of gratitude and much praise.

Thanks to you then, generous Sir, and thanks to the Government which thus kindly watches over us,

The Girls of the Tulalip Boarding School.

Cheam. B. C. February, 1884.

Miss Johanna Siebert, Tulalip.—My dear Child.

I am to-day teaching catechism among the Indians of Mount Cheam, on the left bank of Fraser River, 60 miles from home. Here among my hearers, a young Cheam mother, a former pupil of the Sisters of St. Ann, and one of the new subscribers to the Youth's Companion, just handed to me the number for January last, containing your kind letter to my address.

No one could imagine all the joy and happiness that a few words from my dear Johanna poured into my heart, just at the hour I was surrounded by over one hundred children of the mountaineer tribe. It caused me a sudden distraction, but a very sweet one, and the translation of your beautiful sentiments, took the place of the remainder of the catechism lesson. Your complaint about my long delay in writting puzzles me, for I thought I was two months in advance, having mailed five letters since November last. Probably the severe cold weather has been the cause of my supposed silence, but I hope, the fair breeze from the South, will soon open the ways of communication, and carry to my dearly beloved children of Tulalip the assurance of my continual affection and remembrance.

You presume, do you say, that I am sick. I would not dare to answer that my health is very good. But you have all prayed for me, and God, who always hears the prayers of good children, is pleased to grant me still strength enough to pursue my missionary labors. Glory be therefore, to our all-merciful heavenly Father, and thousands of sincere thanks to all my beloved children of Tulalip. In return for your kind wishes, I will pray Jesus and his Immaculate Mother, to bless you all during this year, and crown you in Heaven, after a long, holy and happy life in this valley of tears. Hoping to hear again from you, I remain yours affectionately. E. C. Chirouse. O. M. I.

WANTED. One Youth's Companion, No. 20.

Prayers are requested for the conversion and happy death of a sinner, and for the recovery of a sick child.

A few communities and several individuals also beg the prayers of the charitable for themselves and friends.

☞ A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the Youth's Companion, will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

REGULAR EXCHANGES:

THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC,

An interesting weekly family newspaper, is published in Washington, D. C., by Henry M. Beadle. It was lately enlarged and its price reduced to $2.00 a year.

THE HOLY FAMILY,

A neat monthly periodical devoted to choice Catholic reading for families and schools, is published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York, at $1.00 a year.

LE MESSAGER,

The only Catholic French weekly newspaper in Maine, is published in Lewiston, Me, by J. N. L'Heureux, & Co. at $1 a year. Its motto is "Religion & Nationality."

THE LITTLE CRUSADER,

A marvel of cheapness, is published weekly by P. E. Murphy of Columbus, Ohio, at 25 cents per annum.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSE,

A stanch, outspoken, uncompromisingly Catholic weekly, published at No. 117 Erie street, Cleveland, Ohio, at $2.50 per annum. Manly Tello, managing Editor.

We concluded to wait until next month to commence the publication of "Stella's" translation of "Our Lady of Guadalupe"; May being the most appropriate month. It is a good time to subscribe. Please tell everyone that 50 *cents pay for the Youth's Companion for a year.*

Maj Ed Mallet
Washington D C

THE YOUTH'S

COMPANION:

A juvenile monthly Magazine published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian Missions; and set to type, printed and in part written by the pupils of the Tulalip, Wash. Ty. Indian Industrial Boarding Schools, under the control of the Sisters of Charity.

Approved by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

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Vol. III. MAY, 1884. No. 36.

CALENDAR.

4—3rd Sunday after Easter. Patronage of St. Joseph. Lesson, Gen. xlix. 22–26. 1st Gospel, St. Luke. iii. 21–23. Last Gospel, St. John, xvi. 16–22.

11—4th Sunday after Easter. Epistle, St. James, i. 17–21. Gospel, St. John, xvi. 5–14.

18—5th Sunday after Easter. Epistle, St. James, i. 22–27. Gospel, St. John, xvi. 22–30.

19, 20 and 21, Rogation days.

22—ASCENSION OF OUR LORD, a feast of obligation. Lesson, Acts, i. 1–11. Gospel, St. Mark, xvi. 14–20.

25—Sunday in the Octave of the Ascension. Ep. 1 St. Peter, iv. 7–11. Gosp. St. John, xv. 26, 27; xvi. 1–4.

HAIL to the month of our most tender MOTHER! To us all, it brings hope and joy; for in its blessed days we know that Mary obtains for all her children most abundant graces and blessings. To honor thee, O, sweet Mother, nature displays all her beauty and fragrance; flowers of every hue and perfume, like brilliant gems, cover the bosom of the green prairies. The groves are vocal with the concerts of songs from the winged warblers, hymning thy praises from early morn till dewy eve. Shall our preparations for this beautiful festive month be inferior to those which nature has made? No; this shall never be! Day and night we will send to the throne of our Queen in heaven, the incense of our prayers and praise; from the harmonious lyre of the Rosary we will intone Gabriel's inspired hymn, "Hail full of grace;" our souls shall be the roses with which we will adorn her altars; immortal souls are indeed those mystical roses so very dear to the Queen of Angels. May they then expand during this sweet month, under the genial breath of Mary's maternal love.

May, joyous May! the month of our Mother! What heart but beats lightly at thy approach? Blest month of Mary! in thy sweet devotions, all ages of life, all conditions of society find strength and consolation! They impart to the soul profound peace and serenity that no worldly festivity can ever give. Every day is rich in graces and benedictions, for to every day's devotion the Church has attached *one hundred days' indulgence*, with a *plenary one*, to be gained once during the month. May those riches from the treasury of the Church, with every other grace and blessing belonging to this beautiful month, be the portion of every one of our dear Readers and Friends.

"I'm almost dead! It is as hot as fire and I've been more than a dozen miles after that colt," said Andrew as he threw himself at full length on the lounge and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Where did you go?" inquired his father.

"I went over to Briggs' and back by the bridge."

"That is a little less than a mile and a half. Is it so very warm Andy? It seems quite cool here."

"No, not so dreadful, I don't suppose, if I'd taken it moderate, but I ran like lightning and got heated up."

"You started about 5 o'clock, my son, and now it is a quarter to six," said his father, consulting his watch.

"Yes, sir, just three quarters of an hour," answered Andrew, innocently.

"Does it take lightning 45 minutes to go 1½ mile?"

"I didn't mean exactly that, father; but I ran all the way, because I expected the whole town would be here to see my new velocipede," said Andrew.

"Whom do you expect, Andy? I don't think so many will be here. What will you do with them all?"

"Jim, Ed and Will told me they'd be round after school, and I would not wonder if Ike came, too."

"The population of the town is 5000, and you expect three of them; and as you are very sick, I'm glad no more are coming; you couldn't play with them all."

"Sick!" cried Andrew, "who says I'm sick?"

"Why, Andrew, you said you were almost dead; doesn't that mean very sick?"

"You are so particular, father, about my talking! I don't exactly mean to say that I was nearly dead, to be sure, but I did some tall running. There were fifty dogs after me, and I don't go much on dogs."

"Quite a band! Where did they all came from?"

"There were Mr. Nye's sheep dog and Peck's store

dog, and two or three more, and they made for me, and so I ran as fast as I could."

"Five at the most are not fifty, Andy."

"There looked to be fifty anyway," answered Andrew, somewhat impatiently. "Carter's ten acre lot was full of dogs just making for me, and I guess you'd thought there were fifty if it had been you."

"Ten acres of dogs would be a great many thousands; have you any idea how many?"

Andrew did not like to calculate, for he knew what a small space ten or fifteen thousand sheep would occupy when camping, and ten acres of dogs would be past calculation. "But," his father continued, "I know no better way to break you of the foolish habit of exaggeration than to tell the children the trouble you had in going after the colt. You ran like lightning, encountered ten acres of dogs, which would be hundreds of thousands, traveled more than a dozen miles to get one mile and a half in a straight line, expected to find 5000 people here to see your new velocipede, and on reaching home were nearly dead."

"Please don't, father; the boys will all laugh themselves to death, and I won't exaggerate again."

"Laugh themselves to death at a simple story like this. I hope not. But that it will rather set them to watch their own manner of telling stories, so as to be sure they do not greatly overestimate things. Habit, my son, grows with years, and becomes in time so deeply rooted that it will be impossible for you, when you become a man, to relate plain, unvarnished facts, unless you check the foolish habit you indulge in every day of stretching simple incidents into the most marvelous tales." Let our little readers beware lest they also fall into Andrew's bad habit.

CHAPTER VI.

AN hour had passed,—the prodigal child had received his father's embrace—the last Sacraments had been administered,—the dread hour was approaching. The dying soldier lay calm and happy, the past but a dark dream, never, never to return. A deep sense of gratitude filled his heart with tears, but he could not weep—death is too deep for tears! He felt the pitiless destroyer's cold approach, but confidence was mingled with his fears. The stolidity of a life of sin melted away beneath the breath of grace like the frost of morning before the sun's rays. Religion had performed another miracle, and the angels of heaven rejoiced.

A couple of other Sisters were praying at the sick man's bed-side, when Sister Gertrude joined them, in company with a physician. The doctor felt his pulse and whispered to her that he had but a short time to live. Her companions wondered why Sister Gertrude grew so pale and trembled at this announcement. But the scenes through which she had passed were sufficient to try even stronger nerves. This was their solution of the enigma, but ah! how far from being the true one.

"The doctor told you I had not long to live, did he not, Sister?" asked the soldier quietly.

"Thank God, dear fa—, poor man, I mean,—that you are prepared to obey His holy will," answered Sister Gertrude hurriedly, *les larmes dans la voix*, as the French so beautifully expresses it.

"Ah, I see,—you do not wish to answer me directly, Sister. Well, I hope now, so I can look death steadily in the face. To say I feel deeply grateful

for your unutterable charity toward a poor wretch like me, is but a feeble expression of my feelings. May God Almighty bless you Sister."

The dying man paused a while to recover breath, and then continued:—

"I am near my end, Sister, and feel strongly impelled to relate to you the events of my life. It is not for mere curiosity, but that you may see how good God and His Blessed Mother have been to me, and what an instrument you have been in His hands to prepare me for that mercy. I will not speak of my youth; it was like the generality of mankind, some good and a great deal of evil mingled with it. I studied law and when I had mastered my profession I left my parents' house and sought for practice in the city of New York. I succeeded for a time and as the future looked promising, I thought I might enter into the marriage state. I sought for a companion for my life and soon found one every way worthy of me. Worthy, do I say? Oh, a thousand times my superior in every thing that constitutes real worth. Pious, affable and submissive, she would have made home happy for the best of men. I had never been very attentive to my religious duties, but her example soon led me to become a practical Catholic. For two or three years no shadow approached our house and I often found myself wondering why God had been so merciful to one who so little deserved any indulgence. At length a son was born to us; my happiness was complete. But alas! he faded away from his mother's arms and returned to Him who had given him. How bitterly I grieved, God knows, for I was not strong in that loving faith that sustained his mother. I grew moody and silent and absented

myself from home for a couple of days at a time. I met with many sympathizing friends, who made me forget my sorrow. *Friends!* no, they were my bitterest enemies. They led me by degrees to frequent the saloons and drinking places that are the bane of that as well as every other American city,—in fact, of every city in the world. I began to drink; my business was soon neglected; my real friends deserted me. I considered this as an injustice, and shunned them more and more, that I might be spared their reproaches. But there was one whose pale face troubled me even in the midst of my mad orgies—my poor wife. How she begged, entreated, implored me to alter my course, may be easily imagined. But I was chained in my accursed slavery, and I laughed at her wise and affectionate appeals. One day I went home after a long absence of several days. She called me to her and presented me with a little daughter,—born whilst I was away.

"Dear John, see, God has given us a precious jewel in place of poor little Charles."

I do not know whether it was the words of my suffering, patient wife—the presence of my daughter, or reference to our little lost boy that touched my heart. However, my heart *was* touched; I sat down by the bed-side and wept.

"Thank God," whispered my wife, joyfully, His mercy will make this child an earnest of happier times.

I abandoned my wickedness for some time, and my old and real friends began to look upon me again with something of their former friendship. But it was only for a time. Like many an unfortunate, I got tired of being good; a yearning for excitement took possession of me: gradually I had a nod and a

recognition for my old companions in iniquity. Then a little drop—a little—until one night I returned to my home mad with drink; my poor, faithful wife remonstrated with me; I struck her,—gracious God, I struck her senseless to the ground! The brutal act sobered me; I thought I had murdered her, so, stooping down, I imprinted a kiss on her pale forehead, and fled. "Sister," groaned the dying soldier, in a voice broken with anguish, "I never saw her more. I went to the West, and was wandering about when the war broke out. I joined a regiment and soon forgot all in the fever and madness of war. But the wrath of God followed me, and a rebel bullet punished me for my ingratitude to one of the best of women. May Almighty God pardon me! Mary, intercede for me!"

The soldier sobbed faintly, but his sob was answered by another that made him start convulsively, and lit up his dying eyes with unearthly brightness.

"Sister Gertrude! Sister Gertrude!" exclaimed the dying soldier, faintly; "there is a something in your features;—I don't know;—why is this?"

"O, father—dearest father!—I am your own little Miriam;—do you not know me?" cried Sister Gertrude, casting herself on the dying man's bosom.

"Oh, great God! Oh, Mary!—Miriam, child Miriam," gasped the father.

"Yes, Miriam; father, your own Miriam that God has brought to your side in your extremity," said Sister Gertrude.

"Take my hand, Miriam; it is cold, is it not, Miriam dear? Hold me fast, child, and kiss me, that I may die with my darling's embrace about my heart! You forgive your poor, erring father, Miriam, darling?"

"A thousand, thousand times, father dear, and I will pray always for you."

"God be praised forever! Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! receive my soul! Sarah, Miriam, mother, child; and she forgives her poor father;—Mary, Mother!"——

A long sigh—one loving gaze at Sister Gertrude, and the soldier was at rest!

THE END.

MAY.

Once more we greet the gentle breezes of the month of May. The biting frosts of Winter have passed away, the chilling blasts of early Spring have disappeared, and the season of birds and flowers has returned with all its beauty and gayety. The flowery heath, the soft and delicate foliage of the trees, the sweet scent of the groves, the verdure of the fields, the innocent warbling of the birds, all remind us of the first of May.

The sweet birds are warbling
From arbor to spray,
And cheerfully singing
Of Spring and May—
Merry May, merry May.

The month of May brings with it many scenes of enjoyment for children. It is customary, during this month, to have May parties, or excursions to the fields and there to gather the fresh flowers. On these occasions, they usually invest one of the little girls with royal dignity, and go through the beautiful and innocent ceremony of crowning her with flowers as Queen of May.

To Catholic children, however, this month possesses more than ordinary interest. May is the month

of Mary! It is dedicated in an especial manner to the Immaculate Queen of Heaven. Every day during this month, the beautiful devotion of the month of May is performed in honor of the amiable Mother of God, and to invoke her prayers in behalf of her children. Let our young readers vie with each other in performing this devotion well. Let them every morning in May go forth and gather new flowers, and offer them to Mary, and place them devoutly upon her altar, or before her statue, saying, with all the fervor of their hearts:

Dearest Mother! on thy altar,
Lay we down this simple wreath;
Guide thy children, lest we falter,
Safely through this vale of death.

FIFTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW.

Fifty years ago, children obeyed their parents; now, parents obey their children. Fifty years ago, children and young people generally had respect for age; now, with all their advantages of education, they are disrespectful to old people, and often rude and ill-behaved in church. Fifty years ago, parents felt it their duty to bring up their children in the fear and love of God; now, if they can dress them extravagantly, indulge all their whims and get them into fashionable society, it is their highest ambition, and little care is bestowed on the preparation of the soul for that eternity to which we are all hastening. Can the education of the period be wholly to blame for this sad state of things? I think not. Parents must bear a large share of this blame, on account of their worldliness and neglect in the early training of their children in the way they should go. A fearful responsibility!

GREEN are the leaves, and sweet the flowers,
And rich the hues of May;
We see them in the gardens round,
And market-paniers gay:
And e'en among our streets and lanes,
And alleys we descry,
By fitful gleams, the fair sunshine,
The blue transparent sky.

Chorus.—O Mother maid, be thou our aid,
Now in the opening year;
Lest sights of earth to sin give birth,
And bring the tempter near.

Green is the grass, but wait awhile,
'Twill grow, and then will wither;
The flowers, brightly as they smile,
Shall perish altogether:
The merry sun, you sure would say,
It ne'er could set in gloom;
But earth's best joys have all an end,
And sin, a heavy doom.

Chorus—But Mother maid, thou dost not fade;
With stars above thy brow,
And the pale moon beneath thy feet,
For ever throned art thou.

The green, green grass, the glittering grove,
The Heaven's majestic dome,
They image forth a tenderer bower,
A more refulgent home;
They tell us of that Paradise
Of everlasting rest,
And that high Tree, all flowers and fruit,
The sweetest, yet the best.

Chorus.—O Mary, pure and beautiful,
Thou art the Queen of May;
Our garlands wear about thy hair,
And they will ne'er decay.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Remember, child, remember,
That God is in the sky,
That he looks on all we do,
With an ever-wakeful eye.

Remember, O! remember,
That all the day and night,
He sees our thoughts and actions,
With an ever-watchful sight.

Remember, child, remember,
That God is good and true;
That he wishes us to be
Like Him in all we do.

Remember that he hates
A falsehood or a lie;
Remember, he will punish
The wicked, by-and-by.

Remember, O! remember,
That he is like a friend,
And he wishes us to be
Good, and happy in the end.

Remember, child, remember,
To pray to Him in heaven;
And if you have done wrong,
Oh! ask to be forgiven.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

You know, dear children, how much our Lord loved little children—very little ones, I mean. He also seemed to love youths more than older people. Among His disciples John was the favorite, on account of his purity and youth. St. Mark narrates that one day a young man met our Lord. He was very rich and had also been very good from his tenderest years. Jesus looked at him and loved him; and the youth, attracted to the divine Savior, asked what he should do to become a saint. Our Lord answered, that if he wished to be perfect, he had to sell all he had, give it to the poor, and then come and follow Him. But, dear children, this young man was dismayed when he heard he had to part with all his riches, and went away sorrowful. Alas, he was too fond of money; he preferred it to the fellowship of Christ, and, perhaps, was lost on that account.

This saying, spoken by Truth itself, did not however long remain unproductive; for within three hundred years after its utterance, it was blooming and bearing abundant fruit in mountains and deserts. Hundreds and thousands of men and women sold their worldly possessions, and flocked to solitudes and the wilderness to seek Jesus' company. The vast deserts of Egypt and Palestine were converted into a paradise of heavenly virtues. There the incense of prayer and penance rose to heaven day and night. Many monasteries were built, in which men or women lived in community, and followed the same rule. There were also solitary cells and grottoes, where monks shut themselves up in order to practice more austerities than their brethren.

In these monasteries there also lived men of deep study and learning, who afterwards became Bishops and Doctors of the Church. The monks, as these men were called, ate very little, some living on bread and water, and many eating only every other day, or once or twice a week. They worked during certain hours, tilling the soil or making mats and baskets. Their beds were a board or the bare ground; they slept but little, for the greater part of the night was spent in singing the praises of God. These servants of God lived happy and died contented.

The places they inhabited are now abandoned and deserted again; but the spirit that animated these anchorites survived. Their sublime examples of self-denial are yet the constant meditation of the religious orders; their austerities are yet imitated by many a holy priest and brother. In America, where people are all more or less tainted with the money fever, and where bodily comforts seem to be the summit of men's aspirations; in the midst of this forgetfulness of God, there are solitudes, artificial solitudes, where people, who can no longer bear with the excesses and follies of the world, retire to live for God alone. These retreats are the convents and monasteries of the religious orders, and among them especially the houses of the Trappist monks, who most closely follow the strict rule of the monks of old.

The name "Trappist" is rather curious. It is derived from a forest in France, called "La Trappe," where many years ago some French monks built a monastery. This monastery became known as the House of La Trappe, and all the branches issued from that congregation were called by that name. The Trappists always select the most barren and wild

places to build their monasteries. There, far away from human habitations, they reclaim the land, build churches, cloisters and farm houses. By their industry the desert soon becomes a paradise. Nothing equals the homelike abode of these thrifty religious: the rich fields which they cultivate with their own hands; the cattle, sleek and well fed; their extensive orchards; their workshops for carpenters, blacksmiths, tailors, sculptors and painters; their libraries, their printing and binding rooms,—everything bespeak order and neatness. It is a little world of its own; a happy republic, where all have but one heart and one mind: one heart to love God and their neighbor, one mind to obey the rule which must bring them to the highest attainable perfection.

The principal feature of their rule is silence. Not only at certain hour and place, but always and everywhere do these holy religious observe the strictest silence. This rigorous keeping of the tongue keeps them ever recollected in God, and at peace with their neighbors. On week days they rise at two o'clock, on Sundays at one, and on great festivals at midnight. They sleep in their clothes, and thus on awakening they are ready to go directly to the choir to sing the divine office which lasts until four in the morning.

They fast the year round, for except in case of feebleness, they never taste food before noon. Their food consists chiefly of vegetables; they make no use of meat, fish, butter nor eggs; pastry and dainties are strictly excluded. From Easter to September they take two meals a day—dinner and supper. From September to Lent, only one meal is allowed at two in the afternoon. During Lent this meal is postponed till four, and milk and cheese are also discarded.

This manner of living, dear young readers, seems horrible to worldlings, yet the Trappists enjoy better health, and live longer than those whose soul is set upon feasting and lolling in rocking chairs. No diseases caused by impurity of the blood ever afflict the Trappist. I have known many, over eighty years of age, who had lived in the Order more than sixty years. They are indeed happy, they care nothing for the outside world, "their motto is God alone." So detached are they from earth and its glory; such an abundance of peace do they enjoy that not one would exchange his coarse cowl for the purple of kings. You have heard of persons whom the excess of joy or sorrow kept awake all night, let me tell you that I have known a Trappist brother, who through love of God and sorrow for his sins wept all night and was unable to sleep. The superior had to forbid him meditation at night. If these good religious are happy in life, they feel happier yet when their hour is come to leave this world. When the end draws near, the dying is placed on the ground upon ashes, surrounded by all his brethren and assisted by their fervent prayers. He thus with great confidence and longing goes to meet his Judge. Immediately after, all his brethren priests offer the Holy Mass for the repose of his soul. The body is laid out in the church, and day and night two brothers watch by it in constant prayer. How different would the case be had that monk remained and died in the world! Around his death-bed he might have seen some friends in tears, but few praying for him, and when dead and buried, alas! soon forgotten. In the monastery, however, his memory will be kept sacred, and prayers and holy sacrifices will be offered for his soul's benefit as long as the Order lasts.

The Trappists are buried in full religious dress but without coffin, showing to the last their utter contempt for the pomp of this world.

The Trappists attend rarely to the spiritual wants of the people outside, the spirit of their rule being seclusion and secret penance for the sins of the world. Their members in America are mostly of foreign birth, the native American being mostly educated in public schools and accustomed to independence from his infancy and to all the delicacies of the table, feels little attraction for a life of mortification of the senses and of self-will. However, several young men from the Catholic Province of Quebec join the Order, and not seldom, some good priest, who wishes to give himself entirely to holy contemplation aud a penitential life.

Several Trappist monks have been brought up in the monastery from their youth. The good Fathers often adopt orphans and educate them. These boys thus reared in the very shadow of the sanctuary, and breathing always the atmosphere of prayer, find it natural to lead the quiet happy life of the monks, and many join their good masters. Happy those, dear readers, who thus, ignoring the wickedness of the world, persevere in their baptismal innocence until death. How bright they will shine in paradise. Here on earth they lead the life of angels, and hereafter they will sing, with the heavenly choirs, the canticle that none but virgins can sing.

"EMILE."

(*Note.* The Trappists have four houses in North America: one at Tracadie, Nova Scatia; one at Oka, near Montreal, Canada; one in Dubuque, Iowa, and another at Gethsemani, Kentucky.)

AMONG THE

SNOHOMISH INDIANS.

No. X.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dearly Beloved Children.

It may please you to read again some edifying narratives concerning our former school children at Tulalip, and our missionary labors among the tribes. As already stated, our school house was at first surrounded by a thick, dark forest, and the rays of the morning sun could not reach it before ten o'clock. We could only see the sky, and trees of all sizes; we were therefore compelled to open some pathways in order to be able to go out without getting so many bleeding scratches on our face and hands, and ugly rents on our poor clothes.

We began work from the new building towards the south bay for the following reasons: 1st. Because that bay led to Priest-Point; 2nd. Because the same bay offered our children a wide and most suitable play-ground, and a very convenient place for fishing and bathing; 3rd. Because our boys were all anxious to prepare a large room for their parents and others, to camp on high and dry land while visiting the mission; and 4th. Because we could not find another spot better adapted for religious processions. After two months of steady labor, we had cleared a road sixty feet wide, extending from the school house to the bay.

On the following 15th of August, 1864, seven hundred I lians, from all parts of the Sound, came to pitch their tents on both sides of our new road, and on that same holyday our Lord's flag and the banner of His immaculate Mother waved triumphantly, for

the first time, at the head of a procession of over eight hundred Indians and Whites, piously walking two by two from the school house to the bay, and returning in the most perfect order. Oh! how touching and edifying it was to behold so many friends of Jesus and Mary, gathered from all points of the Catholic Sound—yes, the *Catholic Sound!*—for, at that time, the Indians in this vicinity did not yet know of the existence of Protestantism. How pleasant and beautiful, to hear them praying and singing so fervently, in their various dialects! The feast of the Assumption of our heavenly Mother became ever since the greatest and the most venerated day among the Indians. It was also a very merry day for our school children, because on that same day, rewards and prizes were awarded them for their yearly efforts and progress in the path of religion, science, and civilization; and they had the satisfaction to be crowned in the presence of their parents and numerous friends. The training of our children in manual labor had many advantageous results. On leaving the school some of them were employed in various branches of industry, especially in logging-camps, where they would earn from $60 to $70 per month as drivers or choppers. They could support themselves, and afterwards their families and be useful members of civilized society.

One of them, named Mark Stia, even undertook to go into mercantile business, and started a little grocery-store near the mission. I regret to say he did not make a fortune; as many more business men, he indeed failed, but unlike many more, he paid all his creditors, and neither lost courage nor the hope of future success. It is very much to be regretted that death came too early to prevent him from resum-

ing business, with more experience, and probably, with better success. The loving *souvenir* I always keep of this beloved departed urges me to relate, for your edification and imitation, a few circumstances of his life and death.

Mark Stia was a poor orphan belonging to the Kikialoos tribe. He was nine years of age when he deserted his wild native village, to join the joyous band of our school children. He was so well pleased and so contented at school, that all his heathen relatives, in spite of their reiterated efforts, could never succeed in taking him away from his beloved teachers and schoolmates. Endowed with a jolly and happy nature, he would continually exhibit a good temper and disposition. He possessed a powerful memory, a sound and quick understanding, and being of a good will, was always ready for duty, and in consequence, generally occupied the first rank on the roll of honor. In the schoolroom, at work, at play, and especially at prayer and holy Mass, he used to be a perfect model of attention, modesty and piety. His charity and kindness towards his youngest companions were really admirable. He never regretted the "onions of Egypt" and he was endowed with the gift of curing those who would be home-sick, among his schoolmates. Very often he would carry the little ones on his shoulders, when they would become weary in a long walk, and divide his own portion of lunch with those who would complain of being hungry. He would always be much pleased to watch by the bed-side of the sick, and help them day and night. Though young, yet he had already fought, with advantage, many battles against himself, the devil and the world. He was well aware of the fact that per-

severance in virtue is a gift of God which must be obtained by prayer, patience, tribulations and sufferings. On the day of his first communion and confirmation, he thus spoke to his companions:

"Friends! Now I am strong with the strength of the Holy-Ghost. Jesus is mine, and I am His; yes, His soldier! Sword in hand, I shall fight until death, and gain heaven by conquest!" And so he did, for the poor orphan, besides the many miseries, troubles and tribulations of a short life, he also endured, with patience and admirable submission to the divine will, all the sufferings of a seven months' illness and of a lengthy agony. Consumption reduced him to the state of a skeleton. Feeling his end approaching, he received the last sacraments with true seraphic love, after which he thus addressed those about him:

"Good bye, dear friends! I shall play no more with you in the yard, but I hope we shall meet again, and play and sing together in heaven. Please forgive my trespasses against you, and remember my soul in your daily prayers to Jesus and Mary."

Having concluded these words, he kissed my hand with his cold lips and breathed his last.

Please, dear children, visit the grave-yard sometimes, and say a good *De profundis* for all your deceased schoolmates, and do not forget my dearly beloved Mark. Always keep in your minds these his favorite and edifying words: "Heaven is a prize that, sword in hand, I must win by conquest."

I remain your most devoted

E. C. CHIROUSE, O. M. I.

☞Look at the printed address on the Companion to ascertain with what number your subscription expires.☜

☞NOW IS THE TIME TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

CORNER.

THE JOURNEY.

A father was going to send his son, a painter, into foreign countries, that he might acquire a further knowledge of his art. When the day of his departure drew nigh, the father took the youth into the garden and told him the names of all the famous towns and countries which he was to visit.

The mother, who had accompanied them into the garden, was terrified when she heard this, and said: "Alas, who will guide and protect him on so long a journey? He might go astray, or misfortune might befall him." The father answered and said: "Don't make yourself unhappy about it; God and his own heart will safely guide him."

Then he took the mother and son to a bee-hive, and said: "Behold the simple life of this nation. Their calling is to collect the dust and juice of flowers, to form both into honey and wax. They set out to work mindful of their home and destiny. God shows the way to these little creatures, so that they never lose themselves, and He gives them flowers and blossoms in abundance." Then turning to his wife, he added: "Is not our son better than many bees?" And the mother was comforted.

—Little Nell: "Mamma, what is color-blind?" Mamma: "Inability to tell one color from another, dear." Little Nell: "Then I dess the man dat made my g'ography is color-blind." Mamma: "And why, my pet?" Little Nell: "Tause he's got Greenland on the map painted yellow."

May 11.

St. Francis Jerome.

FRANCIS Jerome was born in 1642 of respectable and pious parents in the kingdom of Naples, of the capital of which kingdom he afterwards became the apostle. His childhood and youth were remarkable for innocence and virtues which presaged his future sanctity. At the age of twelve he was admitted into a community of missioners, and employed by them in catechising. After having made his theological studies in Naples and been ordained priest, his whole life was so completely moulded in conformity with the evangelical counsels that he went by the name of "the holy priest." At the age of twenty-eight he entered the Society of Jesus, and after a most fervent novitiate became a professed Father and a pattern of religious observance. From a desire of martyrdom, he offered himself for the missions in Japan, but God had destined him for apostolic labor in his native country. He was appointed Prefect of the Missions in Naples, where his zeal for God's glory and the souls of men made him a model for missioners. Weak in body, the labors and sufferings he underwent in evangelizing the prisoners, soldiers, galley-slaves, and abandoned women in Naples, and in every description of missionary work, can only be attributed to a supernatural strength. God repeatedly confirmed the preaching of His servant by astounding miracles. He died in the professed house of the Society in Naples in his seventy-fourth year.

REVERENCE FOR SERMONS.

In spite of the unction and wisdom with which St. Francis preached, his sermons were of no use to those who listened with hardened hearts. If we would hear preachers aright, we must examine our own conscience, and not criticise their speech.

"He who hears the Divine warning unmoved is not worthy to be healed."—*St. Augustine.*

While St. Francis was preaching to abandoned women in the streets of Naples, one of their number insulted him from her window and ridiculed his discourse. The Saint

warned her that within eight days God would punish her, and on the eighth day he invited his audience, who had assembled at the same place, to visit the woman that had interrupted him. She was found by them lying dead upon the floor of her room. "Catharine," said the Saint, addressing the dead body, "for the greater glory of God and the edification of those standing by, answer me, Where are you?" The departed soul returned for an instant, and gave an answer distinctly heard by all present—"In hell for eternity."

"He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despised you, despiseth Me."—Luke x. 16.

MAY 12.

ST. CYRIL OF JERUSALEM.

WE know nothing of Cyril's life until he was ordained priest by St. Maximus, who gave him the important charge of instructing and preparing the candidates for baptism. This charge he held for several years, and we still have one series of his instructions, given in the year 347 or 348. They are of singular interest as being the earliest record of the systematic teaching of the Church on the creed and sacraments, and as having been given in the church built by Constantine on Mount Calvary. They are solid, simple, profound; saturated with Holy Scripture; exact, precise, and terse; and, as a witness and exposition of the Catholic faith, invaluable. On the death of St. Maximus he was chosen Bishop of Jerusalem. At the beginning of his episcopate a cross was seen in the air, reaching from Mount Calvary to Mount Olivet, and so bright that it shone at noonday. St. Cyril gave an account of it to the Emperor; and the faithful regarded it as a presage of victory over the Arian heretics. Like the other great bishops of his time he was persecuted, and driven once and again from his see; but on the death of the Arian Emperor Valens he returned to Jerusalem. He was present at the second General Council at Constantinople, and died in peace A. D. 386, after a troubled episcopate of thirty-five years.

TRUST IN THE ABIDING WORD.

"As a stout staff," says St. John Chrysostom, "supports the trembling limbs of a feeble old man, so does faith sustain our vacillating mind, lest it be tossed about by sinful hesitation and perplexity."

"Thou hast need to do battle with heretic, Jew, and Samaritan. The armor indeed is ready, and most ready is the sword of the Spirit; thou must stretch forth thy hand with good resolve, that thou mayest war the Lord's warfare."—*St. Syril.*

While Cyril was bishop, the apostate Julian resolved to falsify the words of our Lord by rebuilding the temple at Jerusalem. He employed the power and resources of a Roman emperor; the Jews thronged enthusiastically to him and gave munificently. But Cyril was unmoved. The word of God abides, he said; one stone shall not be laid on another. When the attempt was made, a heathen writer tells us that horrible flames came forth from the earth, rendering the place inaccessible to the scorched and scared workmen. The attempt was made again and again, and then abandoned in despair. Soon after, the emperor perished miserably in a war against the Persians, and the Church had rest.

"I have known from the beginning concerning Thy testimonies, that Thou hast founded them for ever."—Psalm cxviii. 152.

MAY 13.

SS. ABRAHAM AND MARY.

ABRAHAM was a rich nobleman of Edessa. At his parents' desire he married, but escaped to a cell near the city as soon as the feast was over. Entreaties were of no avail. He walled up the cell door, leaving only a small window through which he received his food. There for fifty years he sang God's praises and implored mercy for himself and for all men. The wealth which fell to him on his parents' death he gave to the poor. As many sought him for advice and consolation, the Bishop of Edessa, in spite of his humility,

ordained him priest. Soon after, his brother died, leaving an only daughter, Mary, to the Saint's care. He placed her in a cell near his own, and devoted himself to training her in perfection. After twenty years of innocence she fell and fled to a distant city, where she drowned the voice of conscience in sin. The Saint and his friend St. Ephrem prayed earnestly for her during two years. Then he went disguised to seek the lost sheep, and had the joy of bringing her back to the desert a true penitent. She received the gift of miracles, and her countenance after death shone as the sun. St. Abraham died five years before her, about A. D. 360. All Edessa came for his last blessing, and to secure his relics. St. Ephrem, an eye-witness, tells us of many sick who were healed by their touch

PRAYER FOR THE CONVERSION OF SINNERS.

O that we realized the omnipotence of prayer? Every soul was created to glorify God eternally; and it is in the power of every one to add by the salvation of his neighbor to the glory of God. Let us make good use of this talent of prayer, lest our brother's blood be required of us at the last.

"I affectionately entreat you to pray assiduously for the salvation of sinners, for whom I ask of you wrestlings and tearful prayers, that I may satisfy My longing to show them grace and mercy."—*Revelation to St. Catherine of Siena.*

St. Abraham was sent, soon after his ordination, to an idolatrous city which had hitherto been deaf to every messenger. He too fared like the rest. He was insulted, beaten, and three times banished, but he returned each time with fresh zeal. For three years he pleaded with God for those souls, and in the end prevailed. Every citizen came to him for baptism. After providing for their spiritual needs, he went back to his cell more than ever convinced of the power of persevering prayer.

"He who causeth a sinner to be converted from the error of his way shall save his soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins."—James, v. 19, 20.

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(Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., Wash.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rev. Sisters of Notre Dame, South Boston; Mrs L Giard; Misses M Maloney & M A McElroy; Messrs T T O'Donnell, T Lynch, P Yiesek & A Langley, to whom we return our sincere thanks.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The undersigned will offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for all those who, in any way, may contribute towards his poor Indian missions.

J. B. Boulet.

XXIX. The Lord's Prayer in Dakota.

Ate unyanpi, mahpiya ekta nanke cin, nicaje yuonihanpi kta uncinpi; nitokiconze hi kta uncinpi; mahpiya ekta token nitawacin econpi kin, maka kin akan iyecen econpi kta uncinpi. Anpetu otoiyohi aguyapi kin anpetu kin de unqu po; waunhtanipi unkakiciktonja po, unkistona sicaya ecaunkiconpi kin awicunkiciktonjapi; ounkiyapo, taku sice cin iyounhpayapi kte sni; taku sice cin unkici yutokan po. Ecetu nunwe.

Answers to Nuts published in No. 34:—(20) A ditch. (21) Ashes. (22) Do you grow older? (23) Half-a-dozen dozen is 72, six dozen dozen is 864: their difference is 66 dozen, or 792. (24) In the dark. (25) Five dollars and the boots. All the above, except 21 and 25, were cracked by Mary Jane Tallman.

Nuts in No. 35:—(26) A priest. (27) The letter E.

☞As our numberless occupations do not allow us to give to this department all the attention it requires to make it interesting to our little readers, we have concluded to discontinue it, at least for the present.☜

The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 54 boys and 43 girls. The actual number now is 54 and 43 respectively.

DON'T BE IN A HURRY.—'Tis no sort of use. We never knew anybody who was always in a hurry that wasn't always behind hand. They are proverbial all over the world, for bringing nothing at all to pass. Hurry, skurry, bluster, splatter—what does it all amount to? Not a straw. If you want to accomplish anything as it should be done, you must go about it coolly, moderately, faithfully. Hurrying, fretting, fumbling, spluttering, will do no good—not in the least. Are great works of great men done in a hurry? No, not at all. They are the produce of time and patience—the result of slow, solid development. Nothing ought to be done in a hurry. It is contrary to nature, right, justice, and common sense. Your man of hurry is no sort of character at all. Always in confusion, loose at every point, unhinged and unjointed, blowing and puffing here and there, but all ending in smoke. Let "*Festina lente*," (hurry slowly) be the motto of all our little friends.

— OF THE —

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JAMES MAURICE,
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E PRESTON, W Wale,
A. JAMESON, J. Bob,
Lucian Jameson.

AGATHA BAGLEY,
MARY KWINA,
JOHANNA SIEBERT,
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M. Francis, Eliz. Sam,
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MARY JEROME,
Magdalen & M. Frank.

House-work and cooking.

JULIANNA KWINA,
Sarah Lake.

Talalip. St. Casimir's day, March 4th. 1884.
Rev. Father Chirouse. O. M. I.

The blessed calendar brings us once more the joyful return of your feast. More than we can express do we feel the glow of affection surge in our bosom on this occasion. You are far from us, dear Father, but your spirit seems yet among us; yes we know that your thoughts and heart linger at our mission. Your letters tell us so. They breathe love. We cannot read them without perceiving the interested, gentle and tender father. And why are you so anxious to hear from us, why do you read our humble, and I almost venture to say, our insignificant letters? Ah, dear Father! it is again that heart of yours, whose burning charity prizes the affection of your poor Indian children, as if they were princes. O magnificent man! who have braved all obstacles to redeem our forefathers and ourselves; blessed are you, who found your delight to be with the children of the forest. May your days be lengthened, that we, and many others, may be guided and strengthened by the light of your virtues. We pray the Author of all good gifts to give you in return for all you have done and wish to do for us, a peaceful old age; that peace enjoyed by the saints of God, and which surpasses all understanding.

Dear Father, those are the sincere feelings of your children; feelings which are the echo of your own, and which will animate us until the last ray of feeling and life shall depart. Walter Wale.

[Our little friend must have had some kindly spirit at his elbow, whispering into his left ear when he penned the foregoing neat little letter. All we can vouch for is the name and hand-writing, which are indeed his, but . . . .]

Tulalip, W. T. April, 1884.
To our dear Friends of Bayfield, Wis.

I have read with much pleasure the nice letter you wrote to the children here, and as the girls did not send you any answer, I have taken the liberty to do so. Now as you have told us the way you occupy your time, I will also do the same. We are at present 54 boys, and, with the exception of two, are all large enough to work. We cut

the wood for the house, and this Spring we have cleared and fenced in two fields; we also cultivate the soil and plant vegetables of many kinds in the garden, and do many other things that are very useful and of great help to our school. But still we have our regular hour of school. We are divided into two camps, the Shamrock is the title under which one camp goes, and the Maple leaf the other. There is a certain number of good notes given for each well known lesson, and the effort of each camp is to gain the banner of honor. The earnestness with which each scholar studies is really interesting, and I think it is a very good thing, because it makes us study all the better for the side that lose will be well laughed at by the other side. Before concluding we wish to obtain a remembrance in your prayers and promise you the same.

I remain your friend. A. E. Simmons.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With the present number the third volume of the Youth's Companion closes. We can not let this occasion pass without offering our most heartfelt thanks to our many indulgent friends for all they have done for our poor Indian missions during the past three years, and earnestly hope for a continuation of their kind help during the coming fourth volume.

Subscribers wishing for back numbers to complete their files, can get them *gratis* by writing to us at once. We will then bind the balance and retail them at 50 cents per copy. We have a few more copies of Vols. I and II to dispose of at the same price.

As a great many subscriptions end with the volume, we wish to hear from these friends as soon as convenient, and whether they intend to continue or not. If they can not now spare the small amount, let them at least drop us a card, so that we will not be working in the dark, a way which, by experience, we have found both unsatisfactory and expensive.

☞ A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the Youth's Companion, will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC,

An interesting weekly family newspaper, is published in Washington, D. C., by Henry M. Beadle. It was lately enlarged and its price reduced to $2.00 a year.

THE HOLY FAMILY,

A neat monthly periodical devoted to choice Catholic reading for families and schools, is published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York, at $1.00 a year.

LE MESSAGER,

The only Catholic French weekly newspaper in Maine, is published in Lewiston, Me, by J. N. L'Heureux, & Co. at $1 a year. Its motto is "Religion & Nationality."

THE LITTLE CRUSADER,

A marvel of cheapness, is published weekly by P. E. Murphy of Columbus, Ohio, at 25 cents per annum.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSE,

A stanch, outspoken, uncompromisingly Catholic weekly, published at No. 117 Erie street, Cleveland, Ohio, at $2.50 per annum. Manly Tello, managing Editor.

Again postponed. As our next No. commences the fourth volume of our little paper, we concluded not to publish this month the initial chapter of "Stella's" translation of "Our Lady of Guadalupe," as we stated in our last. By this arrangement subscribers to Vol. IV. will secure the whole. Tell your friends.

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